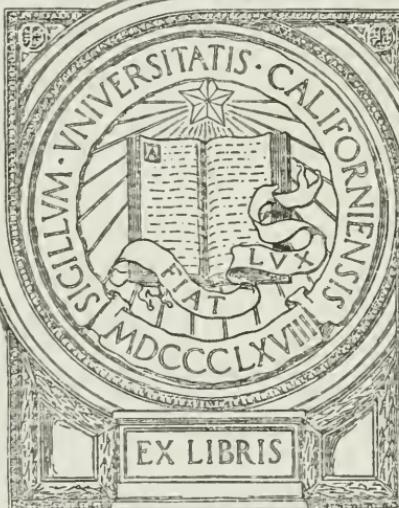




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THE LIFE AND WORKS
OF
CHARLES KINGSLEY
IN
NINETEEN VOLUMES
VOLUME IV





Charles Kingsley

His Letters and Memories of his Life

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.
SPENSER'S 'FAERIE QUEEN,' Book I., Canto ix.

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. IV

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Portrait of Charles Kingsley, engraved by C. H. Jeens from a photograph.

CHAPTER XXV

1868

AGED 49

LIFE, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human ; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

WORDSWORTH.

IT is the best commentary on that epitome of the life of Christ which presents itself in its most splendid originality—that ‘He went about doing good.’ It is the point which the rarest and noblest of his followers have found it most difficult to imitate ; it is the point in which His life transcended most absolutely the ideal of the attainments of His very greatest forerunners. The seclusion of the hermit, the self-maceration of the ascetic, the rapture of the mystic—all these are easier and more common than the unwearyed toil of a self-renouncing love.

FARRAR.

CHAPTER XXV

Attacks of the Press—Lectures on Sixteenth Century—Lilly's *Euphues*—Lay-help—Mr. Longfellow—Letters on Emigration and Colonisation—On Military Education—Newman's *Dream of St. Gerontius*—Sandhurst—Comtism—Sir Henry Taylor on Crime and its Punishment—Letter from Mr. Dunn—Proposed visit to West Indies—Ice-action in Scotland—Letter from Rev. William Harrison.

THE professorial lectures this year were on the sixteenth century, and were crowded, as usual; but the severe attacks on his teaching in two leading newspapers in the preceding autumn had inclined him, for the honour of his University and for his own honour, to resign his post. But as he believed that both attacks sprang from some personal feeling, he thought it best, before sending in his resignation, to consult some of the Cambridge authorities, on whose friendship and impartiality he could rely. They strongly advised him to retain the Professorship, and on their advice, though the work was too heavy for him, he determined to keep it on for at least another year.

Writing home at this time he says :—

I have been very unhappy about your unhappiness about me, and cannot bear to think of your having a pang on my account. But you must remember that these battles and this abuse, painful as they may be, are what every man has to go through who attains any mark, or does any good in the world. Think how far more obloquy was gone through by Buckland, Milman, Maurice, Hare, Stanley, Robertson, Arnold; they have all had to fight their fight. But they conquered, and so shall I, please God, in spite of my mistakes. . . . In the meantime I will keep out of war, and *do*

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the duty that lies nearest me, that all may be well. So pray comfort yourself and think cheerfully and hopefully of the future, which after all is not so very dark, if one looks at it fairly. . . .

. . . I have got well through my lecture on Paracelsus. I should think there were a hundred men there, and the Public Orator and Wright—only about fifteen cards. So the men came for love. Then I heard a noble lecture from Mr. Maurice, and walked with him. I told my men to-day to read something of his. I am quite happy in the thought of being home on Saturday with my work done. My mother's illness is a sufficient reason for my return. . . .

Professor Max Müller, in speaking of *The Roman and Teuton*, which was more severely criticised than any of Mr. Kingsley's works, says :—

His lectures were more largely attended than any in Cambridge, and they produced a permanent impression on many a young mind. They contain the thoughts of a poet and a moralist, a politician, a theologian, and before all, of a friend and counsellor of young men while reading for them and with them one of the most awful periods in the history of mankind, the agonies of a dying empire, and the birth of new nationalities. History was but his text, his chief aim was that of the teacher and preacher, and as an eloquent interpreter of the purposes of history before an audience of young men to whom history is but too often a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be ready against periodical examinations, he achieved what he wished to achieve. . . . According to the unanimous testimony of those who heard them delivered, they stirred up the interest of young men, and made them ask for books which undergraduates had never asked for before at the University Library.¹

That he was doing a work among the undergraduates, there are many who will testify ; and at the day when the history of all hearts shall be revealed, and perhaps not till then, will it be known how many young men owe the first dawn of a manly spiritual life to the very lectures on which the Press passed such severe strictures.

The Rev. J. Pulliblank, of Liverpool, thus recalls his influence on him in his own undergraduate days :—

I revered and still revere your husband, and can never tell

¹ Preface to *The Roman and Teuton*, by Max Müller, 1875.

Influence at Cambridge

anybody how much I owe him, until 'in that high place' I can speak out and tell *him* all. I find a few memoranda, written in a note-book at the time, at Cambridge. After a lecture I think on the French Revolution or on the colonisation of America,— 'We have not yet reached,' he said, 'and I know not when we shall reach, the true aristocracy, when the *ἀριστοτοι*, the *best* men, shall have the governing of our country; but thus much I do know, that we shall at last come to it, and that we pray for it every time we use the Lord's Prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth*, as it is in Heaven. Thy name be hallowed." ' The underscored words marked by that pause, which was so deeply significant. In G. R. Crotch's rooms, conversation arose about the delay of some reform. Somebody said 'public opinion' wanted awakening. Prof. Kingsley: 'It is not the many who reform the world, but the few, who rise superior to that public opinion which crucified our Lord many years ago.'

In E. H. Palmer's (now Professor Palmer's) rooms, March 23, 1868, the talk was about the state of nature and the natural man, in which one of us young men propounded some advanced views. Professor Kingsley agreed, till an example was given—viz. the N. American Indian. Then he said, 'No, no, that I won't grant; the savage is not a natural man, but a most unnatural beast, playing all manner of unnatural and unwholesome pranks upon himself.' Then I remember he went on with what was a favourite topic of his, that civilisation seems the only natural state for man, because savage races are decaying even before civilisation touches them. He instanced the North American Indian, and said that European civilisation, bad as it was, did not kill them; they were dying out before ever a white man set eyes on the New World.

I had the rare pleasure of sitting next to Prof. Kingsley at several of Prof. Maurice's lectures on 'Conscience.' One day, Maurice was speaking of the inadequacy of Mr. Bain's theory of conscience as tested by facts (Lecture III.), Prof. Kingsley's fighting blood was evidently roused, and when Nelson's famous signal was referred to (it was quoted, though it is not printed in the Lectures), I had to shrink into very small compass, for a strong right hand, shot out straight from the shoulder, passed quite as near as was pleasant to my face. I looked and saw that Prof. Kingsley could not see for tears. Then Maurice went on to quote Sir Hastings Doyle's lines on the 'Sinking of the Birkenhead,' and at the end we all rose, as near to tears as to anything else, and cheered. Two or three days afterwards, just a few words in one of Prof. Kingsley's lectures: 'You who come to this room on the other days of the week, know from one who

Charles Kingsley

can teach you, and me also—(God grant that we may learn) what *duty* is.'

Happily he was well and vigorous this year, and had so much work on hand in his parish and with his pen, that he had not time to be depressed by the attacks of the press. He began his little history of the Hermits for the *Sunday Library*; brought out a series of Papers for Children on Natural Science in *Good Words for the Young*, called 'Madam How and Lady Why'; lectured for the Hampshire Diocesan Society; preached at Whitehall and St. James's, London, at Sandringham, and at Windsor; and got through nearly sixteen volumes of Comte's works, in preparation for his next year's lectures at Cambridge.

To Mr. T. Dixon

EVERSLEY, Friday, January 17, 1868.

I send you a letter about the land question, which you can use as you like. I think if you will go over it with any neighbouring farmer, you will find it pretty right; and if he will alter prices, from my South country estimates to your North country ones, it will be, I think, valuable to quiet the minds of many who think they could do better than now, if the land was in their hands, being ignorant that agriculture is the least paying trade (in England) that a man can follow *owing to the general exhaustion of all the good soils*.

We got your MSS. and the story-books—which last delighted me. I have not seen the *Builder* on Home Colonisation. I have not so much hope of it in England as I had; but if it could be applied to Ireland, it might do well. There is a remarkable letter in yesterday or the day before's *Times* (in small type) on colonisation for Ireland. But *emigration* is the thing. Mr. Walter, of Bearwood, is just back from America, and advising every man who is ill at ease here, to go to Canada or the United States; either (he says) will make a man and a yeoman of him at once.

I am pleased with what you say of your father. Give me the man, who, like the old Middle Age master workers, is not ashamed to teach his men by doing their work with them. *That* spirit is dying now in manufacturers and shopkeepers. Really, the country squires, who are many of them good practical

Trades' Unions

farmers, and do not think it below them to use their own hands at hard labour, are the only examples left. My father would have put his hand to a spade or an axe with any man, and so could I pretty well, too, when I was in my prime, and my eldest son is now working with his own hands at farming, previous to emigrating to South America, where he will do the drudgery of his own cattle-pens and sheep-folds ; and if I were twenty-four and unmarried, I would go out there too, and work like an Englishman, and live by the sweat of my brow.

January 25, 1868.

I return your interesting and sad letter. One comfort for your relative is, that in America she can be mistress of her own property, and not ruined, as well as ill-used, by a bad husband.

I cannot but think that you might find worthy capitalists round you who would advance money for a scheme even temporary, for employing the poor fellows on breaking up waste land. But if they are not accustomed to it they will find it terrible work. I have handled spade and fork myself at it many an hour, and *know*. Our lads here can do it, because the one set of muscles get hardened to it from youth ; but only the strong ones can make much wages at it.

Ah, that advice which I used to give twenty years ago had been taken ! That the trades' unions would have organised an emigration committee for each trade, and chosen by ballot a certain number to emigrate every year, on funds furnished by the society ; then things might have been different. But they had not confidence enough in each other, and were unwilling to sacrifice a portion of their earnings to set some of their number up in affluence and comfort ; and so, penny wise and pound foolish, have spent tens of thousands in doing nothing, where they might have spent thousands in doing permanent good.

As for the Emperor, who shall speak to him ? He is one of those who has seen the good and chosen the evil. He *knew* (his writings show it) what he ought to do. But he put himself on the throne by the help of the army and the priests ; and he has been their slave ever since. And now he is growing old and weak, and has no force left to free himself from the net which he has wound about his own feet ; and when he dies, God help France. But the man (to do him justice) has done all the good he could in the employment which he has given, which has been enormous ; and the working people love him for that, and ought to do so. But his whole career is proving, and will prove more when it is over, that there is a Providence which rules this earth, whose name is neither Political Economy, nor Expediency,

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but The Living God, who makes every right action reward, and every wrong action punish, *itself*.

Mr. Kingsley was now asked to write a preface to a reprint of Lilly's *Euphues*, one of his most treasured books, and he writes in answer :—

Your letter followed me to Sandringham, or I would have answered at once. I am delighted, but not surprised, to find that you and Professor Morley appreciate *Euphues*. I preached a bit of him at Sandringham on Sunday, as good doctrine: 'Tis virtue, gentlemen, that maketh the poor rich, the base-born noble, the deformed beautiful, the subject a sovereign,' etc. One of the finest things in the English language. . . . I fear that Scott has done the book lasting harm (probably he never read it through), and I do not feel inclined to write a preface to it. What I would do, would be to review it, and spread it in all ways among young men and young women over whom I have influence.

To Hon. and Rev. H. Lyttelton

March 22, 1868.

. . . I am exceedingly obliged to you for doing me the honour of asking my criticism. I have none to give save complete approval.

If you can show that lay-preaching is legal (which is greatly to be desired—and I am heartily glad to find that you are of that opinion), I should advise by all means your trying the experiment. I do not think that you will get a list of clergymen who will be 'practically acquainted with the subjects assigned,' in most cases; while it would be pitiable if you could not, on the ground of their being laymen, avail yourself of the services of many a good Christian. Such a man as Mallet,¹ for instance, of the Board of Trade, whose views on pauperism, and on political economy in general, are as Christian as they are scientific. Your notion of discussion afterwards, which should react upon the clergy is also very good.

To Rev. Sir Wm. Cope, Bart.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, May 2, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM COPE—I find that your Newman's poems have been returned without my expressing my opinion of

¹ Now Sir Louis Mallet.

Meeting with Longfellow

the *Dream of Gerontius*. I read the *Dream* with awe and admiration. However utterly I may differ from the *entourage* in which Dr. Newman's present creed surrounds the central idea, I must feel that that central idea is as true as it is noble, and it, as I suppose, is this: The longing of the soul to behold Deity, converted by the mere act of sight, into a self-abasement and self-annihilation so utter, that the soul is ready, even glad, to be hurled back to any depth, to endure any pain, from the moment that it becomes aware of God's actual perfection and its own utter impurity and meanness.

How poor my words are in expressing in prose what Dr. N. has expressed in poetry, I am well aware. But I am thankful to any man, who under any parabolic, or even questionably true forms, will teach that to a generation which is losing more and more the sense of reverence, and beginning confessedly to hate excellence for its own sake, as the Greek ostracised Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called the Just. As for the mocking of the fiends, I did not feel with the Bishop of Oxford that it indicated any possibility of unbelief, but rather showed merely that Dr. N. had looked fairly at the other side of a great question, and dare say the worst which can be said on it, which he would not have dared to do, had he not made up his mind. Jean Paul Richter says somewhere, that no man believes his own creed thoroughly till he can afford to jest about it, a daring paradox, which seems to be fulfilled in Dr. N. But there was much in *Gerontius*, as in the rest of the book, which shocked and pained me much, and which will continue so to do.

After his first introduction to Mr. Longfellow, whom he was invited to meet at dinner on his arrival from America, he writes to his wife:—

... I have seen Mr. Longfellow. The dinner last night was a success, and all went well. Tennyson was not there, but Maurice and the Orator (W. G. Clarke of Trinity), who had come all the way from Cambridge. Longfellow is far handsomer and nobler than his portraits make him. I do not think I ever saw a finer human face. I had an opportunity of telling him something of what we all felt for him, and of the good work he had done in England, and to get a promise out of him that he would come and see us when he comes back in May. He had three very pleasant gentleman-like Americans with him. I kept in the background and talked to them. . . .

In the spring of this year he was consulted by a friend

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in the army, who was deeply interested in the subject of military education, on the state of Sandhurst. A Military Education Commission had recently been proposed by Lord Eustace Cecil, on which some officers wished to see Mr. Kingsley placed. This wish, however, was not carried into effect ; there being those in the Government (at that time a Conservative one) who thought him too much of a reformer.

The following letters on this subject are interesting as showing his opinion of what alone could benefit Sandhurst ; and these proposed changes, though not at his suggestion, have been in some measure carried out since :—

To Captain ——

EVERSLEY, *June 12, 1868.*

I have no time (never less) to write on the Sandhurst matter ; but as for facts, I do know a man who has had as many opportunities as any man of knowing the conduct of cadets *outside*, and if he is willing to say what he knows (which hardly any one is) I will put him in communication with you. But you will do very little good, I warn you, because beside the military party which may wish to keep things as they are, the whole of the dissenting Radical party will be opposed to any real reform of the thing. They are glad enough to revile its faults, but would be sorry to see them amended, lest it should become strong and popular.

Moreover, you will not mend Sandhurst till you mend the education given at schools. A Sandhurst lad's time is taken up there in learning what he ought to have learnt at school.

What Sandhurst wants is discipline and public spirit. The former can be got. The latter not till a great war, which will make the officer again necessary and valuable in the eyes of the people.

EVERSLEY, *July 15, 1868.*

I have received a note from Lord Eustace Cecil, asking me whether I would give evidence before the Military Education Committee, and if I could speak with any knowledge upon the education and discipline of Sandhurst.

I have declined, and said that my knowledge of Sandhurst being principally second-hand was not available as evidence. It is

Suggestions for Sandhurst

plainly a very different thing to be an inquirer, and to be the person inquired of.

Moreover, I object much just now to give any evidence which may justify, or seem to justify, the press in raising an outcry for putting Sandhurst, and military education in general, under the control of the House of Commons. That body has a great deal too much to do already ; and the worst management possible for Sandhurst under military men would be better, and more practical, than management by a House of Commons, who would make the subject a party question. It is the duty of every soldier to preserve the army for the Queen, and not to let it be pulled about hither and thither by a body, the majority of which will more and more dislike, and long to abolish, the army, as an organ of authority and central order.

What should be done with Sandhurst is : 1. Either to make it a mere finishing college, for one year, for young men who have already been through public schools, and have there learnt self-government, by having got into the fifth or sixth forms, and to treat such young men with the full liberty and confidence which they have at the universities. This would be the best plan ; but failing that, Sandhurst should be turned into a thorough public school, taking lads in at thirteen or fourteen, or even twelve, and conducting their whole education till they enter the army. In either case, all the teachers and other officers should be military men, who should not be shelved by becoming Sandhurst professors, but have their time there, which should not be more than five years, counted to them as if they were with their regiments, and all such teachers should have gone through the Staff College.

Only those lads who passed through Sandhurst with honour should go into the army by direct commission. Those who did not should be turned into the world (as from other public schools), and not be allowed to enter by purchase, as having already proved themselves incompetent.

Much as I dislike any professional education, whether for the church, or the army, or any other business, I think that this plan would be far better than the present.

The chaplain, if he is to have any moral influence, should be always a young man, a scholar, a gentleman, and an athletic genial man—such as can be found by dozens at the universities. And his post should be only for five or seven years, never a permanent and shelving one.

I should allow corporal punishment in the case of the younger boys ; but as military men would naturally dislike (as I do) to inflict it, I should allow (as in several public schools) the prefects the power of the cane, and in all things give them the same rights

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and powers as they hold in public schools, and demand from them the same honour and sense of public responsibility.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice

EVERSLEY, September 10, 1868.

. . . I have been reading with great delight (and have lent my curate, Garrison) your *Lectures on Conscience*, for which I thank you very much indeed. Those which I heard, I gain more from, now that I can ponder them over in print. I feel more and more that the root of the matter is in your view; and I am very glad to see that Rolleston of Oxford, in an address he has just sent me, gives in his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine that the *I* is the man, and has nothing to do with physiology at all. The present tendency of physiologists to deny psychology and metaphysic, for the sake of making man a function of his own brain, which is done by a psychology and a metaphysic of their own inventing, though they call it by a different name, must be combated, or we shall all drift together into some sort of Comtism.

I am hard at work, for some time past, at Comte. I will not trouble you yet with my opinions on him. A great deal of what he says is by no means new to me, meanwhile, so that I am not dazzled by it, though at times it is difficult not to be cowed by his self-sufficient glibness and cheerfully *naïve* sophistry. But I cannot but hope that my love for natural science, and practice in inductive processes, may be of use to me in forming a fair estimate of him on his own ground. As far as I have gone, I suspect more and more that he is not an inductive (the only truly positive) philosopher, but a mere systematiser and classifier. As for the 'laws' on which he determines the 'evolution' of the Middle Age and sixteenth century, they seem to me a set of mere maxims worthy of Polonius. His great discovery of the three stages of the human mind I don't believe at all, even though fetishism were the first stage, which is not proved. But of all this I must talk to you. I hope to come up to Cambridge a while next term for that very purpose, and to lecture the whole of the Lent Term on these matters. My notion is, to take your *Kingdom of Christ*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and Bunsen's *God in History*, and show the men how you all three hold one view (under differences), and Comte and all who are on his side an absolutely different one.

Whether God will give me understanding to do this decently, or at all, is another question; but I shall think of nothing else between now and then. I am quite well again, and as busy as the day is long.

Effeminacy of the Middle Class

We have had letters from Maurice from Lisbon and Bahia, full of spirits and information, and are expecting daily one from Rio. He has ere now, please God, reached his destination.

EVERSLEY, Oct. 23, 1868.

I shall be in Cambridge for three or four days in the first week of November. I want much to have serious talk with you about Comte and his school. My heart is very full of it, as well as my head. The very air seems full of Comtism. Certainly the press is ; and how to make head against the growing unbelief in any God worth calling a God is more than I can see.

I have read nearly the first volume of Bunsen's *Life*, which has at once elevated and humiliated me. But now Bunsen would be written down by the whole press as a mystic dreamer, if not a Tartuffe. We have had much pleasant talk about you at Broadlands, with its host and hostess.

On receiving a pamphlet from Sir Henry (then Mr.) Taylor on crime and how to deal with it, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, he writes :—

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

EVERSLEY, December 26, 1868.

I have to thank you for your able and rational pamphlet.¹ How far Mr. Gladstone will be able to act upon its suggestions is a question by no means hopeful. As against any just and rational treatment of crime, two influences are at work now.

1. The effeminacy of the middle class, which never having in its life felt bodily pain (unless it has the toothache) looks on such pain as the worst of all evils. My experience of the shopkeeping class (from which juries are taken) will hardly coincide with yours. You seem, page 19, to think them a harder and less dainty class than our own. I find that even in the prime of youth they shrink from (and are often unable to bear, from physical neglect of training) fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by an average public-school boy. I think that Mill and those of his school are aware of this, and look on it with disfavour and dread, as an instinct of that 'military class' whom they would (whether justly or not) destroy ; and that from the 'extreme left' of thought you would have heavy opposition on this ground, and also because,

2. The tendency of their speculations is more and more to the

¹ *On Crime and its Punishment.*

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theory that man is not a responsible person, but a result of all the circumstances of his existence ; and that therefore if any thing or person is responsible for a crime, it is the whole circumambient universe. Doubtless, men who utterly believed this might be as Draconic towards human beings, as towards wasps and snakes, exterminating the bad as failures of nature, not as criminals. But the average folk, who only half believe this theory, supplement it by a half belief in the human responsibility of a criminal, a confusion which issues in this :

The man is not responsible for his faults. They are to be imputed to circumstance. But he is responsible for, and therefore to be valued solely by, his virtues. They are to be imputed to himself. An ethical theorem, which you may find largely illustrated in Dickens's books, at least as regards the lower and middle classes.

Hence the tendency of the half-educated masses in England will be (unless under panic) toward an irrational and sentimental leniency.

As for corporal punishment ; after having long objected to it, even in the case of boys, I have come round in the last ten years to a full concurrence with what you say about it in your pamphlet.¹

On one point alone I hesitate to agree with you. Direct legislation against drunkenness, as such, will be very difficult to work fairly, because drunkenness is so very undefined and gradual a state. Where the drunkard has committed a breach of the peace, or used language likely to provoke the same, the course would be clear. But short of that, I fear lest the policeman would become the judge of who was drunk and who sober ; a power which would involve the chance of terrible extortion of money from monied men. On the other hand, it seems clear to me that any person convicted repeatedly of being drunk and disorderly, is a fit subject for penal servitude.

January 5, 1868.

I am sorry : but pleased. Sorry that you should have taken the trouble to write me a second letter, after a first one, which was all and more than I had a right to wish for ; glad that I see your handwriting a second time ; and that your second letter contains a kind word from Mrs. Taylor, to whom pray remember me.

I am glad to hear that your pamphlet is attracting the attention which it deserves. Believe me you are one whom I regard with

¹ In case of boys, however, he objected to flogging for any offences, except bullying and cruelty, believing that in boys, as well as in little children, falsehood is often the result of the fear of corporal punishment.

Charity and Tolerance

deep respect and admiration, and your opinion will always, in any and every matter, have great weight with me. In these confused days, one takes refuge more and more with those who, in addition to cultivated minds, keep their chivalry and old-fashioned principle.

He made at this time the personal acquaintance of Mr. Henry Dunn, of Blackheath, author of several very suggestive works that had interested him deeply,¹ and had the pleasure of receiving him at the Rectory.

‘I have,’ writes Mr. Dunn, ‘a very lively and most pleasant recollection of my visit to Eversley. Especially do I remember with abiding interest a conversation I had with your husband during a somewhat lengthened walk. We had been speaking of the evangelical party in the Church of England, and of the unhappy tendency sometimes manifested by their writers to revile those who differ from them, when Mr. Kingsley, as if glad of the opportunity, enlarged on their many excellencies, and on the good they had been permitted to accomplish. There was a generosity of tone in all that he said which greatly excited my admiration. Recollecting how often he had himself received injuries in that quarter, I felt afresh the beauty and force of the apostle’s words “not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.” Passing on we came in sight of a poor labouring man employed in field work, to whom Mr. Kingsley called my attention, and then said, “He is one of my dissenting parishioners, a Baptist and a high Calvinist. He is ignorant and often mistaken in his interpretations of Scripture, but I honour him. He is a good man, well acquainted with his Bible, and conscientiously living according to the light he has. Why should we quarrel ?”

‘This absence of all assumed superiority over a poor, uninstructed, and perhaps conceited man, and the glad recognition of good in a class who are often provoking, was to me a very instructive example. Some further exchange of thought on the lessons God teaches us through humiliations occasioned by the remembrance of past sins and imprudences brought our conversation to a close, and left on my mind some very salutary impressions. I felt that Mr. Kingsley’s genius and varied talent, his peculiar rapidity of thought, and the incessant excitement of his mind, were blended with a spirituality far deeper than that of many who, however devoted, are but too ready to sit in judgment on others, and to censure whatever they cannot understand. It has often been said that the best of a man is to be seen in his books. But

¹ *Destiny of the Human Race, On the Study of the Bible, The Kingdom of God, etc.*

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it is not always so. Admirable as those of Mr. Kingsley are, I, for one, on this occasion, could not but feel that their writer had "hidden life," unexpressed in his publications, which excelled them all.'

To Sir Charles Bunbury

EVERSLEY, December 30, 1868.

At last I find time to sit down and answer at leisure your most kind letter. If you knew the amount of work which has fallen on me lately, from much sickness in the parish, and when I was overwhelmed with more literary work than I could get through, you would excuse my long silence. I need not say how glad I am to find that you approve of my plan of going out to the West Indies, and how grateful I am for offers of advice. Our plans stand at present thus. After my Cambridge lectures, R. and I hope to sail on the 2nd of April,¹ and to pass some six weeks in Trinidad. There is much chance that my host (Governor Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's youngest son) and I shall be able to go on (as he went last year) to Caraccas, on Humboldt's track, and visit the famous Guacharo caves. Meanwhile, our hope is that Maurice will be able to join us, and prospect with me for land in Trinidad, as I am anxious that he should settle under the British flag, and not amid ruffians (as he describes them) like the Argentine Spaniards,² under a Government in whose stability and morals I have no faith. There are, I am assured by Mr. Gordon, good Government lands in Trinidad to be had at nominal rents, and a great future prospect of English colonisation in the Cumana district of Venezuela, on the opposite shore of the Gulf of Paria. In any case, the lad will bring up to us, for transmission home, the insects, etc., which he is collecting in Entre Ríos, and we three shall do our best to collect in Trinidad. Newton, John Clark, and Crotch are going to give us all needful hints as to zoology, but to you I must come for botanical hints. Griesbach's *Flora* I know of, and shall of course be glad to know more. Meanwhile, I am studying at odd hours, Lindley's *Vegetable Kingdom*, for the general sketch of the families which I may be likely to see. But the best book is De Verteuil's *Trinidad* (now rare), which I hope to be able to show you this spring. It contains botanical and zoological catalogues (the birds by Léotaud, who has published a large illustrated work on the birds of Trinidad). But I can only, for the present, look out for what may be known, as all my time must go to preparing my Cambridge lectures.

¹ The voyage was postponed to December 2, so as to ensure the healthy season.

² In Entre Ríos, South America.

Ice-action on Dee-side

Meanwhile, I look forward to learning much in conversation with you, if you will allow me the privilege, and comfort myself with the thought that I can read all the way to the West Indies, being a good sailor. R., too, longs to be taught by you ; she is full of enthusiasm for natural history, but I think butterflies and beetles are likely to be her specialities, and she threatens (I trust she will not carry out the threat) to come home loaded with live monkeys, ant-eaters, and parrots. Some good skeletons at least must be got for the Cambridge Museum, and if possible a collection of birds' skins.

And now, to thank you again for your letter, and to wish from us all to Lady B. and to you all Christmas blessings.

To Professor Geikie

EVERSLEY, November 30, 1868.

Macmillan tells me, to my surprise and pleasure, that you wish to hear from me as to what I saw of ice-work on Dee-side this time last year. Anything that I can say can be of very little use to you, but here it is, or a sketch of it.

All I saw corroborated your theory and no other. I found the mountains shaved off to one height ; Lochnagar not a peak, but the highest point of a set of sloping ridges, from which (I presume) glaciers had slipped downwards, and then worn out into cliffs and corries by subsequent air-denudation. The whole Balmoral estate seemed scooped, first by ice and then by rain and rivers, out of a great plateau which had joined the top of Lochnagar. That this scooping was at first done by ice I conclude, because I found on the top of the Coile Hills (*vide* M'Gillivray) blocks of Lochnagar granite in streams between ice-polished knobs of serpentine, about 1700 feet high. Also at the Linn of Muic I found ice-worn rock in the waterfall, well distinguished from the water-worn, denoting that at a later period the valley of the Muic had still carried its glacier to the Dee from the back of Lochnagar—and a hundred similar cases.

When I meet you I will go over on the Ordnance map a good deal of ice-geography of this kind. I found no boulders which need have been transported by icebergs, everywhere thousands which may have come in an ice-sheet either from Lochnagar or the Cairngorms at the valley-head. Morven, with its hornblende rocks, was scattered over with granite blocks to within 300 feet of the summit, and *all round it* ; as if the ice-sheet had been continuous over the top. As for the boulders in the silt of Dee, which seemed some 40 feet deep, they were of all kinds, from the

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Cairngorm and Lochnagar ranges, and no water which I saw could have moved them thither. Ice had brought them: water rounded them after. The great moraine deposit was the Moor of Dinnett, where three glaciers, one from Lochnagar, one from the Cairngorms by Braemar, and one out of the great ice-hollow of Logie Coldstone, etc., under Morven (which ran over into the valley of the Don, as I can prove by the blocks on the slope between the two watersheds), had met. The silt lies in circular pits, in banks, and in very strange forms of dry rubbish, shot for miles of flat low moor from 50 to 200 feet above the Dee, judging by the eye.

I have much more to tell in detail, but all I saw was explained by your admirable little book.

In addition to the Penny Readings in the parish, the Rector had opened a reading-room for the men, for which books, bagatelle-boards, and various games were provided. He made it a self-governed club, and sanctioned the managers having in a cask of good beer, each glass to be paid for on the spot, in hopes it would prevent their going to the public-houses on their way home. The men drew up their own rules under his eye; and for a winter or two it succeeded, but the scattered population made difficulties, and the attraction of seven public-houses in a parish of only 800 inhabitants, after a time was too strong for the young men—the reading-room languished, and eventually was shut up.

His parish cares were now shared by the able help of the Rev. William Harrison, who for six years carried out all his plans in church and parish with an earnest devotedness which won him the love and reverence of the people of Eversley, while it lifted a heavy burden from his Rector's mind, and gave him the intimate companionship he needed in their joint labours. For Mr. Harrison thoroughly understood him, and was one with whom, notwithstanding their disparity in age, he could take sweet and bitter counsel, according to the mood and circumstances of the moment, and open his heart on all subjects, from theology and the great social questions which were so interwoven with his religious faith, to lighter ones of art and literature; in whose hands too he could leave the parish and

The Rector in his Parish

his pulpit with peace of mind during his residences at Chester from 1870 to 1873. Mr. Harrison soon followed him to Westminster as Minor Canon, and was with him in his last failing months, in his great sorrow, and on his deathbed. His own words will best show the deep love he bore him.

Soon after I entered upon my duties as curate at Eversley, in May 1868, old parishioners, who could recall the days prior to Mr. Kingsley's residence among them, began to tell me of the many great reforms he had effected in the parish in the years during which he had worked there. I do not think that the majority of his people ever fully understood that their Rector's words were eagerly listened for in the outside world, and that his name was known far and wide. For these things never affected his manner towards them. They loved him emphatically for himself: for what he was, and had been to them. They loved him because he was always the same—earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man; ready for, and vigorous in every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness; the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying.

He knew his people intimately: their proper callings, tastes, failings, and virtues. He was interested, as a matter of fact, and not from the mere desire to please, in the occupations of every one, and had the right word for each and all. Men at once felt at ease with him, because there was such unmistakable ring of sincerity, such evident understanding of their wants, and such real acquaintance and sympathy with what they were thinking and doing in all that he said. The poor could tell him freely what they felt and what they wanted, seeing at once that he knew more about them than men of his social standing generally know. At the same time there was a natural stateliness in his bearing which precluded the possibility of undue familiarity in any one towards him. He is too frequently misunderstood to have been a mere clerical 'Tom Thurnall'; a character which he has drawn with great skill, and with which certainly he had many points of sympathy. That he was unfettered by conventional modes of thought and speech, and exhibited at moments a certain element of fierceness, with a detestation of all cant and unmanliness, cannot be denied. But there was, when I knew him, a lofty courtesy and abiding seriousness about him, in his very look and appearance, and in all he said and did, which marked him out from other men, and

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secured to him at all times the respectful attention and reverence alike of friends and strangers. 'I am nothing,' he once said to me, 'if not a Priest.'

I think that the tenderness of his nature has never been sufficiently dwelt upon. In his warm and manful love for physical strength, and for capability of any kind, his imaginative forbearance toward dulness and weakness has, as it seems to me, been sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, even towards wrong-doing and sin, although terribly stern in their presence, he was merciful in an unusual degree. He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse.'

It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet, to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way. Nature appealed to him from many diverse sides. For not only would his mind busy itself with the more scientific and abstruse thoughts which a landscape might suggest, but he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its forms and colours. He had retained the freshness of boyhood; and approached and noted everything with delight. It was refreshing to see how much enjoyment he could extract from things which most men would never perceive or notice; with what untiring and reverent perseverance he would seek to know their *raison d'être*; and with what a glow and glory his fruitful imagination clothed everything.

He certainly possessed the power of investing natural objects at the right moment with his own thought, either for joy or pathos, in a most striking manner. Thus I recollect on one occasion (amongst the Welsh mountains) the eagerness with which he knelt down by the side of a tinkling waterfall, and said in a whisper of delight, 'Listen to the fairy bells!' And thus, again, I recall with tender sorrow an incident that occurred in one of the last walks he ever took, on those dark winter days which preceded his own illness, and when a great and overwhelming sorrow was hanging over him. We were passing along one of the Eversley lanes. Suddenly we came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish!'

The Eversley Sunday was very characteristic of Mr. Kingsley. It was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinarily accepted level.

Sundays at Eversley

One thing was specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the church-yard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention.

Yet during service his manner was always impressive ; and at times, as during the celebration of Holy Communion—until the recent Judgment he always consecrated in the Eastward Position—it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a School. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning aside from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. ‘He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.’

Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced for ever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic ; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, were matchless.

Doubtless there is more or less truth in the assertion that Mr.

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Kingsley was a Broad Churchman. But assuredly in no party sense ; and the only time I ever heard him approach to anything like an exact definition of his position, he described himself as 'an old-fashioned High Churchman.' As in his earlier days, so in his latest, he was the devoted admirer and friend of Professor Maurice, of whom he used touchingly to speak as 'my master.' It was his pride to belong to the Church of England, '*as by law established*' ; —he was never tired of quoting the words, nor of referring to the Prayer-Book on all disputed points. I have never known any one speak more emphatically and constantly of the value of the Creeds, and the efficacy of the Sacraments, to which he alluded in almost every sermon I heard him preach. But perhaps the proem of *The Saint's Tragedy*, 'Wake again, Teutonic Father-Ages,' is as true and beautiful an index of his religious position as can be found. The two most distinctive features of his religious teaching were, I think, that the world is God's world, and not the Devil's, and that manliness is entirely compatible with godliness. Yet, whilst his name will indissolubly be associated with the latter doctrine, it must not be supposed that he was lacking in gentleness and delicate sympathy. There was in him a vein of almost feminine tenderness, which I fancy increased as life advanced, and which enabled him to speak with a peculiar power of consolation to the sad and suffering, both in private and from the pulpit. With Puritanism he had little sympathy : with Ritualism none. The former was to his rich poetic imagination and warm chivalrous nature ludicrously defective as a theory of life. The latter was, in his opinion, too nearly allied in spirit to Romanism ever to gain his support or sanction in any way : and of Rome he was the most uncompromising opponent I have ever known. None of the great parties in the Church—it is an important fact—could lay claim to him exclusively. Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions ; a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues ; unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church ; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church regimen ;—these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field.

The opinion may be taken for what it is worth, but it certainly is my opinion, that whilst Mr. Kingsley's convictions, during his career as a clergyman, remained substantially the same, as may be proved by a careful comparison of his later with his earlier writings, his belief in Revealed Truth deepened and increased, and his respect for the constituted order of things in Church and State grew more and more assured. Yet never, I fancy, at any time did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him. Probably few escape the stress

The Rectory Study

of that conflict nowadays ; but I think he knew more about it than most of us. For his reverence for what is called ‘consistency’ was very limited, and his mind was always busy with the workings of those life-problems which had left their mark upon his brow, and wrought into his very manner a restless energy which foretold a shortened career. Nevertheless there is no doubt but that the victory remained with faith.

Surely if ever room could be haunted by happy ghosts it would be his study at Eversley, peopled as it must ever be with the bright creations of his brain. There every book on the many crowded shelves looked at him with almost human friendly eyes. And of books what were there not ?—from huge folios of St. Augustine¹ to the last treatise on fly-fishing. And of what would he not talk ?—classic myth and mediæval romance, magic and modern science, metaphysics and poetry, West Indian scenery and parish schools, politics and fairyland, etc. etc.—and of all with vivid sympathy, keen flashes of humour, and oftentimes with much pathos and profound knowledge. As he spoke he would constantly verify his words. The book wanted—he always knew exactly where, as he said, it ‘lived’—was pulled down with eager hands ; and he, flinging himself back with lighted pipe into his hammock, would read, with almost boylike zest, the passage he sought for and quickly found. It was very impressive to observe how intensely he realised the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt. Nor did the work of the study even at such moments shut him in entirely, or make him forgetful of what was going on outside. ‘It’s very pleasant,’ he would say, opening the door which led on to the lawn, and making a rush into the darkness, ‘to see what is going on out here.’ On one such occasion, a wild autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, ‘Come out ! come out !’ We followed him into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a south-westerly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighbouring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, ‘What a night ! Drenching ! This is a night on which you young men can’t think or talk too much poetry.’

Nevertheless, with this appreciation of nature in her wilder moods, he possessed all a poet’s love for her calmness. Indeed I

¹ Once the property of John Sterling, and given to Mr. Kingsley by Thomas Carlyle.

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think that anything that was savage in aspect was deeply alien to his mind ; inasmuch as he could never forget the injurious powers that lurk in untamed nature to destroy human life, which to him was more precious than any inanimate beauty however sublime. Order and cultivation were of supreme value in his eyes ; and, from a point of artistic beauty, I believe he would have preferred an English homestead to an Indian jungle. Nay, even town scenes had a very great charm for him ; and one bright summer day, after his return from America, whilst walking in Kensington Gardens, he declared that he considered they were as beautiful as anything he had seen in the New World. And again, looking at some photographs of bleak and barren mountain ranges, he said to a young painter who was admiring their grandeur—“Yes ; paint them, and send the picture to the Academy, and call it, “The Abomination of Desolation” !” Yet, withal, the descriptions of scenery which are so profusely scattered up and down his pages fully testify to his almost unique powers of appreciating nature in all her aspects and circumstances. I sometimes wondered whether his scientific knowledge had not dulled the splendour and dissipated much of the mystery that fill the world for the poet’s heart. I once ventured to hint something of the sort to him. A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly,—‘Yes, yes ; I know what you mean ; it is so. But there are times—rare moments—when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days.’

I should not venture to speak of his home-life, unless permission had been granted me to do so, feeling that it is the most difficult of tasks to lift the veil from any family life without marring its sacredness ; and that it is wholly beyond my power to preserve in words the living ‘sweetness and light’ which pervaded his household. That household was indeed a revelation to me, as I know it was to others ;—so nobly planned and ordered, so earnest in its central depths, so bright upon its surface. Many, now scattered far and wide, must remember how picturesque the Rectory itself was. Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping, dark roofs, its gables, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings, old and new. And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebe-land sweeping upward towards the half-cultivated, half-wild copse ; through which the hidden path, henceforth sacred ground to those who loved him, leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats. Marked features in the scene to them, and now widely known, were the grand Scotch firs on the lawn, under which on

Heroism in Home-life

summer evenings I have seen many sweet pictures, and heard many noble words, and the branches of which now wave solemnly above his last resting-place. The little church, though not remarkable for beauty in any way, seen here, through the bending boughs of the firs, and over the laurel bank, through which the steps led from the house, always made a pleasant corner in the picture in my eyes, with its red-brick tower, and four vanes atop, one of which persistently disagreed with its neighbours,—‘a Nonconformist from its birth,’ as Mr. Kingsley humorously said.

Here—in this beautiful home-scene, and truly ideal English Rectory—was the fountain-head—as I certainly think, and as he often said—of all his strength and greatness. Indeed, great as I knew him to be in his books, I found him greater at his own fireside. Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life ; and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre.

I would speak of his chivalry—for I can call it nothing else—in daily life ; a chivalry which clothed the most ordinary and commonplace duties with freshness and pleasantness. I soon discovered that an unswerving resolution at all times, and under all circumstances, to spare himself no trouble, and to sustain life at a lofty level, was the motive power of this chivalry :—and those who conscientiously set themselves to this task best know the innumerable difficulties that beset it. No fatigue was too great to make him forget the courtesy of less wearied moments ; no business too engrossing to deprive him of his readiness to show kindness and sympathy. To school himself to this code of unfaltering, high, and noble living was truly one of the great works of his life ; for the fulfilment of which he subjected himself to a rigorous self-discipline—a self-discipline so constant that to many people, even of noble temperament, it might appear Quixotic. He would have liked that word applied to him. There was much in him of that knightly character which is heroic even to a fault ; and which, from time to time, provokes the shafts of malice and ridicule from lesser men. That the persistent fortitude by which he gained and sustained this temper was one of the root-principles of his life was touchingly illustrated to me one day, when, seeing him quit his work to busy himself in some trivial matter for me, I asked him not to trouble about it then and there, and he, turning on me, said with unusual warmth, ‘Trouble ! don’t talk to me of that, or you will make me angry. I never allow myself to think about it.’

I would speak of him as a friend. His ideal of friendship was very full and noble, tenderer, perhaps, than most men’s. ‘A blessed thing it is,’ I quote his own words, ‘for any man or woman to

Charles Kingsley

have a friend ; one human soul whom we can trust always ; who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us, in spite of all our faults.' In spite of all our faults ! it was not the least among the many fine traits of Mr. Kingsley's character that he took his friends as he found them, and loved them for what they really were, rather than for what he fancied or wished them to be. In this, as in other aspects of his nature, the beautiful boy-likeness was conspicuous. To the last he was ready to meet and to make new friends, to love and to be beloved with the freshness of youth. Indeed let me here mention that if there was anything at all admirable in a person he was sure to see and appreciate it. It was not that he was wanting in the critical faculty ; nothing escaped his notice ; speech, manner, dress, features, bearing, all were observed, but in the most kindly spirit, the good points alone were dwelt and commented upon. 'People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy' ; so he has said in one of his sermons, and so I have heard him say again and again in his daily life. And here I must speak for a moment, with the deepest gratitude and love, of the friendship he bestowed on me, unwavering, helpful, exalting, tender, trustful. The memories of that friendship are too many and too sacred to dilate upon. Its sweetness and worth have made life a new thing to me, but cannot well be expressed in words.

Of the wonderful love of his home-life I must not, cannot speak. It was the very lever of his life, the very soul of all his joy, the very keynote of his being. He has told it all himself to those who have ears to hear in every book he wrote, and to those who knew him well his every look and every action told the fact yet more emphatically. It was the same boy-frankness which I have before noted showing itself in its very perfection. Some men take pains to conceal their love. It seemed his pride to declare it. How often has he said to me—and I venture to record it because I know he would wish it to be recorded—that whatever he had done or achieved was due to the love that had come to him at a great crisis to guide and to strengthen and to glorify his life.

CHAPTER XXVI

1869-1870

AGED 50 TO 51

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embow'd roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light :
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

CHAPTER XXVI

Resignation of Professorship—Women's Suffrage Question—Letters to Mr. Maurice, John Stuart Mill, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Lionel Tollemache—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—Letter from Dr. E. Blackwell—Medical education for women—West Indian voyage—Letters from Trinidad—Return home—Eversley a changed place—Flying columns—Heath fires—The Bramo Somaj—Letters to Sir C. Bunbury—Mr. W. H. Callcott—First residence at Chester—Botanical class—Field lectures—Human soot—Women's Suffrage—Letters on Botany—Franco-Prussian War—Wallace on Natural Selection—Matthew Arnold and Hellenism—Babel and Assyrian cities.

THE year 1869, which closed his professorial work at Cambridge, saw the beginning of a new chapter of his life as Canon of Chester. It was a year of severe intellectual work and great activity. He decided to resign the Professorship, and gave his last series of lectures at Cambridge. He completed his volume on the Hermits for the Sunday Library course. The 'Lessons on Earth Lore for Children : Madam How and Lady Why,' which had been coming out in *Good Words for the Young*, was published as a volume. He wrote an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on Women and Politics, to help the question which was just then brought into discussion. He attended the first 'Women's Suffrage' Meeting in London with Mr. J. Stuart Mill. He gave two lectures¹ on 'Thrift' and 'Breath' in a course for ladies, at Winchester, arranged by Mrs. C. A. Johns, the wife of his old friend and tutor. He made speeches at various Industrial and Mechanics' Institutions in the diocese. He joined the Education

¹ Since published in *Health and Education*.

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League, and was elected President of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Bristol. He lectured on Natural Science to the boys of Wellington College and Clifton College. His parish prospered ; the Penny Readings and entertainments for the labourers, greatly helped by the musical talent of his curate, became more popular, once as many as one hundred and fifty of his parishioners being present at the National School. The resignation of his professorial work relieving his mind from a heavy load of responsibility, and the prospect of a voyage to the West Indies, on the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Trinidad, fulfilling one of the dreams of his life, all helped to carry him through the active labours and anxieties of the year.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice

EVERSLEY, January 16, 1869.

Your letter comforted me, for I had heard you were ill. You must rest and take care of yourself, and must not do (as I hear you do) other people's work whenever you are asked. You have enough, and too much to do of your own. And either, 1. You are necessary to Providence ; and then you have no right to kill yourself by overwork ; or, 2. You are not necessary to Providence ; and then you have no need to kill yourself by overwork. I put that dilemma to you in all seriousness, and leave you to escape it if you can. It was a real pleasure to me to hear from you that you had read my clumsy and silly little papers.¹ I wished to teach children—my own especially—that the knowledge of nature ought to make them reverence and trust God more, and not less (as our new lights inform us). And they are meant more as prolegomena to natural theology, than as really scientific papers, though the facts in them are (I believe) true enough. But I know very little about these matters, and cannot keep myself '*au courant*' of new discoveries, save somewhat in geology, and even in that I am no mineralogist, and palaeontologist. Science is grown too vast for any one head.

The Powles's have been staying here, making themselves very delightful, and their visit has ended in his offering to take on a lease a new house in the parish. May it so happen ! I leave

¹ *Madam How and Lady Why*, dedicated to his son Grenville.

Resignation of Regius Professorship

you to conceive the pleasure and comfort their presence here would be to us.

We are going soon to Cambridge. At first we stay at Barton with the Bunburys, I coming to and fro for my lectures. R. and I now mean to sail, if God permits (for one must say that very seriously in such a case), by the April mail; but our plans may alter. Ah! that you were coming too, and could be made to forget everything for a while, save flowers and skies and the mere sensation of warmth, the finest medicine in the world!

What you say about not basing morality on psychology I am most thankful for. I seem to get a vista of a great truth far away. Far away enough from me, Heaven knows. But this I know: that I want to reconsider many things, and must have time to do it; that I should like to devote the next twenty years to silence, thought, and, above all, prayer, without which no spirit can breathe.

His concluding lectures at Cambridge were crowded; the last one was on Comte. A young undergraduate thus refers to it:—

I take this opportunity of telling you—I have often wished to do so—that the good you have done me, and I have no doubt many others, by your English lectures, is incalculable. Your whole series last term, and especially the grand concluding one on Comte, have made an impression just at the moment when it was needed; and I hope you may go on lecturing for many years on the same or similar subjects, and thereby put into the minds of many young men the same living belief in a living God that David had; and so do an infinite good, just where it is wanted, to this generation, and, through it, to all others.

To the Master of Trinity College

April 1, 1869.

I am bound, after your kind advice and sympathy in the matter of the professorship¹ (which I am not likely to forget), to tell you that I have obtained leave from the Queen to resign it at the end of the academic year, and have told Mr. Gladstone as much, and had a very kind reply from him. My brains, as well as my purse, rendered this step necessary. I worked eight or nine months hard for the course of twelve lectures which I gave last term, and

¹ Two years before, when he offered to resign, and Dr. Thompson urged him to retain the office.

Charles Kingsley

was half-witted by the time they were delivered ; and as I have to provide for children growing up, I owe it to them not to waste time (which is money) as well as brain, in doing what others can do better. Only let me express a hope, that in giving up this appointment I do not give up the friendships (especially yours) which I have found at Cambridge, a place on which I shall ever look with hearty affection ; and that when I come up (which I shall do as often as I can find an excuse) I may come and see you and Mrs. Thompson.

He left Cambridge with feelings of deep gratitude to men of all classes in the University, having received nothing but kindness on all sides from the authorities down to the undergraduates ; dissatisfied only with his own work, but thankful to have had his knowledge of men, especially young men, enlarged by the experience of the last nine years, and glad to have more time from henceforth to devote to physical science. In a letter to Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who had sent him a scientific pamphlet, he expresses his hopes for the future—

EVERSLEY, May 19, 1869.

Many thanks for your letter, and for the excellent lecture accompanying it. The paragraph at the end with the quotation from Schiller (new to me) is admirable, and expresses the spirit in which I, I trust, as well as you, have tried to search for Truth, careless, with Socrates, whither the 'Logos' led us, provided only we followed honestly in its track. Intending henceforth to devote myself to my first love, physical science, as far as is compatible with my parish duties, I look earnestly for help and teaching to those who, like you, have been able to carry on through life a study which in my case has been interrupted for many years.

To John Stuart Mill, Esq.

EVERSLEY, June 3, 1869.

I have had the honour of receiving 'from the author' your book on the 'Subjection of Woman.' It is not for me to compliment you. I shall only therefore say, in thanking you for it, that it seems to me unanswerable and exhaustive, and certain, from its moderation as well as from its boldness, to do good service in this good cause. It has been a deep pleasure to me to find you, in

Women's Suffrage

many passages in which you treat of what marriage ought to be, and what marriage is, corroborating opinions which have been for more than twenty-five years, the guides and safeguards of my own best life.

I shall continue to labour, according to my small ability, in the direction which you point out ; and all the more hopefully because your book has cleared and arranged much in my mind which was confused and doubtful.

EVERSLEY, *June 17, 1869.*

Your kind letter gave me much pleasure. I shall certainly attend the meeting ; and I need not say, that to pass a night under your roof will be an honour which I shall most gratefully accept.

I wish much to speak with you on the whole question of woman. In five-and-twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte ; that 'the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.' One of the first questions naturally was, What does science—in plain English, nature and fact (which I take to be the acted will of God)—say about woman, and her relation to man ? And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which (in the face of British narrowness) I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert : but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things, sufficiently to bring their own blessing with them. I beg you therefore to do me the honour of looking on me, though (I trust) a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or canon law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing woman justice in every respect. As for speaking at the meeting, my doing so will depend very much on whether there will be, or will not be, newspaper reporters in the room. I feel a chivalrous dislike of letting this subject be lowered in print, and of seeing pearls cast before swine—with the usual result.

Mrs. Kingsley begs me to add the expression of her respect for you. Her opinion has long been that this movement must be furthered rather by men than by the women themselves.

This visit was one of great interest to Mr. Kingsley.

Charles Kingsley

He was as much struck with Mr. Mill's courtesy as with his vast learning—he had the manners of the old school, he said.

‘When I look at his cold, clear-cut face,’ he remarked to Dr. Carpenter, ‘I think there is a whole hell beneath him, of which he knows nothing, and so there may be a whole heaven above him. . . .’

To Rev. F. D. Maurice

DEREEN, KENMARE, *August 8, 1869.*

Your letter followed me hither, whither I and R—— have wandered, to see the Froudes, and pretend to catch salmon which will not be caught, amid such a neglected paradise of mountain, sea, river, lake, island, as makes my heart sad. Justice to Ireland is indeed wanted. But the justice would be, to live among the people, civilise them, give them leases, let them vote for Satan if they liked ; only bring personal love and care to bear on them. Treat them as peasantry are treated in England, and all would be well. If the system which I see in Ireland of actually preventing civilisation and wealth, for fear of increasing population, goes on fifty or twenty-five years more, the Irish landlords will have to alter considerably.

To Lionel Tollemache, Esq.

June 1869.

Many thanks for the *Fortnightly*, and your very amusing and well-written article on Egotism. I trust it will not corrupt me ; for I dread any egotism on my own part, as the root which may blossom out into the most unexpected forms of actual wrong-saying and doing. I suppose I am too great a fool to be trusted to talk about myself. If so, it is all the better that I should keep the fact in mind. Are you aware that when Pepys's *Diary* was fished out of our Pepysian library at Magdalene, much of it was found to be so dirty, that the editors had to omit it ? He was a foul-minded old dog. Our only record of him (beside the curious library he left us) is, I believe : ‘Mr. Pepys, having been found by ye proctors last night disguised in liquor, was admonished not to offend in ye like again.’

The whole number is very valuable, especially so to me, for

Canony of Chester

Huxley's article.¹ I don't know whether you take an interest in that matter. In my opinion Huxley is thoroughly right : at least he interprets Comte exactly as I have been in the habit of interpreting him.

On the 13th of August Mr. Kingsley received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone :—

I have much pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept the Canony of Chester, vacated by the appointment of Dr. Moberly to the See of Salisbury, and if you agree, I need not impose on you any obligation of even temporary secrecy, as I know that the act will be very agreeable to Her Majesty.

The cathedral of Chester is under an energetic Dean, and nave services are now carried on in it with excellent effect.

• • • • •
The canonry was gratefully accepted, and many were the congratulations received.

EVERSLEY, August 20, 1869.

‘It is very kind,’ said Mr. Kingsley to his friend and neighbour, Mr. Raikes Currie, ‘of you to congratulate me thus ; but kindness is your element, and a very wholesome element it is, for both parties concerned in it. You never were more right than when you said that I should not like to be a bishop. . . . And even a deanery I shrink from ; because it would take me away from Eversley ; the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home : for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley churchyard.’

Bishop Wilberforce (then of Oxford) wrote to him at once—

I am quite certain of your great powers being used on the side of that Truth which so many, as it seems to me, in their very longing to support it, distrust and dishonour.

May God give you many years of usefulness, and a happy ending of your highly vital life.

In October he went to Bristol to take his share in the

¹ On the Scientific Aspects of Positivism, in which he speaks of Comte's Ideal, as stated by himself, being ‘Catholic organisation without Catholic doctrine, or in other words, Catholicism minus Christianity’ (*Fortnightly Review*, New Series, No. xxx., p. 657).

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Social Science Congress, as President of the Educational Section, at which Mr. Henry de Bunsen read a valuable paper on 'How can the State best help in the Education of the Working Classes?' and in a letter to his mother the baroness, thus speaks of meeting Mr. Kingsley—

I was at the Clifton College, the new public school, and a most flourishing one, having already, though only in its fifth year, three hundred and sixty boys, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, the headmaster. Charles Kingsley and his wife were there. Kingsley was most hearty and charming, especially when I got used to his stammering speech (which entirely disappears when he has to speak or read in public). . . . To me it was a time full of interest. I drove Kingsley, on Wednesday afternoon, between two thunderstorms, to Blaise Castle. . . . Aunt L—— was delighted with our visit. Kingsley was, I must say, charming. He is a great lover of art, and understands it thoroughly. He is a still greater lover of trees and Nature, and told Aunt L—— that it was worth while coming the whole way from Eversley to see her two wonderful trees from Japan, the *Salisburia*, and the *Sophora japonica*. . . . Wednesday was the opening address of the Congress from Sir Stafford Northcote. We dined one night at the Lewis Frys', where Sir S. was staying, and he and Kingsley told charming Devonshire stories in turn! It was a wonderful treat, for both could imitate the language and tone exactly. On Thursday we had a most interesting discussion in the Education Department, as to how far it would be possible to have 'religious instruction,' without entering into 'dogmatic differences,' and therefore having schools admitting every denomination, and leaving to parents and ministers the specific instruction in their several denominations. On Friday, Mr. Kingsley gave us as stirring an address on education (in the highest and best and most comprehensive sense of the word), female and male, compulsory and for all classes, as ever was given. Some nine hundred people (of intelligent classes—no working classes) were present; and he electrified his audience by his earnestness and liberality, praising the efforts, not only of all ministers of religion, and of societies like the 'National,' and 'British and Foreign,' but also of the Society of Friends, as being foremost in education. . . .

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, we had a great treat in hearing an address from Mr. Kingsley to the three hundred and sixty boys of Clifton College School, chiefly on study combined with scientific observation in other branches of learning; so as to

The Clergy and Education

give them something to do in their spare hours, and to carry on in their holidays, in making collections of all kinds (avoiding cruelty to birds, and wholesale destruction of nests and eggs), and that not for themselves, but for a general museum belonging to their school. This would avoid much destruction. 'Eyes and No Eyes' played a prominent part in the address.

A few extracts from Mr. Kingsley's Inaugural Address are added—

There are those—and among them men for whom I have the most profound respect—who are of opinion that the proper educators of children are the clergy. But I doubt whether, even in an ideal and perfect state, the whole education of the young, or even the whole control over it, ought to be entrusted even to an ideal and perfect clergy. One function, doubtless, of a clergy (I am speaking of no particular denomination, but of any clergy whatsoever) is to educate children in divine things; in their spiritual relations to God and to their fellow-men. But more than that, it is not, I think, their duty to teach; though, of course, whatever beside they are competent to teach, they have as much right to teach as any other citizens have. The circumstances which threw, for several centuries, education throughout Europe into the hands of the mediæval clergy, were altogether exceptional; mere circumstances, which do not give any rule as to the general duties of a clerical order. The mediæval clergy, originally Romans and Greeks, and not Germans and Norsemen, were then the representatives, not of Christianity alone, but of such ancient learning as had survived the barbarian invasions. From them alone learning was to be got; and they became, not by divine right, but by the necessity of facts, the instructors in the Latin and Greek tongues, and in mathematics. But for the last four hundred years the Latin and Greek tongues have been as open to the laity as to the clergy; mathematics have become rather a lay than a clerical study, owing to their great development, which requires a division of labour; while other sciences have risen, and are rapidly developing themselves, which require so great an amount of special study that they cannot be taught by any clergy who also attend to their spiritual functions. Thus, *cessante ratione, cessavit lex ipsa*; and the clergy are being relegated more and more, by the spread of secular knowledge, to their peculiar, and more proper function, the teaching of things divine.

I look, therefore, on the special control over education, which the clergy have more or less exercised in Europe since the fifth

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century, as an exceptional and temporary case ; and I doubt whether in the ideal State, in which all the citizens would have but one creed, the teaching order and the priesthood should not be altogether distinct, saving of course that the priesthood should always be the teachers of divine things ; the interpreters, according to their light, of the will of God. But still more ought this to be the case, I think, when the citizens of a State are of many different creeds. In that case, in proportion as the different clergies control the secular instruction of the young, will the nation drift into that denominational system which I must confess is to my mind an evil ; an inevitable evil, it may be in some cases, but still an evil to be escaped if possible by the wise man who loves his country. For it must be always injurious to that internal unity, which is the great strength of a State. Even where the different denominational schools are filled by children of the same race, their separate training must lead them to regard the children of other denominations as less their fellow-citizens than the children of their own school—while where the denominations are (as is the case in many countries) of different race as well as creed, the consequences of separate instruction are, I believe, simply disastrous. The different races and creeds will learn to regard each other more and more as aliens, and the State will be divided more and more into various indifferent, if not hostile, *imperia in imperio*, whose only common bond will be more and more that lowest one of making money out of each other. And here I must be allowed to express on my own part the pain and regret with which I regard those denominational restrictions, which still shut out too many of Her Majesty's subjects from many of the advantages of our higher schools, and our elder universities. The consequences of those restrictions, have, I believe, been nothing but harmful, both to the excluders and the excluded ; and I trust that I may live to see the day when our ancient centres of teaching shall be as free as the air and the sunlight, to every one who calls himself a British citizen. It is the duty of the State then, I hold, to educate all alike in those matters which are common to them as citizens ; that is, in all secular matters, and in all matters also which concern their duties to each other as defined by law. Those higher duties which the law cannot command or enforce, they must learn elsewhere ; and the clergy of all denominations will find work enough, and noble work enough, in teaching them. We shall have always work enough in such times as these in teaching what no secular education can ever teach ; in diffusing common honesty, the knowledge of right and wrong, and the old-fashioned fear of God as the punisher of those who do ill, and the rewarder of those who do

Voluntary or Compulsory ?

well. . . . When, therefore, the National Education League was started at Birmingham, I, for one, joined it, as the only method of obtaining what twenty-seven years' experience as a parish clergyman had shown me to be necessary—compulsory attendance.¹ No one is more alive than I am to the services which different great denominations and religious bodies have rendered to education ; to the services of the British and Foreign School Society ; of the National Society, and especially of that venerable body, always foremost in all benevolent works, the Society of Friends. He who does not feel that England owes a huge debt to these splendid results of the voluntary principle, must be deeply ignorant of her history for the last eighty years. But over and above what these good people have done, does not much, too much, remain, which they cannot do ; for the simple reason that those who need education most, care for it least ; and that those who are unawakened to the value of religion, are certain to be still less awakened to the value of learning ?

This defect seems to me to be inseparable from the voluntary system of education, however zealously and ably carried out. I can only speak of it as I know it from experience : and what I find in the country districts is this. Even if we have a school in which every child in the parish can receive a sound education, or at least the rudiments of one, beside the civilising influence of intercourse with the ladies of the parish ; and even if, as is usually the case, the great majority avail themselves thereof rationally and thankfully enough ; yet there is always a minority who cannot be made to attend regularly without threats, fines, exclusion from charities, and so forth ; a process which transforms the clergyman from a minister of the Gospel into a judge and a policeman ; and I for one refuse to do policeman's work if I can get a policeman to do it for me. And some—there is always a remnant beside—(a small one, thank

¹ He had long seen and deplored the real hindrances to a complete scheme of National Education, and in a sermon in London some years before had spoken of them. 'Let me remind you very solemnly, that the present dearth of education in these realms is owing mainly to our unhappy religious dissensions ; that it is the disputes, not of unbelievers, but of Christians, which have made it impossible for our Government to fulfil one of the first rights, one of the first duties, of any Government in a civilised country ; namely, to command, and to compel, every child in the realm to receive a proper education. Strange and sad that it should be, yet so it is. We have been letting, we are letting still, year by year, thousands sink and drown in the slough of heathendom and brutality, while we are debating learnedly whether a raft, or a boat, or a life-buoy, is the legitimate instrument for saving them ; and future historians will record with sorrow and wonder a fact which will be patent to them, though the dust of controversy hides it from our eyes—even the fact that the hinderers of education in these realms were to be found, not among the so-called sceptics, not among the so-called infidels ; but among those who believed that God came down from heaven, and became man, and died on the Cross, for every savage child in London. Compulsory Government Education is, by our own choice and determination, impossible.'—*'Sermon on Toleration,' at Christ Church, Marylebone, 1867 (Discipline and Other Sermons).*

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(God)—but still a remnant, who do not come to school at all ; children not generally of the very poor and miserable, but mostly of able-bodied, reckless, profligate persons, who are perfectly able to pay for their children's schooling a sum probably double of what would be charged : but who prefer exercising the indefeasible rights of free-born Britons in spending their money in beer and fine clothes. Such inform the hapless parson (though they are nominally members of the Church of England) that they see no good in schooling, care nothing for him or his charities, and give him to understand that the sending their children to his school is a favour on their part which they do not see fit to grant him. How any voluntary system is to touch these free-born Britons I have not yet discovered ; and I have come to this Congress principally to listen with eagerness for some sketch of a plan which will touch them, and will prevent their children from not merely growing up ignorant savages, but from contaminating (as they do) the other children in the parish, too many of whom look with envy, not with pity, on their fellows who can play in the lanes all day instead of going to school. So much for the agricultural districts.

In the towns the broad fact is, that in every large town in these islands there are children to be counted by hundreds, often by thousands, who go to no school at all, and who cannot, by any existing methods, be got to school. Let me, to give a single example, call your attention to the case of one town, Birmingham. There is no reason to suppose that the denominational system has not been worked as earnestly and ably in Birmingham as elsewhere. That there is benevolence enough and energy enough in the town is proved by what the good folks of Birmingham are doing at this moment. But it was found last year that 21,000 children out of 45,000, or nearly half the children in Birmingham, were growing up in ignorance and idleness. . . .

No wonder, after so patent and terrible a failure of the voluntary system, if society went a step further, and organised—as the only hope—a National Education League, the main objects of which are : To compel local authorities to find schooling for every child in England and Wales ; to pay for such schooling out of local rates ; to provide that the schools so prepared for shall be unsectarian and free, without payment ; and lastly, to compel by law the attendance of children not otherwise educated. . . . I question, from twenty-seven years' experience, whether it is really better to make the labouring class pay school pence for the education of their children ; whether the wisest method is not to make them pay school-rates as they do poor-rates, and to open the schools free. My experience is, that as long as they pay, both

National Education

the ignorant, the stupid, and the unwilling (and it is with them we have to deal) will persist in considering schooling as an article which they may buy or not, as they see fit, like beer or fine clothes, or any luxury ; that they will persist in thinking, or pretending to think, that they are doing the school-managers a favour, and putting money into their pockets ; that they will persist in thinking, or pretending to think, that they pay for the whole of their children's education, and ignore the fact that three-fourths of the expense is borne by others, and that the only method to make them understand that educating their children is an indefeasible duty, which, as citizens, they owe to the State itself, is for them to be taxed by the State itself, and for the State to say : There is your money's worth in the school. We ask no more of you ; but your children shall go to school, or you shall be punished by the law.

But as one who for many years advocated the opposite opinion, I have come here to learn, and not to teach, upon this important point. All I ask—not those who have studied National Education, but the general public—to keep in mind is this broad, ugly, dangerous, disgraceful fact : There are now—according to the computation of those who ought to know—about 1,280,000 children in this kingdom who ought to be attending some elementary school or other, but who are not—1,280,000 children growing up in ignorance, in a country which calls itself civilised. . . .

He concludes by referring to the speech of Mr. Joseph Payne, at Birmingham in 1865, in which he forcibly urged that the eyes of children should be opened to the wonderful phenomena by which they are surrounded in daily life, and which ask to be examined and explained, to the very clods of earth on which they stand.

To this, I agree (he says), but I go further than this. I say, that this alone can give us a sound foundation for any higher education whatsoever. For if the higher education is not built on the knowledge of Nature and Fact, which are, as Bacon says, the voice of God Himself revealed in things, you may train a generation of fanatics, bigots, dilettanti, pedants, mandarins, or other children of Prometheus, the *à priori* dreamer : but you will never train your young people into children of Epimetheus, the inductive and therefore truly practical philosopher, into men and women who, taking their stand on Nature and on Fact, know something of what can be done in this strange world wherein God has placed them, and something of how to do it. No one is

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more deeply, yea awfully, convinced than I am of the need of sound religious teaching. But no one is more deeply, yea awfully, convinced than I am, that even the best religious teaching, especially in these days, will bear but stunted and shrivelled fruit, unless accompanied by physical teaching ; and thus supported (as all human thought should be) in the minds of teachers and of children alike, on a substratum of truth, reason, and common sense.

This address, which made a profound sensation at the time, was printed by the League, and about 100,000 copies distributed.

He had lately joined the Education League with several other clergymen, who, like himself, were nearly hopeless about a compulsory National Education, in which measure alone they saw hope for the masses ; but he subsequently withdrew, and gave his warm allegiance to Mr. Forster's Act, for the same reasons as his friend, a London Rector, who says—

I ceased to take any interest in the League after it had done its work ; that of rousing a reluctant Government to do something. That something the Government did by Mr. Forster's help ; and after the Elementary Act was passed the League to me was dead. It had done its work, and that a good work. So far as I can judge of its work since, I think that work such that a liberal clergyman cannot approve it. It has become narrow and sectarian, while pretending to be Catholic and liberal, and its speakers and supporters are generally unjust to the National Church.

At this Congress, the subject of the Medical Education of Women was discussed, and he made acquaintance with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who had herself taken a medical degree, and had practised for twenty-five years as a consulting physician in America. She was afterwards a welcome guest at Eversley and Chester, and has kindly contributed her recollections of these visits.

MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY—I think that no sketch of Canon Kingsley's life would be complete without some record of his constant and even enthusiastic interest in the subject of the medical education of women. I never shall forget the words he spoke to me, when (returning to my native land after a long absence) I met him for the first time in Bristol.

Medical Education of Women

‘You are one of my heroes !’ was the greeting—words of recognition which filled me with gratitude, and seemed a rich reward for a life of effort. He then proceeded to tell me of the profound interest with which, for many years, he had watched the gradual growth of woman’s endeavour to obtain the advantages of a thorough medical education ; and how, ‘from his inmost soul, he gave it a hearty God-speed.’ Through the years that followed, he showed himself a constant and ardent friend of this noble cause ; always ready to give information or advice in relation to any plans for its advancement. The old fir woods of Eversley, and the distant mountain views of Chester, will always be associated in my mind with the long walks we took together ; when, with wonderful earnestness and eloquence, he poured forth the treasures of his experience for my guidance, listening eagerly to every sign of progress, carefully considering every suggestion ; anxious only, with the whole force of his nature, to give wisdom and support to one who was carrying on this cherished work of his. During the few years that I knew him, he was always ready, no matter how busy or how tired he might be, to give thought and aid to any plan for carrying on the work. Only a few weeks before he left us, in December of 1874, I saw him several times at the Cloisters, Westminster, in relation to a proposed plan for securing medical degrees to women. Although his health was broken, and he was suffering from overwork, he entered upon this subject with his customary enthusiasm ; gave it his most careful consideration, and agreed (with your cordial approbation, dear Mrs. Kingsley) to become chairman of the committee which was being formed for the purpose of carrying out this important measure. I have full faith that the accomplishment of no providential work can be really hindered by the departure of any individual worker ; but I know that our cause has suffered a heavy loss in the death of your noble husband ; and with grateful remembrance I offer this record of his large-hearted and intelligent sympathy.—I remain, my dear Friend, affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, M.D.

In November he went down to Chester to be installed as Canon, and was most kindly received by the Dean and the Chapter, with whom for the next three years he worked so harmoniously.

On the 2nd of December he and his daughter embarked at Southampton for the West Indies.

At last we, too, were crossing the Atlantic. At last the

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dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see (and happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances, and alas! their tragedies ; and now at last I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise. . . .

It would be a twice-told tale to those who have read his *At Last* to do more than glance at his account of the voyage and its new experiences, the historic memories of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, and many of England's forgotten worthies woke up by the sight of the Azores, and of all he felt at finding himself on the track of the 'old sea heroes,' Drake and Hawkins, Carlile and Cavendish, Cumberland, Preston, Frobisher, and Duddely, Keymis and Widdon—and of the first specimen of the Gulf-weed which brought back 'the memorable day when Columbus's ship plunged her bows into the tangled ocean meadow, and the sailors were ready to mutiny, fearing hidden shoals, ignorant that they had four miles of blue water beneath their keel,'—and of the awe which the poet and the man of science must needs feel at that first sight of the 'Sargasso sea, and of the theories connected with it—not wholly impossible—of a sunken Atlantic continent—and of his enjoyment of the glorious cloudland, and the sudden sunsets when

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out
At one stride comes the dark ;

to be succeeded after balmy nights by the magnificent pageant of tropical sunlight'—and of the first sight of the New World, and the look-out for Virgin Gorda, one of those numberless islands which Columbus discovered on St. Ursula's day—and of the arrival at St. Thomas, with its scarlet and purple roofs piled up among orange trees, and the first glimpse of a tropic hillside. 'Oh! for a boat to get into that paradise!' and how the boat was got; and how he leapt out on a sandy beach—and then the revelation of tropic vegetation, and the unmistakable cocoanut trees, and the tall aloes, and the grey-blue Cerei,

Westward Ho !

and the bright deep green of a patch of Guinea grass ; —and the astonishment which swallowed up all other emotions at the wonderful wealth of life—and the ‘ effort, at first in vain, to fix our eyes on some one dominant or typical form, while every form was clamouring as it were to be looked at, and a fresh Dryad gazed out of every bush, and with wooing eyes asked to be wooed—and the drooping boughs of the shoregrape with its dark velvet leaves and crimson midrib, and the fragrant Frangipane, and the first cocoanut, and the mangrove swamp, and then the shells—the old friends never seen till now but in cabinets at home, earnest that all was not a dream ; the prickly pinna, the great strombi, with the outer shell broken away, disclosing the rosy cameo within and looking on the rough beach pitifully tender and flesh-like ; and the lumps of coral, all to be actually picked up and handled—and the first tropic orchid, and the first wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular shoots of the columnar Cereus’ ; and the huge green calabashes, the playthings of his childhood, alive and growing ; and how ‘ up and down the sand we wandered collecting shells, till we rowed back to the ship over white sand where grew the short manati grass, and where the bottom was stony, we could see huge prickly sea urchins, huge brainstone corals, round and grey, and above, sailing over our heads, flocks of brown and grey pelicans, to show us where we were—and then the fleet of negro boats laden with bunches of plantains, yams, green oranges, sugar canes’ ; and then the steaming down the islands, and the sight of the Lesser Antilles, the beauty and grandeur of which exceeded all his boyish dreams ; and St. Kitts with its great hill, which took, in Columbus’s imagination, the form of the giant St. Christopher bearing on his shoulder the infant Christ—and then how ‘ from the ship we beheld with wonder and delight, the pride of the West Indies, the Cabbage Palms —well named by botanists the Oreodoxa, the glory of the mountains—grey pillars, smooth and cylindrical as those of a Doric temple, each carrying a flat head of darkest

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green'; and how Guadalupe, Dominica, and Martinique were passed, and St. Vincent and its *souffrière* gazed on with awe and reverence—and the beautiful St. Lucia with its wonderful Pitons, and through the Grenadines to Grenada, the last of the Antilles, as now the steamer ran dead south for seventy miles, and on St. Thomas's Day, at early dawn,

We became aware of the blue mountains of North Trinidad ahead of us; to the west the island of the Dragon's Mouth, and westward again, a cloud among the clouds—the last spur of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. There was South America at last; and as a witness that this, too, was no dream, the blue waters of the Windward Isles changed suddenly into foul bottle-green. The waters of the Orinoco, waters from the peaks of the Andes far away, were staining the sea around us. With thoughts full of three great names, connected, as long as civilised men shall remain, with those waters—Columbus, Raleigh, Humboldt—we steamed on . . . and then saw before us . . . to the eastward, the northern hills of Trinidad, forest clad down to the water; to the south a long line of coast, generally level with the water's edge, green with mangroves or dotted with cocoa palms. That was the Gulf of Paria and Trinidad beyond. . . . In half an hour more we were on shore, amid negroes, coolies, Chinese, French, Spaniards, short-legged Guaraon dogs and black vultures.

On the voyage he had been able to write home more than once, and to telegraph from St. Thomas.

MAIL STEAMER 'SHANNON,' December 1869.

Latitude 25° , longitude 50° , *i.e.* in the Doldrums or Calves of Cancer, past the Gulf-weed, and among the flying-fish. . . . I get this letter ready to go by the Martinique mail. You will have seen ere this, I trust, a telegram announcing our safe arrival at St. Thomas. We are having the most charming passage which even old hands remember at this time of year, and the steamer is full of delightful and instructive people, so that R—— has really excellent society, and I am learning something every day. We have already invitations to Barbadoes, to Jamaica, to Cuba, Grenada, Tobago—so that we might spend months in the West Indies; but I shall be home, please God, by the mail I promised. I find we shall come in for the beginning of the sugar-cane harvest, and two or three great planters have asked us to

An Earthly Paradise

come and see it. I have done duty, and preached twice, and I hope not in vain. I go up with your prayer-book every morning on the paddle-box or the deck, before any passengers are up, so that I have a quiet gracious time—up at six, and breakfast at nine. R—— has been looking, and is better than she has been for months; so, so far all is well. It all seems at times like a dream; then as if one had been always on board; then I want to show or tell you something, and forget for the moment you are three thousand miles off, in frost, perhaps, and snow, while we are in rich showery midsummer, with such sunrises and sunsets. I will send by the English mail all I have been able to write, which will get to Strahan by the 15th, and he will send it to you to correct the proofs. Love to M——, and to G——, and to Harrison, and to every one. And tell my mother that the old fig-tree at Harmony Hall, of which she dreamt, is standing still, and that we are going to visit a planter in Trinidad, who began in Barbadoes with Douglas, who managed Clapham for her father. So do things come round. The West Indians are such good able men, and so large, and strong, and ruddy—just like English squires and yeomen. They deserve to thrive, and they are thriving now.

Christmas found him the guest of his kind friend Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, at the Cottage, Port of Spain, the earthly paradise which he had reached at last.

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1869.

Actually settled (he writes home), in a West Indian country house, amid a multitude of sights and sounds so utterly new and strange, that the mind is stupefied by the continual effort to take in, or, to confess the truth, to gorge, without hope of digestion, food of every conceivable variety. The whole day long new objects, and their new names, have jostled each other in the brain, in dreams as well as in waking thoughts. Amid such a confusion, to describe this place as a whole is as yet impossible. It must suffice if you find in this letter a sketch or two—not worthy to be called a study—of particular spots, which seem typical, beginning with my bath-room window as the scene which first proved to me that we were verily in the Tropics.

To begin with the weeds on the path, like, and yet unlike, all at home—then the rattle of the bamboo, the clashing of the huge leaves of the young fan-palms, the flower-fence, the guinea-grass, the sand-box, the hibiscus, with its scarlet flowers—a long list; but for the climax, the groo groo palms, a sight never to be forgotten

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—to have once seen palms breaking through, and as it were defying the soft rounded forms of the broad-leaved vegetation by the stern force of their simple lines ; the immovable pillar-stem, looking the more immovable beneath the toss, the lash, and flicker of the long leaves, as they awake out of their sunlit sleep, and rage impotently for a while before the mountain gusts, to fall to sleep again. Like a Greek statue in a luxurious drawing-room, sharp-cut, cold, virginal, showing, by the mere grandeur of form, the voluptuousness of mere colour, however rich and harmonious ; so stands the palm tree, to be worshipped rather than to be loved. . . .

Here I am sitting, with a fan-palm looking in at the window six feet off, and an orange and a flower-fence next, and wild guana and pines in the bottom of the dell, and over the house an enormous cotton-wood tree, and above that, hills dotted with grey palms. Hindoo prisoners, some with 'felon' marked on their backs, making excellent outdoor servants ; a wilderness of tame monkeys, a young jaguar, ditto puma, a toucan all the colours on earth, a spider-monkey hanging by its tail, among creepers which a duke would give any money for, warm water pouring out of the clouds in pailfuls, the glorious sun, and ruffling breeze which makes the fan-palms rattle like a lot of loose boards ; and at night frogs and fire-flies by the thousand, with a spice of mole-crickets and mantises. Oh, it is the queerest paradise. But a paradise it is, and a most healthy one. So make yourself easy about us. We expect Admiral Wellesley and the fleet soon, and then we think of going up the Orinoco. A Merry Christmas to you, and a Happy New Year. Good-bye, God bless you.

THE COTTAGE, PORT OF SPAIN,

TRINIDAD, January 23, 1870.

. . . You may conceive the delight with which I got your letter, and M——'s, and to think that the telegram should have arrived on Christmas Day ! No wonder the intellect of Eversley was puzzled to find out how it came. You may tell them that Mr. Dunlop, Consul-General at Cuba, who went out with us, took a telegram for us to Havanna, whence there is telegraph to New York, and so to England, and as it went by Government hands, had priority of all. It is delightful to think that by now you have got our letters. . . . As for us, we are perfectly well. I have not been so well this seven years. I have been riding this week six to eight hours a day, through primeval forests, mud, roots, gullies, and thickets, such that had I anticipated them, I

Tropical Forests

would have brought out breeches and boots. English mud is but a trifle to tropical. But I have had no fall, and never got wet, and as for what I have seen, no tongue can tell. We have got many curiosities, and lots of snakes. I have only seen one alligator, about five to six feet long, and marks only of deer and capo. But I have seen one of the mud volcanoes! As for scenery, for vastness and richness mingled, I never saw its like. Oh that I could transport you to the Monserrat hills for one hour. We can get no photographs, so that I know not how to make you conceive it all. The woods are now vermillion with Bois Immortel; in a fortnight they will be golden with Pouí (all huge trees). I have seen a tree which for size beats all I ever dreamed of, a Sand-box, forty-four feet round and seventy-five feet (we got down a liana and measured it) to the first fork, which did not seem half up the tree. But with too many of these giants, you can get no good view, their heads being lost in the green world above. But I have seen single trees left in parks over one hundred and twenty feet, with vast flat heads, which are gardens of orchids, etc., and tons of lianas hanging down from them, and the spurs of their roots like walls of board as high as a man. On Tuesday we start again for the north coast, then a short dash to the east, and then home. I have resisted all solicitations and invitations, and poor F. H.— being ill, gives me a plain reason for keeping my promise to you. Besides, I have seen enough already to last me my life. I keep saying, 'I cannot *not* have been in the tropics.' And as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are? and my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and I don't care about it all. So I am in a state of intellectual repletion, indigestion, and shall take full twelve months to assimilate and arrange the mass of new impressions. I assure you I am very careful. I had to lie off a mangrove swamp in burning sun, very tired, after having ridden four hours, and been shoved over the mud in a canoe among the calling crabs, by three niggers, and I did not feel it the least, though the mud stank, and the wind was off shore, because before I got into the canoe, I took a good dose of quinine, which I always carry. Moreover, there are some wonderful Angostura bitters (the same which cured Humboldt of his fever) which people take here before dinner, or when wet, tired, or chilly, and their effect is magical. I shall bring some home, and get Heynes to try them on the next case of ague or low fever. They are tonic, not alcoholic. I have kept a great number of notes, and must make more. But this week I have travelled too fast, and have had no luggage, save at

Charles Kingsley

my saddle-bow. It is a glorious life in the forest, and I should like six months of it without stopping, if it did not rain. But the dry season is coming on now, and it is growing delightfully cool.

January 24.

Here the rain is again. Thunder showers without thunder, and intense heat, which is really cooler (by the thermometer) than the sun, but feels hotter, because it overcharges the air so with moisture, that the insensible perspiration does not evaporate, and you are smothered in your own steam.

A charming fellow has arrived, Mr. D. V.—, son of an old friend of my father's, now Governor of St. Lucia, who has been in Demerara, and has seen and done unspeakable things among Indians and wild animals. I am learning a great deal from him, as I do from every one. And he will come on board at St. Lucia as we go home, and bring us a real *fer de lance* (the dreadful snake of St. Lucia and Martinique) in spirits. . . .

How strange a thing is man. I longed to get here. I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again. I long to find us running past those glorious Windward Islands, and away from St. Thomas to the cold north-east. But—this will be a possession—‘a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’ and this will have made me young again. . . . I do hope and trust that by the time this reaches England you will be with the dear Egertons. . . . If so, give them all my love. Tell dear Mrs. A. L.— that her brother, the admiral, came here, that I had the most delightful of days at the Pitch Lake with him, and that he wanted to carry us off in the *Royal Alfred* to Granada, etc., which would have been glorious. He is a noble man, and all his officers adore him. It was very quaint talking over Franco Liddell and all of them, under the moriche palms. Give my love to William Harrison, and tell him how deeply obliged to him I am for taking care of everything in the parish while I am away.

Remember me to every one in the parish. . . . I have nothing more to say just now, save that the Botanic Gardens, in the grounds of which the cottage is, are a perpetual treasure, because they are full of most rare trees and fruits from all the tropics, India, South Sea Islands, etc. I have learned more botany than I expected, and shall bring home few dried flowers, but many curious nuts, etc. There is no time. By next mail, please God, you will see us ourselves.

To his mother he writes—

A Kind Host

January 25.

To-night we start for the north coast and glorious mountain shores. We sleep at a planter's, and ride off to-morrow morning for three days, with cutlass, mackintosh, botany-box, and quinine-bottle, into the forests. The riding here is very wild—rock, roots, fallen timber, and abysses of mud. But the horses are very sure-footed, and I *can* ride, so I have not had a fall yet. I shall have hundreds of stories to tell you when I get home. . . .

There are no nasty things here; as least, I don't see them. I have only seen three snakes (none poisonous) and one alligator.

Every one here has heaped us with kindness, hospitality, and information, and little presents; and we shall come home, please God, all the wiser, but none the fatter, for I distil a couple of quarts of pure water out of each joint every day, and am grown as hard as whipcord in consequence. I am afraid I don't like the negroes, specially the women; but I delight in the coolies, who are graceful and well-mannered, and will be the saving of the poor West Indies, I verily believe. You must understand that this island is not like the others. The greater part is almost flat, covered with virgin forest, and the plants and animals are more like those of Demerara than of the Caribbee Islands. Oh! that you could see the cocoa (chocolate) orchards, with the crimson-flowered Bois Immortel shading them, and all the flowering trees, which are just coming out. This is a bad shore for shells—all mud and mangroves. But we have got a few. Good-bye, my dearest mother.

Seven weeks passed quickly in the enjoyment, not only of the scenery that he has described in *At Last*, the memories of which were fresh as ever on his deathbed, but in companionship with one whose society was a continual charm, who had attracted him from the first hour he spent in his society two years before, and with whom, living at so high a level and with such noble aims, he could commune on the deepest subjects, dear to both. Thanks to this kind host, to whom he had now grown strongly attached, and to whom he owed one of the most delightful episodes of his life, he took leave of lovely Trinidad refreshed in brain, strengthened in health, enriched with beautiful memories, and in the possession of a friendship which was true to the last. Sir Arthur Gordon little thought that in five years he should be standing

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by Charles Kingsley's grave at Eversley, before himself setting sail for a still greater work in the Fiji Islands than the government of Trinidad or the Mauritius.

It was a sore leaving. . . . The hunger for travel had been aroused, above all for travelling westward. . . . It seemed hard to turn back after getting so far along the great path of the human race, and one had to reason with oneself—‘Foolish soul, whither would you go? You cannot go Westward Ho! for ever. If you go up the Orinoco, you will long to go up the Meta. If you get to Santa Fé de Bogota, you will not be content till you cross the Andes, and see Cotopaxi and Chimborazo. When you look down on the Pacific, you will be craving to go to the Gallapagos, after Darwin; and then to the Marquesas, after Herman Melville; and then to the Fijis, after Seeman; and then to Borneo, after Brooke; and then to the Archipelago, after Wallace; and then to Hindoo-stan, and round the world. . . .’ With wistful eyes, we watched the sun by day, and Venus and the moon by night, sink down in the gulf to lighten lands which we should never see. A few hours more, and we were steaming out to the Bocas—which we had begun to love as the gates of a new home—heaped with presents to the last minute. . . . Behind us Port of Spain sank into haze; before us Monos rose, tall, dark, and grim, in moonless night, with its well-beloved nooks. . . . And it was all over. We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and as in a dream, or rather as part of a dream, and myself a phantom and a play-actor, I looked out over the side, and saw on the right the bleak walls of Monos; on the left, the bleak walls of Huevos—a gate even grander than that of Monos; and the Umbrella Rock, capped with matapalo and cactus, and night-blooming Cereus, dim in the dusk. And now we were outside. The roar of the surf, the tumble of the sea, the rush of the trade-wind told us that at once. Out in the great sea, with Granada, and wind-fiends in it, ahead; . . . but we looked astern, and not ahead. We could see into and through the gap of Huevos, through which we tried to reach the Guacharo Cave. Inside that notch in the cliff must be the wooded bay whence we picked up the shells among the fallen leaves and flowers. From under that dark wall beyond it, the Guacharos¹ must be trooping out for their nightly forage, as they had trooped out since—. He alone who made them knows how long. The outline of Huevos, the outline of Monos, were growing lower and greyer astern. A long ragged haze signified the Northern Mountains, and far off, on the port quarter, lay a flat

¹ Humboldt's wonderful birds.

The Voyage Home

bank of cloud, amid which rose, or seemed to rise, the Cordillera of the Main, and the hills where jaguars lie. Canopus blazed high astern, and Fomalhaut below him to the west, as if bidding us a kind farewell. Orion and Aldebaran spangled the zenith. The young moon lay on her back in the far west, thin and pale, over Cumana and the Cordillera, with Venus, ragged and red with earth-mist, just beneath. And low ahead, with the pointers horizontal, glimmered the cold Pole star, for which we were steering, out of the summer into the winter once more. We grew chill as we looked at him, and shuddered, it may be cowered, for a moment, at the thought of 'Nifelheim,' the home of the frosts and fogs, towards which we were bound.¹

He left St. Thomas by a different track to that by which he came, running northward between Tortola and Virgin Gorda toward the Gulf-stream—or Drake's Channel, as it had been named since 1575; a more advantageous course for a homeward-bound ship, as it strikes the Gulf-stream soonest and keeps it longest. The voyage was a successful one, and notwithstanding a fatality among the live stock, and the death of an ant-eater and an alligator, 'who wept crocodile tears before his departure,' the kinkajou and the parrot, who were bound for Eversley Rectory, survived; and towards the end of February—

The Land's End was visible, and as we neared the Lizard we could see not only the lighthouses on the cliff, and every well-known cave and rock from Mullion and Kynance round to St. Keverne, but far inland likewise; and regrets for the lovely western paradise were all swallowed up with bright thoughts of the cold northern home as we ran northwards for the Needles. With what joy we saw at last the white wall of the island glooming dim ahead. With what joy we first discerned that huge outline of a visage, on Freshwater Cliff, so well known to sailors. . . . With what joy did we round the old Needles and run past Hurst Castle, and with what shivering, too. . . . At first an English winter was a change for the worse. Fine old oaks and beeches looked to us, fresh from ceibas and volatas, like leafless brooms stuck into the ground by their handles; while the want of light was for some days painful and depressing. But we had done it, and within the three months, as we promised. As the

¹ *At Last*, vol. ii. ch. xvii.

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king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At least we had seen it, and we could not unsee it. We could not *not* have been in the Tropics.

And now returned he settled down in the parish with renewed vigour, though feeling the change of climate almost as cruelly as his son, who arrived at the same moment from South America. The parish benefited by the respective travels of father and son at Penny Readings and in their visits to the cottagers. He loved to give his people the results of his own and his children's new experiences in life; for in a certain sense Eversley had advanced a step in intelligent sympathy with the great world outside. It was the same Eversley, and yet different to what it had been when he first came there twenty-eight years before. His own personal influence, and the influence of new circumstances, had told upon it. It was no longer the secluded spot it had been in his curate days, or even at a later period, when he loved to dwell on its 'monotony' as 'so pleasant in itself, morally pleasant and morally useful.'¹

The monotony was now broken occasionally by very startling incidents—the neighbourhood of Aldershot bringing flying columns, to the Flats and Bramshill Park. Engineering parties camped out and wells were sunk on the newly-enclosed glebe land, as for an advancing army; artillery waggons rumbled past the quiet rectory, and bugle-calls were heard at all hours by the Rector and his people. Now and then, too, the monotony was broken by quite another excitement, for a great heath fire would break out on the Flats, which sometimes encroached on the firs at Bramshill Park, and committed havoc among them.

¹ 'I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees, and that only the Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. . . . If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken, if they be stiff ones, by the same gaps.'—'Winter Garden,' p. 145, *Prose Idylls*.

A Heath Fire

‘At such a time,’ says a friend, ‘the Rector was all activity. On one occasion the fire burst forth in the time of divine service. A messenger posted down to the church in hot haste, to call out the men ; and Mr. Kingsley, leaving the curate to finish the service, rushed to the scene of action, taking a flying leap, in surplice, hood, and stole, over the churchyard palings. The fire was an extensive one ; but he, armed with a bill-hook, and now divested of everything ecclesiastical, was everywhere, organising bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point. For many nights subsequently watchers were placed in the woods ; and at a late hour (between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.) Mr. Kingsley would sally forth and go the rounds, carefully inspecting the country as he went, cheering the watchers with kind hearty words of encouragement—himself intensely interested in the general picturesqueness of the event, and excited by the feeling that the alarm might be given at any moment, and the firs which he loved so dearly be wrapped in flame.’

To Sir Charles Bunbury

EVERSLEY, March 15, 1870.

I received your letter with a pang ; for I felt that I ought to have written to you before you wrote to me. But forgive me, on the strength of the press of business at first coming home. I have seen more than my wildest dreams have anticipated ; but I have done much less. I found collecting plants, riding through the forest, to be almost impossible ; and yet I did my best, always remembering you, and hoping that my specimens would find their way to your herbarium. But damp and mishaps made me lose so many specimens, that I at last gave up in despair ; and all the more as, most of the plants not being in flower, I could identify hardly any. Still a few I have brought home, and will send you if you will accept them. A very few ; but there are some five or six among them which I wish much that you should take. *Utricularia* with linear leaves from the grass Savannah of Aripo ; turf-flowers, utterly unlike in habit to our water-species, and *Drosera longifolia*—incredible as it may seem—growing with them. I have also a few curious seeds and fruits, of which I hope you will accept specimens. Of the wonder of the whole place I will not attempt to write ; I need not to you, who know the forests of Brazil. I have to look at times at my specimens to assure myself that it is not all a dream. But in the wonderful improvement in my health, and in the renewed youth of my mind, I feel very fair proof that

Charles Kingsley

I too on honey-dew have fed,
And ate the fruits of paradise.

I long to see you and dear Lady Bunbury, and ask you a thousand questions, and shall come to you, if you will allow me, the moment I am free. Just now I am very busy, as I have to see to many things before going to Chester at the end of April for three months. R—— enjoyed, and did mightily, the whole time she was in the West Indies. You will be glad, I know, to hear that our boy, Maurice, is come back from South America, well, happy, and so delighted with the life that his only wish is to return ; though not, probably, to the same place. I have often longed to get him a post on some exploring expedition, if such things ever exist again under a cheese-paring Government, which fools John Bull to the top of his bent on his strange fancy that he is overtaxed, and must needs save odd farthings. My boy would make an admirable explorer, and, it may be, win himself a name.

To Miss Susan Winkworth

EVERSLEY, April 18, 1870.

I must apologise for not having answered your former letter.¹ But on my return from the West Indies we were both very busy in settling for our eldest son, who returned from South America six weeks ago, and has started three days since, full of heart and hope, for the Rocky Mountains.

I read the tracts (Bramo Somaj Tracts by K. C. Sen) with great interest and satisfaction, and shall be delighted to make Mr. Sen's acquaintance if he can come and see us at Chester, where we go on the 29th. . . . I have heard much of him, and of the whole movement, and am very hopeful about it. I trust that no bigotry here will interfere with men, who, if they are not at the point to which St. Paul and St. John attained, are trying honestly to reach that to which Abraham, David, and the Jewish prophets rose : a respectable height, I should have thought. . . . My mother is with us, better than she has been for years past, and is going with us to Chester.

To W. Hutchins Callcott, Esq.

EVERSLEY, April 9, 1870.

About the word 'oubit,' it is simply a hairy caterpillar, which children call the 'devil's gold ring.' Also, I must thank you for

¹ About the Bramo Somaj movement, begging to introduce Mr. Sen to Mr. Kingsley on his return to England.

First Residence at Chester

the charming sketches¹ you are pleased to send. I am only sorry for your own sake that you should give away things which will be some day, when we are dead and gone, so valuable from their intrinsic beauty. What a genius Sir Augustus must have been! Like Nature, '*Maximus in minimis.*' He knew what Schleiden calls 'the Ästhetics of Nature'—better worth, I sometimes think, than the mere genera and species of all Natural Historians. If you have that in your heart (the head cannot take it in), you need not regret your ignorance of mere Natural History. Bewick had the latter up to a certain point. But his genius lay in this, that he was saturated with the former; and therefore his vignettes are more valuable by far than even his birds.

To W. Pengelly, Esq., F.G.S.

EVERSLEY, April 15, 1870.

Many thanks. I accept joyfully the honour which is offered me by your council to be President of your Devonshire Scientific Association, and the date thereof. I only feel a dread at so great a pleasure, so far off, and at what may happen meanwhile; for 'life is uncertain,' say folks. 'Life is certain,' say I, because God is educating us thereby. But this process of education is so far above our sight, that it looks often uncertain and utterly lawless. Wherefore fools (with M. Comte) conceive there is no living God, because they cannot condense His formulas into their small smelling-bottles.

My eldest son, who has learnt his trade well at Cirencester and in the River Plate, is just going off to try his own manhood in Colorado, United States. You will understand, therefore, that it is somewhat important to me just now, whether the world be ruled by a just and wise God, or by $(x + \eta + \zeta) = 0$. It is also an important question to me with regard to my own boy's future, whether what is said to have happened to-morrow (Good Friday) be true or false. But I am old-fashioned and superstitious, and unworthy of the year 1870.

On the 1st of May he took possession of 'The Residence' in Abbey Square, Chester, for three months. His Dean, to whom he gave glad allegiance and under whom he worked for three years, received him with cordial kindness; and it was a happy circumstance and an

¹ Original Sketches, by Sir Augustus Calcott.

Charles Kingsley

important one to him that the first cathedral with which he was connected, was one where the reverent worship and admirable arrangements made every service in which he joined congenial and elevating. Choral services had hitherto had little attraction for him: the slovenliness which in bygone years characterised them in some places, having shocked him from the æsthetic and still more from the religious point of view. Had this been the case at Chester it would have been a serious drawback to the happiness of his life while there. But all was in harmony with the ideal of Christian worship. And the dignity of the services, the reverence of all who conducted them, from its visitor, the Bishop much beloved, who was always present (except when diocesan business called him away), down to the little chorister boys, impressed him deeply. It filled the new Canon's heart with thankfulness that the lot had fallen to him in a cathedral, where dean, precentor, minor canons, organist, choir-master and lay clerks all worked earnestly to one end; and he could say with truth, as day by day he entered the venerable cloisters, 'How amiable are Thy dwellings, O Lord, Thou God of hosts. My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord. One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.' The early morning daily services were his great refreshment, and seemed to hallow the day to him, and many peaceful moments did he spend in the old chapter-house, in reading and prayer, before the clergy and choir assembled for worship, at eight o'clock A.M.

The Sunday services, including the vast nave congregation in the evening, were exciting and exhausting; but through all, he experienced an abiding satisfaction of soul, a sense of the fitness of things, which was quite unexpected to himself and to those who had known his previous habit of life and feeling. Without professing to understand music, he had always loved it, as a man of his genius and fine organisation necessarily must: but at Chester it revealed itself to him in the cathedral worship, and in daily intercourse with his friend the Precentor, he soon

Ancestors

learned to look and long for particular anthems and services with eagerness and appreciation.

A few days after arriving at Chester he took the chair for the Dean at a meeting of the Archaeological Society, and on being asked whether he belonged to the old Kingsley family once in Cheshire said—

His own feeling in coming to Chester was that he was coming home, for although he was landless, his ancestors had not been. He confessed to a feeling of pride in his connection with Cheshire, and to the mention of his name in the old Tarporley hunting song—

In right of his bugle and greyhounds to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees ;
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer-in-chief to Earl Randall the First.

¹ This Horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a-hunting to ride—
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

He was glad to come to a county where many of his kin had lived, and where he had many friends, and he had no higher ambition than to live and die Canon of Chester. He was by no means an ambitious man, as the world called a man ambitious. All he wanted was time to do his work and write his books ; and if in anything set on foot in this ancient city—any movement connected with literary and scientific societies or mechanics' institutes—he might be able to help in his humble way, he was at the service of the good citizens of Chester. He did not wish to thrust himself forward, to originate anything grand, or be in anybody's way ; but if they could find him reasonable work, as he was a rather overworked man, he would be happy to do it, without any regard to creed, politics, or rank in any way whatsoever. He thanked the gentlemen who had said so much in his favour, and hoped he should not forfeit the good opinion they had somewhat hastily formed of him.

¹ The bugle horn, alluded to in the old song, and which is in his coat of arms, was the one which his ancestors, as Foresters to Earl Randal, had the right to wear. The grandson of this Ranulph, Ralph de Kingsley, married Mabilla de Moston in 1233, and the same coat of arms, 'vert a cross engrailed ermine on an escutcheon of pretence Argent, a bugle strung sable,' has been carried by the family through many reverses to the present day.

Charles Kingsley

Besides the daily services, which were an occupation in themselves, and the preparation of his sermons, he was anxious to get some regular week-day work that would bring the cathedral and the town in close contact. As usual his heart turned to the young men, whose time on long spring and summer evenings might be turned to account, and he offered to start a little class on physical science, expecting to have perhaps at most sixteen to twenty young shopmen and clerks. Botany was the chosen subject, and in a small room belonging to the city library, on the walls, he began—the blackboard and a bit of white chalk being as usual of important help to the lectures, which he illustrated throughout. The class soon increased so much in numbers that he had to migrate to a larger room—a walk and a field lecture was proposed once a week—and the party was watched from the walls with surprise, and once the gathering was so large that a man who met them supposed them to be a congregation going off to the opening of a Dissenting chapel in the country. This was the beginning of the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers between five and six hundred members, with president, secretary, monthly meeting report, regular summer excursions, and winter courses.

‘I am very happy here,’ he writes to Mr. Froude. ‘I have daily service, which is very steady and elevating. Plenty of work in the place. I have started a botanical class for middle-class young men, which seems to go well; an opportunity of preaching to shrewd, able Northern men, who can understand and respond; and time to work at physical science—the only thing I care for much now—for it is the way of God who made all; while,—

‘All the windy ways of men
Are but dust which rises up
And is lightly laid again.’

He occasionally preached in the diocese during his first residence, the Dean being anxious that the work of the chapter should extend beyond the cathedral city, and on one occasion he preached a sermon for the Kirkdale Ragged School, in June, which made a deep impression,

Human Soot

and was much quoted from by Liverpool newspapers, under the heading of ‘Canon Kingsley on Human Soot.’ ‘I remember,’ says a clergyman who heard him on this occasion, ‘that marvellous sermon on “Human Soot.”’ It made me more than ever know the magnificent mental calibre of the man. Canon Kingsley was one of a few, and they giants. . . .’ After giving an account of the charity and its great need, the Canon went on to say—

And this leads me to ask you plainly, What do you consider to be your duty towards these children? What is your duty towards those dangerous and degraded classes from which too many of them spring?

You all know the parable of the Good Samaritan. You all know how he found the poor wounded Jew by the wayside, and for the mere sake of their common humanity, simply because he was a man—though he would have scornfully disclaimed the name of brother—bound up his wounds, set him on his own beast, led him to an inn, and took care of him.

Now, is yours the duty to deal thus with these poor children? Is yours the duty which the Good Samaritan felt?—the duty of mere humanity? That,—and I think, a little more. Let me say boldly, I think these children have a deeper and a nearer claim on you; that you must not pride yourselves, here in Liverpool, on acting the Good Samaritan when you help a ragged school. We do not read that the Good Samaritan was a merchant on his march at the head of his own caravan. We do not read that the wounded man was one of his own servants, or a child of one of his servants, who had been left behind, unable from weakness or weariness to keep pace with the rest, and had dropped by the wayside till the vultures and the jackals should pick his bones. Neither do we read that he was a general at the head of an advancing army, and that the poor sufferer was one of his own rank and file, crippled and wounded by disease, watching, as many a poor soldier does, his commander march past to victory, while he was left alone to die. Still less do we hear that the sufferer was the child of some soldier’s wife, or even of some drunken camp-follower, who had lost her place on the baggage-waggon, and trudged on with the child at her back, through dust and mire, till in despair she dropped her little one, and left it to the mercies of the God who gave it. In either case the Good Samaritan would have known what his duty was; and I trust that you will know, in like case, what your duty is.

For is not this, and some other, your relation to these children

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in your streets? ragged, dirty, profligate, untaught, perishing—of whom our Lord has said, ‘It is not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish.’ It is not His will. I am sure that it is not your will either. I believe that, with all my heart. I do not blame you, or the people of Liverpool; nor the people of any city on earth in our present imperfect state of civilisation, for the evidence among them of brutal, ignorant, degraded, helpless people. It is no one’s fault, just because it is every one’s fault—the fault of the system: but it is not the will of God, and therefore the existence of such an evil is proof patent and sufficient that we have not yet discovered the whole will of God about this matter; that we have not yet mastered the laws of true political economy, which (like all other natural laws) are the will of God revealed in facts. Our processes are hasty, imperfect, barbaric; and their result is vast and rapid production, but also waste, refuse, in the shape of a dangerous class. We know well how, in some manufactures, a certain amount of waste is profitable—that it pays better to let certain substances run to refuse, than to use every product of the manufacture—as in a steam-mill every atom of soot is so much wasted fuel; but it pays better not to consume the whole fuel and to let the soot escape. So it is in our present social system; it pays better. Capital is accumulated more rapidly by wasting a certain amount of human life, human health, human intellect, human morals, by producing and throwing away a regular percentage of human soot—of that thinking and acting dirt which lies about, and, alas! breeds and perpetuates itself in foul alleys and low public-houses, and all and any of the dark places of the earth. But as in the case of the manufactures, the Nemesis comes swift and sure. As the foul vapours of the mine and manufactory destroy vegetation and injure health, so does the Nemesis fall on the world of man—so does that human soot, those human poison gases, infect the whole society which has allowed them to fester under its feet. Sad; but not hopeless. Dark; but not without a gleam of light in the horizon.

I can yet conceive a time when, by improved chemical science, every foul vapour which now escapes from the chimney of a manufactory, polluting the air, destroying the vegetation, shall be seized, utilised, converted into some profitable substance, till the Black Country shall be black no longer, and the streams once more run crystal clear, the trees be once more luxuriant, and the desert which man has created in his haste and greed, shall, in literal fact, once more blossom as the rose. And just so can I conceive a time when, by a higher civilisation, founded on political economy, more truly scientific, because more truly

Human Soot

according to the will of God, our human refuse shall be utilised like our material refuse, when man as man, even down to the weakest and most ignorant, shall be found to be (as he really is) so valuable that it will be worth while to preserve his health, to the level of his capabilities, *to save him alive*, body, intellect, and character, at any cost ; because men will see that a man is, after all, the most precious and useful thing in the earth, and that no cost spent on the development of human beings can possibly be thrown away.

I appeal, then, to you (if there be any such in this congregation), the commercial men of Liverpool. If not, I appeal to their wives and daughters, who are kept in wealth, luxury, refinement, by the honourable labours of their husbands, fathers, brothers, on behalf of this human soot. The merchants are, and I believe they deserve to be, the leaders of the great caravan which goes forth to replenish the earth and subdue it ; they are among the generals of the great army which wages war against the brute powers of nature all over the world, to ward off poverty and starvation from the ever-teeming millions of mankind. Have they no time—I take for granted they have the heart—to pick up the footsore and weary, who have fallen out of the march, that they may rejoin the caravan, and be of use once more ? Have they no time—I am sure they have the heart—to tend the wounded and the fever-stricken, that they may rise and fight once more ? If not, then must not the pace of their march be somewhat too rapid ; the plan of their campaign somewhat precipitated and ill-directed ; their ambulance train and their medical arrangements somewhat defective ? We are all ready enough to complain of the waste of human bodies brought about by such defects in the British army. Shall we pass over the waste—the hereditary waste of human souls brought about by similar defects in every great city in the world ?—waste of human souls, human intellect, human character—waste, saddest of all, of the image of God in little children. That cannot be necessary. There must be a fault somewhere. It cannot be the will of God that one little one should perish by commerce or by manufacture, any more than by slavery or by war. As surely as I believe that there is a God, so surely do I believe that commerce is the ordinance of God, that the great army of producers and distributors is God's army ; but for that very reason I must believe that the production of human refuse, the waste of human characters, is not part of God's plan, not according to His ideal of what our social state should be, and therefore of what our social state can be. For God asks no impossibilities of a human being. But as things are, one has only to go into the streets of this or any great city to see how

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we, with all our boast of civilisation, are as yet but one step removed from barbarism. Is that a hard word? Only there *are* the barbarians around us, at every street-corner—grown barbarians, it may be, now all but past saving—but bringing into the world young barbarians, whom we may yet save, for God wishes us to save them. It is not the will of our Father in Heaven that one of these should perish. . . . Do not deceive yourselves about the little dirty offensive children in the street. If they be offensive to you; they are not to Him who made them. ‘Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of your Father which is in Heaven.’ . . . Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough, and fresh enough to shame any one who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt, of what we miscall civilisation. But take them to the pure stream; strip off the ugly shapeless rags; wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capable—capable of how much, God alone, who made them, knows. Well said the great Christian poet of your northern hills of such—

Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor yet in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God who is their home.

Truly, too truly, alas! he goes on to say—

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Around the growing boy.

Will *you* let the shades of that prison-house of mortality be peopled with little save obscene ghosts? Truly, and too truly, he goes on—

The youth who ever farther from the east
Must travel—still is nature’s priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

Will *you* leave the youth to know nature only in the sense in which an ape or a swine knows it, and to conceive of no more splendid vision than that which he may behold at a penny theatre?

Truly, again, and too truly, he goes on—

At last the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.¹

¹ Wordsworth’s Ode, ‘Intimations of Immortality.’

Woman's Rights

Yes ; to poor, weak, mortal man the prosaic age of manhood must needs come for evil as well as for good. But will *you* let that age be—to any of your fellow-citizens—not an age of rational prose, but an age of brutal recklessness, while the light of common day for him has sunk into the darkness of a common sewer ? And all the while it was not the will of your Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish. . . .

Want of space forbids more than these extracts from this noble sermon, which has never been published ; and we now return to the letters for the year. Among them are two on 'Woman's Rights' ; the date of the last is uncertain, but both are significant of his latest views on this question.

To Mrs. Peter Taylor

CHESTER, May 27, 1870.

I have the honour of acknowledging your letter respecting the Women's Suffrage Question. If I, as one who has the movement at heart more intensely than I choose to tell any one, and also as one who is not unacquainted with the general public opinion of England, might dare to give advice, it would be, not in the direction of increased activity, but in that of increased passivity. Foolish persons have 'set up the British Lion's back,' with just fears and suspicions. Right-minded, but inexperienced persons, have set up his back with unjust (though pardonable) fears and suspicions. I do not hesitate to say, that a great deal which has been said and done by women, and those who wish to support women's rights, during the last six months, has thrown back our cause. I will not, nay, I utterly decline to, enter into details. But that what I say is true, I know, and know too well. We shall not win by petitions. The House of Commons cares nothing for them. It knows too well how they can be got up, and takes for granted that we shall get up ours in the same way.

By pamphleteering we shall not win. Pamphlets now are too common. They melt on the debauched and distracted sensorium of the public, like snow on water. By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. 'Neither strive nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,' was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method, of striving, and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not hesitate to say, that unless this movement is kept down to that

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tone of grace, and modesty, and dignity, which it would always be by you, madam, were you the only leader, and which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful, Englishmen and Englishwomen, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters.

I warn you of a most serious danger. I have found that when the question has been put in its true, practical, rational light, to men and women who had the greatest horror of it from prejudice, their consciences and reasons gave way at once, and they were ready to submit and agree. But I have found, alas! that within a week, some one or other had said or done something premature, or even objectionable, which threw back the process of conversion. This is the true cause of our seemingly unexpected failure. And I entreat you, as one who never by word or deed, as far as I have known, has contributed to that failure, and for whom I have so profound a respect, to control, instead of exciting, just now, those over whom you have, and ought to have, influence.

About this time Mr. John Stuart Mill, hearing that Mr. Kingsley had withdrawn more or less from the movement, wrote to ask him his reasons. The mode of procedure of some of its advocates had shocked him so, that he refused to attend any meetings, and the only branch of the subject to which he willingly gave his influence latterly was the medical education of women, which he had held for years (long before the question of 'Women's Suffrage' was mooted) was one of the deepest importance, and which to the last had his entire sympathy.

To John Stuart Mill, Esq.

CHESTER.

MY DEAR MR. MILL—As you have done me the unexpected honour of asking my opinion on an important matter, I can only answer you with that frankness which is inspired by confidence and respect. 1. I do not think that ladies speaking can have had, or can have, any adverse influence. You used, I doubt not, your usual wisdom in opposing Miss ____'s speaking at a public meeting, and, as yet, but only as yet, I should think such a move premature. That I think women ought to speak in public, in any ideal, or even truly civilised society and polity, I hope I need not tell you. My fear is, not so much that women should speak, as *who* the women are who speak. . . .

There exist, in all ranks of the English, and in none more

Hysteria

than in the highest rank, women brave, prudent, pure, wise, tried by experience and sorrow, highly cultivated and thoughtful too, whose influence is immense, and is always exercised for good, as far as they see their way. And unless we can get these, of all ranks, and in each rank, down to the very lowest, to be 'the leaders of fashion,' for good, instead of evil, we shall not succeed. I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better rather than the worse women against us, to find that foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals . . . are inclined to patronise us in the most noisy and demonstrative way. I am aware of the physical and psychical significance of this fact. I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to—I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—"to reconstruct society according to science," we must steer clear of the hysterical element, which I define as the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement. It is all the more necessary to do this, if we intend to attack 'social evils,' *i.e.* sexual questions, by the help of woman raised to her proper place. That you mean to do so, I take for granted. That I do, I hope you take for granted. If not, I should be glad some day to have the honour of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek, *φωνάντα συνετούσι*, the principle of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i.e.* the canon law, is civilised off the earth.

Meanwhile, all the most pure and high-minded women in England, and in Europe, have been brought up under the shadow of the canon law, have accepted it, with their usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature ; and consider their own womanhood outraged, when it, their tyrant, is meddled with. It is to them, therefore, if we wish (as I do) for a social revolution, that we must address ourselves mildly, privately, modestly, rationally. Public meetings drive them away, for their experiences, difficulties, wrongs, are too sacred to be detailed even before women of whom they are not sure, much more before men, most of all before a press, which will report, and next morning cynically comment on, the secrets of their hearts. A free press—with all its innumerable advantages—is the great barrier (I say it

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to you deliberately) to the moving in this matter of that great mass of matrons for whom, in the long run, the movement is set on foot ; and by whom alone it can be carried out. At least, so it seems to me, who fight, not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because, if the mother be benefited, the child is benefited in her. And therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women. . . . But I see with pain this movement backed up by —, and —, and by other men and women who, unknown themselves to the English nation, and knowing nothing of it, and its actual opinions and habits for good or evil, in a word, sectarians (whether they know it or not), seem ready to scramble back into a society which they have in some cases forfeited, by mixing themselves up with questions which it is not for such as they to speak of, either in the study or the forum. I object, also, to the question of woman's right to vote or to labour, and above all, to woman's right to practise as physicians and surgeons, being mixed up with social, *i.e.* sexual questions. Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold (as perhaps you may do me the honour to be aware) that it is perhaps the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, according to natural laws, and, therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature [will be made clear]. . . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these sexual questions, first, before they have acquired a sound, and also a general, scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact, on these matters. Second, before they have so accustomed the public to their ministrations, as to show them that they are the equals of men in scientific knowledge and practical ability (as they are); and more, that they know, as women, a hundred woman's secrets, which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilisation that a man should have the right of trying to interpret. Therefore I deprecate, most earnestly, all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, etc., which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months. I do not say that they are wrong. Heaven forbid ! But I do say, that by so doing they are retarding, it may be for generations, the cause which they are trying to serve. And I do say (for I have seen it) that they are thereby mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes ; with the vain and ambitious, and worst of all, with the prurient. Prurience, sir, by which I mean lust, which, unable to satisfy itself in act, satisfies itself by contemplation, usually of a

‘Emancipated’ Women

negative and seemingly virtuous and Pharisaic character, vilifying, like St. Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem, that which he dare not do, and which is, after all, only another form of hysteria—that is the evil which we have to guard against, and we shall not do so, unless we keep about this whole movement a tone of modesty, delicacy, lofty purity, which (whatever it knows, and perhaps it knows all) will not, and dare not, talk aloud about it. That tone will not be kept, if we allow the matrons, and after them the maidens (by whom I mean women still under the influence of their fathers and mothers), or women having by their own property a recognised social position, to be turned out of sight in this movement by ‘emancipated’ women.

I know that the line is very difficult to draw. I see how we must be tempted to include, nay, to welcome as our best advocates, women who are smarting under social wrongs, who can speak on behalf of freedom with an earnestness like that of the escaped slave. But I feel that we must resist that temptation ; that our strength lies not in the abnormal, but in the normal type of womanhood. And I must say, that any sound reformation of the relations between woman and man, must proceed from women who have fulfilled well their relations as they now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are. That only those who have worked well in harness, will be able to work well out of harness ; and that only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things will be fit to be rulers over many things ; and I hold this—in justice to myself I must say it—not merely on grounds ‘theological’ so-called, but on grounds without which the ‘theological’ weigh with me very little—grounds material and physiological—on that *voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*, to which I try, humbly though confusedly, to submit all my conclusions.

Meanwhile, I shall do that which I have been doing for years past. Try to teach a noble freedom, to those whom I see most willing, faithful, conscientious in their slavery, through the path of self-sacrifice ; and to influence their masters likewise, to see in that self-sacrifice something far more divine than their own self-assertion. To show them that wherever man and wife are really happy together, it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting, the subordination of woman to man, which they hold in theory. To set forth in every book I write (as I have done for twenty-five years) woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine, guide, purifier, inspirer of the man. And so, perhaps, I may be as useful to the cause of chivalry, dear equally to you and me, as if I attended many meetings, and spoke, or caused to be spoken, many speeches.

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To Sir Charles Bunbury

CHESTER, May 28, 1870.

I was pleased and ashamed to see your handwriting. I forgot to write to you, in the bustle not only of getting home myself, but of starting Maurice off to the Rocky Mountains with the now famous Dr. Bell, and then of getting to Chester, and settling ourselves in our new sphere of work. Pray forgive me. I am very sorry the plants are no better than they are. But the great majority had to be 'dried' in an atmosphere charged with water, in timber and palm ajoupas in the bush, and carried either at my back, or jammed among clothes in an Indian basket, on a negro's back. I am very glad that the *Utricularias* are safe. You will remark with them some specimens of the true *Drosera longifolia*. When I got that, my first thought was of you, and, indeed, I was thinking of you, and longing for your company, continually. I trust you will do me the honour to look at my sketch of the first sight of the primeval forest in the forthcoming *Good Words*. I know how feeble and defective it is, but it is all I can say. If you see any mistakes, I hope you will point them out to me. I have many things to say to you, when I can have speech with you. All I have seen points to an antiquity, not only for average tropical vegetation, but for tropical man, far more vast than I had suspected. If it were proved that civilised races flourished at the equator during the miocene epoch, or even earlier, I, for one, should not be surprised.

CHESTER, June 10, 1870.

I am glad to have your opinion on my poor stuff. As for the absence of leaf mould, I saw it all over Trinidad. I picked dead trees open for saprophagous insects, but found few or none. I must ask Bates (who is coming to us this summer) what his experience is. Perhaps you would kindly, as being in the centre of information, get evidence from other men. I should be sorry to put in a hasty generalisation. Of the local fact I am certain. You guess rightly that the Brinvilliers is connected with the cinchona. It is Rubiaceous, *Spigelia anthelmia*. I have avoided, in these letters, putting in more scientific names than I can help. When the book comes out as a whole, I shall of course state the whole of what little I know. The Obeah poisoners do not use Euphorbiaceæ in general, I believe, as being too acrid and violent. I could not get any account of the symptoms produced by *Spigelia*. It is sometimes given in small doses as an anthelmintic.

A Birthday Gift

Maurice is off to New Mexico, surveying a stretch of land, and hopes to get permanent employment soon. Meanwhile he is full of health and hope, and, I doubt not, will do well.

To W. Hutchins Callcott, Esq.

CHESTER, June 12, 1870.

. . . It is a pleasant surprise to me that you should know anything about my birthday : a more pleasant one that you should care to remember it. I thank you heartily for the really learned and able book¹ which you have sent me. I was not aware that the truly great Robert Brown—“*notre maître à tout*”—had assisted in its development. It is impossible to have a stronger guarantee for its worth. . . .

To explain the passage from the *Fairy Queen*,² both you and I ought to have long reading in the mystic realists of the Middle Age, and again of the *Renaissance*. I cannot explain it, because the very little I knew of such lore, I have forgotten utterly.

With regard to the bird mentioned by Nieremberg in 1635, and called the ‘Triton Avis,’ I don’t know a word. But if you will write to Mr. Gould, and use my name, if any man on earth can tell you, he can. Moreover, his knowledge of the notes of birds, as well as their natural history, is something marvellous ; and if he sees you want to learn, he will enjoy telling you everything. I trust that our friendship may last many years.

To Professor Max Müller

EVERSLEY, August 8, 1870.

Accept my loving congratulations to you and your people. The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready.

Verily God is just ; and rules, too, whatever the press may think to the contrary.

¹ Lady Callcott’s *Scripture Herbal*.

² The frame thereof seemed partly circulare,
And part triangulare ; O worke divine !
Those two the first and last proportions are ;
The one imperfect, mortall, faminine,
Th’ other immortall, perfect, masculine ;
And ‘twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportion’d equally by seven and nine ;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven’s place ;
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

Book II., canto ix., stanza xxii., quoted in
Hawkins’s *History of Music*.

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My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them, the re-taking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the Frenchman no foot of the Rhine-bank. To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone. In any case, with love to dear G——, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany.

To Sir Charles Bunbury

EVERSLEY, August 31, 1870.

I am very much obliged to you for sending me the list of plants; I fear it cost you much trouble. But I think you know enough of the difficulties of collecting in the wet season, to pardon the bad state of some specimens. In fact, I soon found that, where the flora was endless, and all new, I must give up every other source of information and interest, if I intended to collect all I saw, and so only picked certain things which struck me, and too often lost them again. In one case I upset my box at my back, and lost a dozen new specimens at least, in hunting a great blue morpho in thick scrub. I am surprised, indeed, that I have brought home as many as forty-nine species at all verifiable.

I miss among your list an *Eleocharis*, as it seemed to me, off the shore of a lagoon, near mangroves, etc., which seemed to me identical, or close to, an English form. This may be the *Scirpus* which you mention. I see Grisebach says that his *Sc. (E.) exiguus* has the habit of our *E. acicularis*, and his *S. mitratus* the habit of our *E. palustris*. The plant struck me as a remarkable instance of the similarity, if not identity, of marsh plants throughout all lands. I looked in vain for our *Typha angustifolia*, common in lagoons, but it was probably not in flower. The *Artanthes*, of which I have, I find, brought one home, and *Enckea*, struck me much, as also the allied *Pothomorphe*. *Cephaelis tomentosa*, I am delighted to find, is new to you. It is very handsome, the red involucrum, with its double blue berry, very showy among the large leaves. It grows about thirty-five feet high, and is a very common ornament of all openings in the primeval woods. A *Palicourea*, I recollect, I got. I am very glad that *Amazonia* is in good order. It is a glorious thing, its very spike blazing among poor grass in sandy swamp. I know that there was a flower of *Ipomea bona-nox*: but they must be picked at night, and dried instantly in glazed paper, or all shrivels. I think I had an *Evolvulus*. Was there not also a specimen of *Spondia glabra*?

Botany

But if I had collected all I saw of that family, my work would have been manifold. *Tecoma stans* is probably there, being common, but the glory of the island is Poui (*Tecoma serratifolia*), a mighty timber tree like an ash, which just as we left began to blaze all over with saffron-flowers, which we could not reach, making a striking object in the landscape. The Utricularias were labelled by Prestoe, the Government botanist (as were all the rest). But I warn you that he says he can make nothing of many of Grisebach's species, especially in palms, and poor Kruger refused absolutely to commit himself to species at all. I sometimes suspected (and have done so still more since I came home) that the number of variable, *i.e.* of actually now varying, species in the tropic woods is very great, owing to the ruthless and rapid competition for life, and that we must commit ourselves to their permanence as little as possible. *Jacquinea armillaris* (which yields beads for necklaces, and has a delicious fragrance, lasting for days after the bough is cut) should be in our hot-houses. Echites and Allamandas were very numerous. *Drosera longifolia* set me meditating much. Hooker ascribes its appearance there, and elsewhere in tropic America, to its being carried by water-fowl, and I see no other possible cause. *Passiflora sanguinea*, I remember. *Paritium tiliaceum* (and here Mahant) is a common bush of the beach, with *Coccloba uvifera*. *Phytolacca icosandra* has all the look of an introduced plant, always about old clearings. I forget the Polygalas, and hope to see them with you at Barton some day. *Ilex sideroxyloides* (according to Prestoe) I found (for the first time in the island) on the little islands of the Pitch Lake, with *Chrysobalanus pellocarpus*. Alas! for the Melastomaceæ! To have collected all I saw was impossible; to remember a few which I saw (of the large-leaved forms) is a perpetual pleasure. The Leguminosæ which are in the collection I do not recollect. But I hope to talk all over with you, and if you do me the honour to read my little book, when it comes out at Christmas in an extended and corrected form, you will see that at least I did not go about with my eyes shut. I send you by post a pamphlet which will explain itself. You will see from the lists of trees, etc., at the end, how vast are the vegetable resources of this single island. In the last list, you will see a mark on the left hand of the page, against each tree which I saw, whether I 'verified' them botanically or not. You will be surprised at some omissions. For instance, I never saw, to my knowledge, *Hymenæa Courbaril*, though I must have ridden under dozens or hundreds. Such piecemeal work does one do in the world.

And now a few words on this awful war. I confess to you, that were I a German, I should feel it my duty to my country to

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send my last son, my last shilling, and after all, my own self to the war, to get that done which must be done, done so that it will never need doing again. I trust that I should be able to put vengeance out of my heart—to forget all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past, from that vain, greedy, restless nation ; all even which she suffered, women as well as men, in the late French war : though the Germans do not forget it, and some of them, for their mothers' or aunts' sakes, ought not. But the average German has a right to say : ‘Property, life, freedom has been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided. The French kings have always tried to keep her divided, that they might make her the puppet of their ambition. Since the French Revolution, the French people (all of them who think and act, viz. the army and the educated classes) have been doing the same. They shall do so no longer. We will make it impossible for her to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany. We will make it an offence on her part—after Alfred de Musset’s brutal song—to mention the very name of the Rhine.’ As for the present war, it was inevitable, soon or late. The French longed for it. They wanted to revenge 1813-15, ignoring the fact that Germany was then avenging—and very gently—1807. Bunsen used to say to me—I have seen the tears in his eyes as he said it—that the war must come ; that he only prayed God that it might not come till Germany was prepared, and had recovered from the catastrophes of the great French war. It has come, and Germany is prepared—and would that the old man were alive, to see the ‘battle of Armageddon,’ as he called it, fought, not as he feared on German, but on French soil. It must have come. The Germans would have been wrong to begin it ; but when the French began, they would have been ‘niddering’ for ever not to have accepted it. If a man persists for years in brandishing his fist in your face, telling you that he will thrash you some day, and that you dare not fight him—a wise man will, like Germany, hold his tongue till he is actually struck ; but he will, like Germany, take care to be ready for what *will* come. As for Prussia’s being prepared for war, being a sort of sin on her part—a proof that she intended to attack France, such an argument only proves the gross ignorance of history, especially of German history, which I remark in average Englishmen. Gross ignorance, too, or willing oblivion of all that the French have been threatening for years past, about ‘rectifying their frontier.’ The Germans had fair warning from the French that the blow would be struck some day. And now that it is struck, to turn the other cheek in meekness may be very ‘Christian’ towards a man’s self ; but most unchristian, base, and

Germany and France

selfish towards his women, his children, and his descendants yet unborn. There can be no doubt that the French programme of this war was, to disunite Germany once more, and so make her weak and at the mercy of France. And a German who was aware of that—as all sensible Germans must have been aware—had to think not of the text which forbids us to avenge private injuries, but of that which says, ‘They that take the sword shall perish by the sword’; not of the bodily agony and desolation of the war, but of Him who said, ‘Fear not them that can kill the body,’ and after that have nothing left to do; but fear him—the demon of selfishness, laziness, anarchy, which ends in slavery, which can kill both body and soul in the hell of moral and political degradation. As for this being a ‘dynastic war,’ as certain foolish working-men are saying—who have got still in their heads the worn-out theory that only kings ever go to war—it is untrue. It is not dynastic on the part of Germany. It is the rising of a people from the highest to the lowest, who mean to be a people, in a deeper sense than any republican democrat—French or English, ever understood that word. It is not dynastic on the part of France. The French Emperor undertook it to save his own dynasty; but he would never have done so, if he had not been of opinion (and who knows the French as well as he?) that it would not be a dynastic war, but a popular one. Else, how could it save his throne? What could it do but hasten his fall, by contravening the feelings of his people? But it did not contravene them. Look back at the papers, and you will find that Paris and the army (which between them, alas! constitute now the French people) received the news of war with a delirium of insolent joy.

They were mistaken, and have received Trulla’s answer to Hudibras—

And mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, ‘I told you this would come
Of all your vapouring vile scum.’

The Emperor was mistaken, . . . in spite of all his cunning. He fancied that after deceiving the French people—after governing them by men who were chosen because they could, and dared deceive, that these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone; that they would exhibit, unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty, economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was, to nail up the hand of the weather-glass, in order to ensure fine weather; as they are doing to this day in every telegram. So he is justly punished, as all

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criminals are, by his own crimes, and God's judgments are, as always, righteous and true. . . .

I confess that Bismarck's explanations about this secret treaty were to me satisfactory. Those who complain of him for concealing it should recollect that he dreaded immediate war with France if he divulged it, probably if he absolutely refused to entertain it; and that Prussia, panting and bleeding from the struggle of 1866, was not ready for a fresh war against France, which Germany, to the last three weeks, supposed (like the rest of the world) to be more powerful than she is. My suspicion is, that when all is over, and can be seen more *en masse*, at a reasonable distance, Bismarck will not look the worst figure in Europe. I foresee, if Germany is absolutely victorious, great and wholesome changes in public opinion here and abroad. But of that I must write hereafter. To speak now would be to count our chickens before they are hatched, and this letter has run to an absurd length. I must beg you to pardon it, because it is a comfort to me to have one like you to whom I can pour out my heart. And I think that if you showed my words to a German, he would not disagree much with me. Best love to Lady Bunbury and you, from all my ladies.

EVERSLEY, September 5, 1870.

Many thanks for your interesting letter. If you wish for proof of my guess that Germans would agree with my historical view, you will find one, at least, in page 5 of this day's *Times*, column 4. As far as I know the history of those years in reference to this question (and I gave a set of lectures on them at Cambridge), the facts are accurately and fairly stated by the Germans therein. Meanwhile, what a *περιπέτεια* has ensued! Since Waterloo, there has been no such event in Europe. I await with awe and pity the Parisian news of the next few days. As for the Emperor, while others were bowing down to him, I never shrank from expressing my utter contempt of him. His policy is now judged, and he with it, by fact, which is the 'voice of God revealed in things,' as Bacon says; and I at least, instead of joining the crowd of curs who worry where they lately fawned, shall never more say a harsh word against him. Let the condemned die in peace if possible, and he will not, I hear, live many months—perhaps not many days. Why should he wish to live? This very surrender may be the not undignified farewell to life of one who knows himself at his last.

To another friend he writes:—

As for the war, I dare not give opinion on it. It is the most

Special Providences

important event since the Revolution of 1793, and we are too near it yet to judge of it fairly. My belief is, that it will work good for generations to come. But at what an awful price!

To Alfred Wallace, Esq., F.L.S.

EVERSLEY, October 22, 1870.

I have read your *Essay on Natural Selection* with equal delight and profit.

I wish you would reconsider pages 276-285. The facts, of course, are true, as all yours are sure to be; but I have never been able to get rid of the belief, that every grain of sand washed down by a river—by the merest natural laws—is designedly put in the exact place where it will be needed some time or other; or that the ugliest beast (though I confess the puzzle here is stranger), and the most devilish, has been created because it is beautiful and useful to some being or other. In fact, I believe not only in ‘special providences,’ but in the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences. I only ask you to extend to all nature the truth you have so gallantly asserted for man—‘That the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as man uses them for his special ends’ (page 370).

Omit ‘occasionally,’ and say ‘always,’ and you will complete your book and its use. In any case, it will be a contribution equally to science and to natural theology.¹

To Matthew Arnold

EVERSLEY, November 1, 1870.

I have at last had time to read carefully your *Culture and Anarchy*, and here is my verdict if you care for it. That it is an exceeding wise and true book; and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn,² but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring, when the spring comes. For me, born a barbarian, and bred a Hebrew of the Hebrews, it has been of solid comfort and teaching. I have had for years past an inkling that in Hellenism was our hope. I have been ashamed of myself, as a clergyman, when I caught myself saying to myself that I had rather have been an old Greek than an Englishman. Your book

¹ *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays*, by Alfred Russel Wallace. The chapter referred to at pages 276-285 is headed ‘Adaptation brought about by General Laws.’ The passage is too long to quote.

² French and Prussian War time.

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has justified me to myself, while it showed me where I was ungrateful to God and wrong. I will not trouble you with more talk, for it will be far worse than that which you can say to yourself any day ; but I must thank you for the book, as a moral tonic, as well as an intellectual purge. Ah, that I could see you, and talk with you. But here I am, trying to do my quiet work ; and given up, now, utterly, to physical science—which is my business in the Hellenic direction.

To J. Fergusson, Esq.

1. As to the situation of the various Assyrian cities, p. 67, you seem perplexed by the necessity of holding that the 'Babel,' whence 'Asghur came forth,' was more or less the same as modern Babylon. I do not think this necessary. It seems to me that the source-point of Assyrian migration and the site of Babel are to be sought for northwards, among the passes between North Assyria and the Hindu-Koh. My arguments are these : 1. The Hindu-Koh was, as you will, I doubt not, agree, the source of migration for three great races—the Semitic, Indo-Germanic, and Scyth. Why not also for the Melanic ? That the dark Naga races, driven southward by the Pandors and Brachmans, came from the Hindu-Koh, and originally held the Punjab, I suppose there is little doubt. I consider the 'sons of Ham,' Migraine, Phut, Canaan, Cush, to be of the same stock ; and my belief has been corroborated by the fact, for which I thank you much, that the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, as late as B.C. 1750, were called Naharaina. Now Genesis says that it was as they journeyed from the East that they found Shinar and built Babel. The historic Babel would hardly have been reached by an eastern journey, except by the all but impossible, and certainly most improbable (for early migrators with clear ground before them) route through the South Persian deserts. Whatever Babel may signify, whether 'confusion' or the 'gate of God,' it seems to have been considered by all the Scripture writers as a sort of mystic epithet, capable of application to all places or cities in certain circumstances. Without dilating on this, or adding my crudities to all the nonsense which has been already written on it, I cannot help feeling that this points to it as a class-name, like those of Phrat, Nile, and so forth ; the latter of which, we know, by its antiquity, gave rise to the belief that the African Nile rose in India. I humbly submit, therefore, that it is northward of Nineveh that we must look for the earliest Assyrian remains, and not in the direction of Babylon. For the hint of the similarity of Resen and Rasena I cannot sufficiently thank you. It is

Babel Theories

one of those things which, slight in itself, sets one hunting in a new direction, and makes possible a rich discovery. Long aware of the general spread, through the greater part of the globe, at some vastly remote epoch, of a dark dolicho-kephalic race mysteriously allied with the earlier 'Finn' tribes, but preceding them, and of the possible connection of these with the Etruscans, I seem to have found a new 'straw to show the wind,' and again thank you.

2. Your theory of the kings who invaded Israel being of the Medo-Arbacid dynasty equally delights me, because it proves (alas! that it should need proof!) that the Bible, read honestly, as you would read any other book, will not be found to be worse written than others, and will require no frantic theories of commentators to save its reputation for common sense and honesty. In the present case, the Bible distinctly asserts that these kings, Pul to Sennacherib, were Medians. Elam, Kir, and Media are the three tribe names mentioned by Isaiah as identical with the Assyrian invaders of his day. I think, if you will read Isaiah xxii., xxiii., you will agree with me. Or rather, let me say, read that magnificent epic, the first thirty-seven chapters of that prophet, simply as a piece of history, and you will, I am sure, find several important, and as yet, strange to say, ignored facts about these Medo-Arbacid conquests standing out clear and unmistakable. Damascus, Tyre, Philistia, Edom, and Moab were (as Hosea, his contemporary, states) ravaged by the Assyrians.

If Shalmaneser failed in taking Tyre, which I am not quite sure from Josephus, that he did, Sennacherib did not, according to those (in my opinion) most faithful historians. Moreover, let Herodotus and the Egyptian priests say what they will, Isaiah does seem to assert, as plainly as any writer can, that Sennacherib was successful both in Egypt and in Ethiopia (Meroe?) Where 'No' was I cannot tell, having a firm dis-faith in most English commentators, and having no German reference at hand: but wherever it was, the destruction of one such city would give a very different notion of his success from Herodotus' story. But next, and this is very important in my eyes, Isaiah certainly says, not only that these, 'Elam, Media, and Kir,' who did all this, also took and destroyed Babylon. It is in vain for commentators, in their haste, and irreverence for that very letter of Scripture which they so idolise, to explain this of the destruction of Babylon by Cyrus; for,

1. Cyrus did *not* destroy Babylon, but carefully preserved it, and in spite of Keith and Sir R. Ker Porter's *Fulfilments of Prophecy*, it was a great city for centuries afterwards.

2. Isaiah says that the same Medes and Elamites who were to

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destroy Babylon (or, as I think, had actually destroyed her before Cap. xxxv. . . . was written) were coming to invade Judea during the lifetime of the man to whom he spoke—Shebna the treasurer, who was to be, and actually was, succeeded in his office by Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, during Hezekiah's reign. Without wearying you with arguments, which, if the book in hand had been any but that most ill-used and despised one, the Bible, would have been needless centuries ago, I leave the matter to your more experienced judgment, only praying that you may not have to clear your brain of the same dust-heaps of trash, which I had before I became able to let the Book of Books tell its own story. Two questions remain. . . . Is there anything in Scripture to explain the continuance, or rather reappearance of Babylon after this utter overthrow? I think we find it at once in Nabuchodonosor's 'Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?' which has so often puzzled commentators. Allowing that all it means is that '*luteam invenit marmoream reliquit*,' some great bouleversement, or utter change of place, must have been necessary to make such an expression true. You are far better acquainted than I am with the Eastern tyrants' fashion of wantonly changing the site of a city and rebuilding the whole, . . . so I will add no more on this point; and answer the second query. Is this compatible with 'profane' records?

I think we find, in Ptolemy's canon, if not corroboration, still room for such an event. He gives an interregnum from 704 to 702 . . . and again an interregnum between 692 and 688, and a rapid succession of kings about that time (averaging four years each) which betokens a disturbed state of affairs. Of these, one Mordakus is evidently the Merodach of 2 Kings xx. 12. After him follows an interregnum of eight years, and then Asar-Adinus (Esar-haddon, son of Sennacherib?) follows . . . and in 2 Chronicles xxxiii. 11, we find that the captains of the host of Assyria, took king Manasseh to Babylon, a passage which, though of course not so important as those of Isaiah or Kings, having been written probably after the return from Cyrus's captivity, is still important, as showing the temporary fusion of the Assyrian and Babylonian kingships, which would follow on the taking of Babylon by them, and which you, without assigning this cause, hint as possible in p. 52. I would add one observation more. Is not the discrepancy between Polyhistor and Syncellus about the Medo-Arbacids very slight? Were not the Medes and the Chasdim or Chaldeans cognate northern mountain tribes? And may not some light be thrown on the matter by that most obscure, but in my eyes most important verse, Isaiah xxiii. 13, 'Behold the land of the Chaldeans: this people was not, till the

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Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers and palaces thereof: and he brought it to ruin.' This latter clause, and the rest indeed, I can make nothing of. I trust that you will with your far superior learning and acumen.

Again I beseech you to pardon this intrusion, and to leave it unanswered or not, as shall best please you.

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To conclude, therefore, let no man, out of a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy, but rather let men endeavour at endless progress or proficience in both.

BACON, *Advancement of Learning.*

CHAPTER XXVII

Lecture on 'The Theology of the Future' at Sion College—Distribution of plants—Expeditions of the Chester Natural Science Society—Lectures on Town Geology—A lump of coal—Thrift distribution—*La petite culture*—The training of landlords—The French peasantry—Peasant proprietors—Race week at Chester—Letters on betting—Camp at Bramshill—The Prince of Wales in Eversley—Prince of Wales's illness—Sermon on Loyalty and Sanitary Science—Lecture to Royal Artillery officers at Woolwich—Letter from Colonel Strange, R.A.

IN January he gave a lecture by request at Sion College. The subject he chose was 'The Theology of the Future,'¹ in which he urged on the clergy the necessity of facing the great scientific facts of the day, and asserted his own belief in final causes.

'I wish to speak,' he says, 'not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first I understand what can be learnt from the physical universe of man's duty to God and his neighbour; by the latter I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible; but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology. . . .

He goes on to speak of Bishop Butler, Berkeley, and Paley, the three greatest of our natural theologians, and of the strong fact, that the clergy of the Church of England,

¹ This lecture, or rather part of it, is incorporated into the preface of his *Westminster Sermons*, published in 1874.

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since the foundation of the Royal Society in the seventeenth century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; and expresses his belief that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in their steps, we should not now be deplored the wide and, as some think, widening gulf between science and Christianity. He considers Goethe's claims to have advanced natural theology as very much overrated, but strongly recommends to the younger clergy Herder's *Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man* as a book, in spite of certain defects, full of sound and precious wisdom.

He speaks of certain popular hymns of the present day as proofs of an unhealthy view of the natural world, with a savour hanging about them of the old monastic theory of the earth being the devil's planet instead of God's, and gives characteristic instances, contrasting their keynote with that of the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms, and the noble *Benedicite Omnia Opera* of our Prayer-Book. Again, he contrasts the Scriptural doctrine about the earth being cursed with the popular fancies on the same point. He speaks of the 139th Psalm as a 'marvellous essay in natural theology,' and of its pointing to the important study of embryology, which is now occupying the attention of Owen, Huxley, and Darwin. Then he goes on to 'Race,' and 'the painful and tremendous facts' which it involves, which must all be faced; believing himself that here, as elsewhere, Science and Scripture will be ultimately found to coincide. He presses the study of Darwin's *Fertilisation of Orchids* (whether his main theory be true or not) as a most valuable addition to natural theology. Then, after an eloquent protest against the 'child-dream of a dead universe governed by an absent God,' which Carlyle and even Goethe have 'treated with noble scorn,' he speaks of that 'nameless, invisible, imponderable,' yet seeming omnipresent, thing which scientific men are finding below all phenomena which the scalpel and the microscope can show—the life which shapes and makes—that 'unknown and truly miraculous element in

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nature, the mystery of which for ever engrossing, as it does, the noblest-minded of our students of science, is yet for ever escaping them while they cannot escape it.' He calls on the clergy to have courage to tell them—what will sanctify, while it need never hamper, their investigations—that this perpetual and omnipresent miracle is no other than the Breath of God: The Spirit who is the Lord and The Giver of Life. 'Let us only wait,' he says—'let us observe—let us have patience and faith. Nominalism, and that "sensationalism" which has sprung from Nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort, after which the whirligig of Time may bring round its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn.'

'I sometimes dream,' he adds, 'of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes —let us answer boldly, Not in the least. We might accept what Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do.'

Extracts give a poor conception of the lecture, which made a profound impression, and, as private letters showed, gave hope and comfort to many among those who heard it delivered, or read it afterwards in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*; and reprinting it, as he did, only a year before his death, it may be looked on as his last words on his favourite topic, and a last confession of his faith that, If the clergy would only play the great '*rôle*' which is before them, 'science and the creeds would one day shake hands.'

Scientific subjects, and especially the distribution of plants, occupied him much at this time, and the success of his botanical class at Chester the previous year, decided

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him to follow it up with geology. He was busy, too, with the proofs of his West India book, *At Last*.

He writes to Sir Charles Bunbury :—

I have not seen Sir Charles Lyell's *Students' Elements of Geology*; but I can believe all the good of it which you report. I shall need it for a geological class, which I intend to start at Chester among middle-class young men, as I started a botany class last year. Neither have I yet seen Hooker's new book.

But how interesting are the last transactions of the 'Linnæan.'

The verification of the frankincense trees, on the very shores where the ancients said that they grew, is a fresh hint to us to believe that men of old were not always the inaccurate dreamers which we have been too apt to consider them. But the fact of the year is Welwitch's discovery of *Rhipsalis cassytha* in the interior of Angola. It is proof positive to me (if I had needed any) of that connexion by land between Tropic Africa and Tropic America, probably south of the equator, which I have long considered, as Murray (*Distribution of Mammals*) does, most probable. The existence of identical genera in the two continents, e.g. *Ficus*, *Morus*, *Mussænda*, etc., is proof enough for me. But let me refer you to Welwitch's note at page 35, the *Sertum Angoleuse*. I have much to say to you on this subject. I am believing more and more in a Palæotropic belt of land round the world; and more than suspecting a Palæotropic civilisation (at least an horticultural one) thereon, as testified by *Musa*, *Zea*, etc.

. . . Our educational matters are, thank Heaven, in excellent train without a School Board. But I have no antipathy to one.

EVERSLEY, February 7, 1871.

I received your most pleasant letter at Sandringham, whence I had hoped to have come to Barton, even if only for an hour or two; but I had to run all the way home yesterday.

I do not think I undervalue, or have overlooked, any difficulties in the supposed junction of the South American and African lands; but I find just as great difficulties in the other theory of Oliver's, of a junction between the sunken 'Lemuria' of the Indian Ocean with South America *via* Polynesia. Not that I deny it. I rather hold to a past belt of land all round the tropics, at an immensely remote epoch; for when I see a *Ravenala* (*Urania*) in Guiana, and another in Madagascar (with none between either way), common sense makes me suspect that the former has travelled from Madagascar to Guiana, or *vice versa*;

St. Michael's Mount

but at what an antiquity! Before the Andes rose, before humming-birds existed, etc.— When, on the other hand, I see the jaguar, ocelot, and other spotted cats in South America, I cannot but suspect them of having come from Africa, the home of the leopard; and if it is answered, that the leopard and spotted cats are also Indian, and may have come across the Pacific, I must demur, from the fact that not only no cats, but no mammals at all are left in Polynesia: a very serious difficulty.

The fossil horses of South America are equally important evidence, in my mind, of the theory, if it be true that *Equus curvidens* is nearer to the Quagga than to any other existing species.

But I do not insist on my being right. I only ask that the possibility may be fairly faced. As for the lapse of time, it must have been enormous, on that or on any other theory. When I consider the likenesses, and unlikenesses, of the floras of India and of South America, my dreams carry me back to (dare I say) 'secondary' rather than 'tertiary' eras, and to slow mutations of land and water, causing slow migrations of forms.

To Professor Max Müller

EVERSLEY, Jan. 16, 1871.

I see a letter of my friend Pengelly's in *Nature* of Jan. 12 about you and St. Michael's Mount. Let me tell you, if you are about to answer him, that—

1. Having studied the place, and those coasts, I believe that the present general form of the Mount is owing entirely to rain-wash and tide-wash. There was land between it and Marazion, and beyond it to S. and S.W. a whole continent, in fact, for ages, during which the flora and much of the fauna were the same as at present. But—

2. Since the Mount assumed its (general) present form and size, there was a period during which oak, etc. forests formed all along the lowlands close to the sea. Then a subsidence (as between the Mount and the shore, and a dozen other places), put those forests far below low-tide mark: then an elevation which carried them up again close to low-tide mark, and lifted the beaches, which had been formed behind them, high and dry. How deep the forests sank I cannot tell. The last 'sob' of the earth lifted the beaches above them fifteen or twenty feet. Of these facts I am as certain as that I am alive: so take note of them. As for time, I know nought of it. I always count by hundreds of thousands of years, and believe man to be of any antiquity which he may be proved to be of.

Charles Kingsley

The work at Chester this year assumed larger proportions, for the botanical class of 1870 had been the nucleus of a Scientific Society in 1871; his geological lectures were much more fully attended; not only the number of members had increased, but each member was allowed to bring a lady friend. Consequently, in preparation for walks and field lectures, he had to go over the ground himself a day or two before, to get thoroughly acquainted with its capabilities for geology and botany, and also to arrange for a place of rest and refreshment for the class; and in these researches he was always accompanied by his kind friend, the Precentor, or some member of the Cathedral body, who were always ready with loyal and intelligent help. Expeditions now were taken to more distant spots; the railway authorities had to be consulted about trains—they, too, gave most willing help; and, at the appointed hour at the place of meeting, a happy party, numbering sometimes from sixty to a hundred, would find the Canon and his daughters waiting for them on the platform of the railway, he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his class for the holiday, but feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement (in the highest sense of that word) for so many, who each and all hung upon his words.

Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms, in pursuit of one ennobling object, and found themselves travelling side by side in second-class carriages without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited,—with nosegays of wild-flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures. Perhaps the moral gain was as valuable as the scientific results of these field lectures, uniting Cathedral and town as they did in closer bonds.

The thought of giving importance to the society by

Lectures on Physical Science

adding honorary members now occurred to the president, and he wrote to Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hooker, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Hughes, etc., whose distinguished names are all enrolled in the Chester Natural Science Society.

To Sir Charles Lyell

CHESTER, June 22, 1871.

I have a great favour to ask. Whether you decline or not, I am sure you will not be angry with me for asking. I have just started here a Natural Science Society—the dream of years. And I believe it will ‘march.’ But I want a few great scientific names as honorary members. That will give my plebs, who are men of all ranks and creeds of course, self-respect ; the feeling that they are initiated actually into the great freemasonry of science, and that such men as you acknowledge them as pupils.

I have put into the hands of my geological class, numbering about sixty, your new *Students' Elements*. I shall not be rude enough to compliment you on it ; but I may say that you seem in it as great as ever. These good fellows, knowing your name, and using your book, would have a fresh incentive to work if they but felt that you were conscious of their existence.

Let me then beg for your name, to be proposed by me as an honorary member. I ask nothing more ; but to give that would be not only to help them, but to help me, who already feel the drag of the collar (having to do all myself as far as teaching and inspiriting go) very heavy. . . .—Your most faithful and loyal pupil,

C. KINGSLEY.

Sir Charles not only gave his name, but some of his most valuable works to the infant society.

The room hitherto used at the City Library had now to be given up, and by the Dean's kindness the King's School was used as lecture-room. A preliminary lecture on the subject of physical science was followed by six, which will never be forgotten in Chester, on The Soil of the Field, The Pebbles in the Street, The Stones in the Wall, The Coal in the Fire, The Lime in the Mortar, The Slates on the Roof.¹ The blackboard was in constant

¹ These lectures, published in 1872 as *Town Geology*, were dedicated to the members of the class he loved so well.

Charles Kingsley

use. Many of those who were present must recall the look of inspiration with which his burning words were accompanied, as he went through the various transformations of the coal, till it reached the diamond, and the poetry he threw into his theme as, with kindling eyes, he lifted a lump of coal off the table, and held it up to his breathless listeners.

A diamond, nothing less!—We may consider the coal upon the fire as a middle term of a series, of which the first is live wood, and the last diamond; and indulge safely in the fancy, that every diamond in the world has probably, at some remote epoch, formed part of a growing plant. A strange transformation, which will look to us more strange, more poetical, the more steadily we look at it. The coal on the fire, the table at which I stand, what are they made of? Gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash, or earthy salts, which need hardly be taken into account.

Gas and sunbeams! Strange, but true. The life of the growing plant—and what that life is who can tell?—laid hold of the gases in the air and in the soil, of the carbonic acid, the atmospheric air, the water, for that too is gas. It drank them in through its rootlets; it breathed them in through its leaf-pores, that it might distil them into sap, and bud, and leaf, and wood. But it had to take in another element, without which the distillation and the shaping could never have taken place. It had to drink in the sunbeams, and absorbed them, buried them in itself—no longer as light and heat, but as invisible chemical force, locked up for ages in that woody fibre.

So it is. Lord Lytton has told us long ago, in a beautiful song, how

The wind and the beam loved the rose.

But Nature's poetry is more beautiful than man's. The wind and the beam love the rose—or rather the rose takes the wind and the beam, and builds up out of them, by her own inner life, her exquisite texture, hue, and fragrance.

What next? The rose dies; the timber tree dies—decays down into vegetable fibre, is buried, and turned to coal: but the plant cannot altogether undo its own work. Even in death and decay it cannot set free the sunbeams imprisoned in its tissue. The sun-force must stay, shut up age after age, invisible, but strong; working at its own prison-cells, transmuting them, or making them capable of being transmuted by man, into the

A Lump of Coal

manifold products of coal, coke, petroleum, mineral pitch, gases, coal-tar, benzole, delicate aniline dyes, and what not, till its day of deliverance comes. Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it, warms till it reaches the igniting point ; the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen. And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking after ages to the sense of its own powers, its own needs, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bottom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore ; and burns. And so the spell of ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes with the free atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand centuries since. Strange it all is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—that truth is stranger than fiction.

Never had a man a more appreciative audience—intelligent, enthusiastic, affectionate. ‘They spring to touch,’ he would say, ‘at every point,’ and never did he receive such a warm grasp of the hand as from men of all ranks in the beloved old city. The Chester residence was one of the dearest episodes of his life, and when he was transferred to Westminster he could not speak of it without tears in his eyes.

The following year the expeditions took place, but his lectures were less frequent. The society, he felt, was well established on a basis of its own ; and with him, over-work of brain had brought on a constant lassitude and numbness of the left side, which led him to apprehend coming paralysis, and forced him to confine his work more exclusively to preaching and the never-ceasing correspondence.

On the distribution of plants, especially of Thrift, which had long occupied his mind, he writes to Sir Charles Bunbury :—

CHESTER, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES—I trust I am not troubling you too much by asking about the genus *Armeria* (Thrift). The distribution (vertical) of *Armeria maritima* is leading me into some curious questions. Towards solving them I should be glad to know of books which will help me.

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1. How many species of *Armeria* (as distinct from *Statice*) there are known? 2. What is their centre, and general geography? 3. Is *Armeria* more likely to be a glacial form, an Atlantic form, or one belonging to an old Pleiocene temperate flora?

I want information on these points ere I can decide—whether *Armeria maritima* retreated to mountain-tops during a period of subsidence, and reappeared on the sea-shores below after the elevation, by sea-transport, or whether it clothed the whole of the rocky lands as a cliff plant, beginning at the mountain-tops when they first appeared; and was expunged from the valleys below the 2400 ft. line by the rasping action of the ice. In this case, its reappearance at the sea-level must be due equally to sea-transport. The case is very curious, and *Cochlearia officinalis* is as curious, and seemingly analogous. *Cochlearia* is, I presume, a northern form altogether. Any information on that point would be very helpful. I ought not to trouble you thus; but I have no works on foreign European botany to consult.

I am going, in September, to Deeside (Scotland). I shall principally work at the connection between glacial action and the flora, as I hope thereby to elucidate four puzzles in my Bagshot gravel flora hereabouts.

To J. Jebb, Esq., Chester

EVERSLEY RECTORY, Feb. 13, 1872.

I send you back your 'extract'; not in contempt, but with a thousand thanks, and thinking you may want it. I know something about this matter, because letters of Hooker's to his wife were sent on to me. But I really had quite forgotten, for the moment, the fact of there being no pre-glacial (for so I consider the Alp flora) flora on the Atlas. That is the side on which we should look at it. I will write to Hooker about it, and see if I cannot get up a talk on it when I come to Chester. Now, 'gratitude being a lively sense of favours to come,' I shall show my gratitude by asking a favour of you. Will you make search and inquiry, whether the *common Thrift* (*Statice armeria*, or what they call it now), grows about the lead-mines in our part of Wales? It does so, with *Arenaria verna*, in two places in Yorkshire. Mr. Baker, of the Royal Herbarium, Kew, has been writing to me about it, and agrees with me that the distribution of *Armeria* is very important. I send you his letter, which please return after studying it, for it is 'from the hand of a master.'

Thrift Distribution

You should look also for *Thlaspi alpestre* about the *Arenaria verna* district on Halkin. . . .

P.S.—You might ascertain whether chloride of sodium runs from lead-mines. Why not?

Mr. Baker has kindly allowed the letter referred to to be quoted :—

To Rev. C. Kingsley

RICHMOND, Feb. 10, 1872.

DEAR SIR—My wife asks me to answer your note on Thrift distribution. We used to think, in Yorkshire, that its profuse growth in Wensleydale, which has been known to botanists for at least a generation, was a case parallel with the growth of the marine *Spergularia* amongst the Cheshire salt-mines, and inland salt-springs of the mountains of Auvergne and Dauphiné; and of *Scirpus maritimus*, *Erodium maritimum*, and *Rumex maritimus*, at the foot of the Malverns, and that the plant had stayed there, since the sea retreated, because it needed chloride of sodium, and had got, from the overflow of the mine's muddied stream, either that or something that made up for it. There are two other plants—not maritime, that, in the North of England, follow the lead-mines from stream-side to mountain-top—*Thlaspi alpestre* and *Arenaria verna*—the latter most plentiful. With the *Spergularia* there seems no doubt about the salt; it is admitted universally.

But the Thrift distribution is a very complicated question, as it involves the relationship of our English *Armeria maritima* to the *A. elongata* of the sandy inland plains of North Germany, and the *A. alpina*, supposed to be restricted to the mountain-summits of central Europe, and there again to Arctic and Antarctic neighbouring species, so called. It seems likely (see what is said under *Armeria* in the last edition of *English Botany*) that careful study among the Scotch mountains would completely connect our *maritima* with *alpina*, and that from Thrifts a very good argument might be made out in favour of Darwinian views.

But it seems to me that what we most want, to throw light on the matter, is a very simple experiment, which very likely, at your instigation, some of the members of the Hampshire Club would undertake—to transfer a dozen sea-side plants, in duplicate, from the shore to an inland garden, including Thrift and the others that grow also among the mountains, and water one set with salt water, and the other with fresh, and report the result at the end of a couple of years. It is said that *Salsola* is killed with-

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out the salt ; but we know that, at any rate, Thrift, sea-kale and cabbage, make themselves quite at home in common garden soil.
—Yours very truly,

J. S. BAKER.¹

To Sir Charles Bunbury

CHESTER, June 27, 1871.

I ought to have answered your former letter ; but I am ‘toiling terribly.’ It is a real comfort to me to hear that you approve of the book (*At Last*) as a whole. Your news on *Drosera* are very interesting to me. I wrote to Hooker about it, and his guess was that it had, like so many water-plants, been carried by birds. But I think that you make out a good case, and will amend my statement if the book ever gets into a fresh edition. I quite agree with you that we have no right to suppose that all Arctic species originated in those regions. I am rather inclined to regard them, and the peculiar plants of our mountain-tops, as relics of a more temperate pre-glacial flora : indeed, of a miocene one. They may have become varied since then by the severe climate. But as a single instance, I cannot consider *Saxifraga* as an Arctic or even Alpine form, while I find *S. granulata* and *tridactylites* as Lowland plants, and such rich forms as *S. umbrosa* and *Geum* not only down to the sea-level, as well as up to the mountain-top in Kerry, but reappearing in Lusitania, as if they were members of the ‘Atlantic Flora’ !

As for man having started as an Esquimaux, I believe that as little as you can.

As to *la petite culture*. I distinguish it from peasant proprietorship. The latter I consider a very great evil, barbarising the peasantry. But I accept it, in the West Indies, as established ; and as the only possible form of *la petite culture*, which latter I consider an unmixed good, as eliciting the maximum from the soil, and demanding skilled labour. J. S. Mill does not, I think, desire it heartily for these ends. He knows nothing, as far as I can find, of agriculture. But he desires, not so much *la petite culture*, as peasant proprietors with any kind of tillage, good or bad, because it (he holds) keeps down population—his monomania No. 1—and exterminates squires, who propagate ‘the military class’—monomania No. 2.

I, as I too often do, hold views which will please no one,

¹ In reference to this letter, Mr. Baker says, in writing to the Editor in 1876 : ‘We are no nearer the bottom of the matter now than we were in 1872. Mr. Jodrell, who has been so liberal to University College, is at present spending £1000 in building a laboratory in Kew Gardens, in order that full facility for the working out of such like matter may be given.’

Peasant Proprietors

because I try to see both sides ; and which, therefore, I keep as much as possible out of sight.

I believe that the landlord is a necessary element, first in civilisation, because he ensures the presence and influence of an educated man, and still more of educated women, on each estate (for want of this the French peasant is sailing into barbarism and superstition) ; and next, in agriculture, because by him alone can large and central works be carried out (for want of this, drainage, etc., are at their lowest point in France).

But I hold that there should be large farms and small farms ; and the proportion of one to the other should be left very much to the demands of the markets, and the experience of which culture is most profitable on a given estate. Here the landlord could exercise a discretion, and say to the large farmer, 'You shall not absorb more land into a great farm ; there are portions which would do better if cultivated on a more special system' ; or to the small farmers, 'You shall not subdivide my land into 10 to 40 acre holdings, because you will be compelled, from the lightness of the soil, merely to do (and do badly) with it what the large farmer is doing well, and with less outlay per acre.' I could go into details on this, but I will not trouble you now.

But this I do hold. That each tenant should be an hereditary tenant as much as possible : *glebae adscriptus*. His landlord should have no power of ejection as long as the farm was properly cultivated, and as long as a fair rent—to be fixed by a court of arbitrators—was duly paid by him and his son after him.

I would, if I could, restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilisation—in ideal, not in practice,—which Europe has seen yet. I would bind the tenant to the landlord, the landlord to the lord-lieutenant (to be chosen very differently from now), and him and all to the Crown, by more than the old 'Trinoda Necessitas' of military service, roads and bridges. I would add to them the duty of public education, of agricultural drainage on a large scale, and of sanitary reform or sanitary police. . . . In a word, I would make every man, as in the Middle Age, responsible to some superior who represented to him the Crown.

I would prevent any man taking legal possession of an estate, large or small, unless he had previously passed an examination showing that he knew the practical work of a landlord ; and I would compel the universities—and public schools if they monopolise the education of the landed proprietors—to teach them their duties as part of the regular curriculum. I have no words for the conduct of our universities, in passing through their course yearly the *élite* of the English landowners without teaching them a single fact—or warning them of a single duty—which belongs

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to their station. This is the sin of the universities, which will be avenged some day. But I am growing tedious.

I have not seen Hooker's letter from Morocco. I have seen two from him about the Atlas, in which he states the (to him as to most) unexpected fact that he found no Alpine flora on its summits. He attributes this to the alternately dry and freezing climate.

CHESTER, July 22, 1871.

Many thanks for your kind comments. I quite agree with you that my semi-feudal ideal has become impossible. But still, it is an ideal; and one which will probably 'realise' itself in some more highly civilised country hereafter. But you have shown only too well the reasons why it is impossible in England or France now.

And this brings in another and a painful thought. Are we not tending to that anarchy of irreverence which France is now paying for in tears and blood? The anarchy which is brought on by being governed by the Press, *i.e.* by men who, having failed in regular labour of any kind, establish themselves as anonymous critics of all who labour, under an irresponsibility and an immunity which no despot ever enjoyed? Professing to speak the mind of the people, they live by pandering to its no-mind, *i.e.* its merest fancies and prejudices. I see a possibility of all government becoming as impossible in England as it has been for two generations at least in France.

What you say about fixity of tenure is, I believe, more true than what I said; and I thank you for the correction. But to make it safe to leave so much to the average landlord, we must have an education of landlords by the universities as stringent as I have demanded. The more responsibility, the more training for it, is the first rule.

I agree with you only too much as to the measures of government. But as an old supporter of the Ballot (with the cynical reservation that it will do practically, *i.e.* morally, neither good nor harm) I shall be glad to see the Ballot bill carried, and an old grievance (even if a fancied one) removed.

To Miss Crawford

EVERSLEY, Dec. 21, 1871.

I have, as a practical agriculturist, interested myself much for twenty-five years in the small farm question, and I think your friend may depend on what I tell him.

The least extent of English soil on which a man and his

Labourers and Land

family can live comfortably, *i.e.* as well as an average day-labourer, is four acres. To do so he must have capital to start with of at least £10 per acre, equal to £40. Besides, he must have a house, barn, manure-reservoir, etc., ready made. He must be a powerful man, as he must use hand-labour (not plough) almost entirely. He must also be a practical agriculturist and stock-raiser. Even then it is a question whether he will succeed if he grows merely food. He ought to grow flax, or hemp, or both; and know how to prepare the former, at least, for the market—as in Belgium; and this is an art in itself.

Your friend must remember that the French and German peasants, who own or rent little farms, have long hereditary skill in agriculture, which the English artisan has not. He must remember also that the crops that they raise per acre are miserably small compared to those on a large English farm. I speak from the sight of my own eyes; and that an immediate result of breaking up the present farms into little allotments would be to diminish the food-producing powers of this realm at least one half.

For a single fact, the small farmer could never fat a single bullock; and English beef would disappear from the market, its place being taken (as in France and Germany) by veal—the calves being killed to save the expense of rearing.

He must also remember—what I assure him—that the foreign peasant in the north lives far worse than a good English labourer. Meat he never tastes, or white bread. Black rye bread and pottage is his staple food, and his wife, from early field-work, becomes a haggard old woman at twenty-five. God forbid that I should ever see in England such wives and mothers as are common on the Continent. Moreover, in France his land is mortgaged, usually heavily, to the attorney in the next town.

He must remember also that arguments drawn from the peasantry of warmer climates, *e.g.* the S.E. of France, well known to Mr. J. S. Mill, will not hold good here, or in North France. In the S.E. a man grows *maize* as well as wheat, and has his mulberries for silk, his vines, his almonds, his olives, all bringing him in a good profit over and above his food-producing land. Flax and hemp would be the only non-eatable crops here; and they (as has been shown by repeated failures of experiment) are not in sufficient demand to command a high profit.

Would to God that your friend were right. But since I took up scientific agriculture twenty-five years ago, in order to see if (as I hoped) some such scheme would not cure many social 'ills', I have gradually, but steadily, given up the hope. The only chance of deliverance from the present system which I see, and which may

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God send, is this : That science should discover some valuable raw article of manufacture, which can be grown freely on English soil, and which will require careful hand-labour—like the vine, mulberry, tea, coffee, cocoa, etc. Then indeed would the small farmer have a chance, *if he had saved money to start with in the meantime.*

As it is, were I a landowner I should certainly try this experiment. I should let some four- to five-acre lots to the very ablest labourers at the usual low farmer's rent, on the condition that they used spade and fork, not plough, and give them all fair play, with the right of buying the land gradually from me if they saved money, which I fear they would not do. But if a town artisan came to ask me for a similar bit of land, I would say, Come in, my good fellow, and eat and drink with me, and go your way back to your own trade. For if you settled down on this bit of land, you would be either in the workhouse or the grave in twelve months, and the land a wilderness. And if he were a sensible man I would make him see that I was right. If your friend wants further information, I shall be glad to give it. Let your friend remember also—would to Heaven that he would see the force of what I say—that the peasant on the Continent, nowhere more than in France, is, and must be, the slave of the Government and of the Clergy ; because there is no strong land-owning class to stand between the poor man and the Government officials, who combine to oppress him. A French peasant grows up in barbarism and superstition. No gentleman—and worse, no lady—speaks to him or his from the cradle to the grave ; and his civilisation is impossible. The only civilised persons he sees are the Government magistrates, etc., who trample on him ; and the priest, who fleeces him, and curses him if he will not be fleeced. As for helping him, the priest is too poor for that, and the magistrate *won't*.

It so happened that the first week of his residence in Chester, being always in May, was the race week, which for the time being turned the streets of the venerable old city into a sort of Pandemonium. Trade, except in the public-houses, was stagnant, and the temptations of the young men in the middle and lower classes from betting and bad company, with the usual ending of a suicide, and the ruin of many, weighed heavily on his heart, as on that of the Dean and many of the residents. Most of the respectable tradesmen deplored the effect of the race week,

Black and White Fools

not only on the higher ground of morality, but because the direct losses to trade and to the working-classes which resulted from it were so serious. A series of short papers on 'Chester Races and their Attendant Evils' was started, and by the wish of Dean Howson, Mr. Kingsley took the subject of Betting, and addressed his letter 'To the Young Men of Chester.' It is characteristic, and therefore given entire.

BETTING—A LETTER TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CHESTER

MY DEAR YOUNG MEN—The human race may, for practical purposes, be divided into three parts :

1. Honest men : who mean to do right ; and do it.
2. Knaves : who mean to do wrong ; and do it.
3. Fools : who mean to do whichever of the two is the pleasanter.

And these last may be divided again into—

Black fools : who would rather do wrong ; but dare not ; unless it is the fashion.

White fools : who would rather do right ; but dare not ; unless it is the fashion.

Now the honest men do not need my advice ; and the knaves will not take it ; neither, I fear, will the black fools. They will agree in their secret hearts, most of them, that every word I say is true. But they do not wish it to be true ; and therefore they will tell every one that it is not true, and try to wriggle out from under it by far-fetched excuses, and go back next races, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire,' and bet and gamble boldly, because then that will be the fashion. But of the white fools I have hope. For they are not half bad fellows : some of them, indeed, are very near being very good fellows, and would like so much to do anything which is right and proper—only it takes so much trouble ; and perhaps it might look rather odd now and then.

Now let me ask them—and really I have so much liking for them, that I fear at times I must be one of them myself—in all friendliness and courtesy—Why do you bet and gamble at the races ? Consider well what your answer will be. Certainly it will not be that you do so to avoid trouble, which you so much dislike in general. For you must confess at once that it is more trouble to bet, more anxiety, and often more grief and sorrow, than it is not to bet, but to leave the matter alone. And while

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you are preparing your reasons, I will give you two at least of mine, for leaving the matter alone.

The first reason (which seems to me the strongest reason which can be given against any matter whatsoever) is this—that betting, and gambling of every kind, is in itself wrong and immoral. I do not say that every man who bets is an immoral man. Far from it: many really honest men bet; but that is because they have not considered what they are doing. Betting is wrong: because it is wrong to take your neighbour's money without giving him anything in return. Earn from him what you will, and as much as you can. All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning; it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance.

If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win: he thinks that his will; in plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he: you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—a very noble and friendly attitude in which to stand to your neighbour, truly. That is the plain English of it: and look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting, save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbour's supposed ignorance.

But says some one, 'That is all fair, he is trying to do as much by me.' Just so: and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other; a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other. I say, regardless. You know whatever you lose, he will expect you to pay, however much it may inconvenience you: while if he loses you expect him to pay, however much it may inconvenience him. Thus betting is founded on selfishness; and the consequence is, that men who live by betting are, and cannot help being, the most selfish of men, and (I should think) among the most unhappy and pitiable; for if a man who is given up to selfishness, distrust, and cunning, who is tempted every hour to treachery and falsehood, without the possibility of one noble or purifying feeling throughout his whole day's work, or the consciousness that he has done the slightest good to a human being—not even as much good as an old woman at a stall has by selling a pennyworth of apples—if that man is not a pitiable object, I do not know what is.

But some will say, 'It is not the money I care for, but the amusement.' Excuse me: but if so, why do you bet for money?

White Fools

That question I have asked again and again, and have never got an answer. Why do you bet for money, and not counters, or pins, or pebbles? Why, but because you want the money, to buy with it money's worth?

Of course, I know well enough that plenty of bets pass on every race, which are practically quite harmless. A dozen of kid gloves to a lady—when you know that she will expect you to pay her, while you are bound not to ask her to pay you—he would be a very strait-laced person who could see any great harm in that; any more than in a rubber of sixpenny whist. And yet it would be better for many a young man, for some of the finest fellows of all, men of eager temper, high spirit, delicate honour, if they would make up their mind never to bet, even a shilling; never to play cards, except for love. For gambling, like drinking, grows upon some men, and upon the very finest natures too. And remember, that in betting and gambling, the more honourable man you are, the worse chance you have; gambling is almost the only thing in the world, in which the bad man is the stronger by very virtue of his badness, the good man the weaker by very virtue of his goodness. The man who will not cheat is no match for the man who will. The honourable man who will pay his debts, is no match for the dishonourable man who will not. No match indeed: not even in that last sad catastrophe, which I have seen too often: when the honourable man, throwing good money after bad to recover his losses, grows desperate, tries his hand just once at foul play, and sells his soul—for nothing. For when he borrows the knave's tools, he cannot use them; he is ashamed of himself, hesitating, clumsy; is found out—as I have known such found out: and then—if he does not put a pistol to his own head and blow his brains out, it is not because he does not long, poor wretch, to do so.

I hold, then, that betting is itself more or less wrong and immoral. But I hold, too, that betting, in three cases out of four, is altogether foolish; so foolish that I cannot understand why the very young men who are fondest of it, should be the very men who are proudest of being considered shrewd, knowing, men of the world, and what not.

They stake their money on this horse and on that. Now judging of a horse's capabilities is an art, and a very delicate and difficult art, depending first on natural talent, and next on experience, such as not one man in a thousand has. But how many betting young men know anything about a horse, save that he has four legs? How many of them know at sight whether a horse is sound or not? Whether he can stay or not? Whether he is going in good form or not? Whether he is doing his best or not?

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Probably five out of six of them could not sit on a race-horse without falling off ; and then such a youth pretends to himself that he is a judge of the capabilities of a noble brute, who is a much better judge of the young gentleman's capabilities, and would prove himself so within five minutes after he had got into the saddle.

‘But they know what the horse has done already.’ Yes ; but not what the horse might have done. They do not know—no one can, who is not in the secrets of the turf—what the horse's engagements really are ; whether he has not been kept back in view of those engagements ; whether he will not be kept back again ; whether he has not been used to make play for another horse ; and—in one word—whether he is meant to win.

‘But they have special information : They have heard sporting men on whom they can rely, report to them this and the other wonderful secret.’ Of all the various follies into which vanity, and the wish to seem knowing, and to keep sporting company, lead young men—and mere boys often—this I think is about the most absurd. A young lad hangs about the bar of a sporting public-house, spending his money in drink, in hopes of overhearing what the initiated Mr. This may say to the initiated Mr. That—and goes off with his hearsay, silly fellow, forgetting that Mr. This probably said it out loud to Mr. That in order that he might overhear ; that if they have any special information, they will keep it to themselves, because it is their stock-in-trade whereby they live, and they are not going to be foolish enough to give it away to him. Mr. This and That may not be dishonest men ; but they hold that in betting, as in love and war, all is fair ; they want to make their books, not to make his ; and though they very likely tell him a great deal which is to their own advantage, they are neither simple enough, nor generous enough, to tell him much that is to his advantage ; or to prevent him from making the usual greenhorn's book by which he stands sure to lose five pounds, and likely to lose fifty.

‘Ah, but the young gentleman has sent his money on commission to a prophet in the newspaper, in whom he has the highest confidence ; he has prophesied the winner two or three times at least ; and a friend of his sent him money to lay on, and got back ever so much ; and he has a wonderful Greek name, Lynceus, or Polypheus, or Typhlops, or something, and so he must know.’ Ah ! fool, fool. You know how often the great Polypheus prophesied the winner, but you do not know how often he did not. Hits count of course ; but misses are hushed up. And as for your friend getting money back, if Polypheus let no one win, his trade would stop. The question is, not

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whether one foolish lad won by him, but whether five-and-twenty foolish lads did not lose by him. He has his book to make, as well as you, and he wants your money to pay his own debts with if he loses. He has his bread to earn, and he wants your money to earn it with ; and as for sending him money, you may as well throw a sovereign down a coal-pit and expect it to come up again with a ton of coals on its back. If any young man will not believe me, because I am a parson, let him read, in the last chapter or two of Sponge's *Sporting Tour*, what was thought of the Enoch Wriggles and Infallible Joes, by a better sportsman and a wiser man, than any Chester betting young gentleman is likely to be.

'Ah, but the young gentleman has a private friend. He knows a boy in Mr. So-and-So, or Lord the Other's stables, and he has put him up to a thing or two. He is with the horse day and night ; feeds him : knows the jockey who will ride him.' Does he then ? What a noble and trustworthy source of information ! One on the strength of which it would be really worth a lad's while to disobey his father, make his mother miserable, and then rob his master's till, so sure must he be to realise a grand haul of money ! A needy little stable-boy, even a comfortable big groom, who either tells you what he does not know, and so lies, or tells you what he does know, and so is probably a traitor ; and who in any case, for the sake of boasting and showing off his own importance, or of getting half a crown and a glass of brandy and water, will tell you anything which comes uppermost. I had almost said he is a fool if he does not. If you are fool enough to buy his facts, his cheapest and easiest plan must be to invent sham facts, and sell them you, while he keeps the real facts for his own use. For he too has his little book to make up ; and like every one who bets, must take care of himself first, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

I could say much more, and uglier things still. But to what I have said, I must stand. This used to be the private history of smallbettings at races thirty years ago ; and from all I hear, things have not grown better, but worse, since that time. But even then, before I took Holy Orders, before even I thought seriously at all, things were so bad that I found myself forced to turn my back on race-courses, not because I did not love to see the horses run—in that old English pleasure, taken simply and alone, I can fully sympathise—but because I found that they tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company, and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier. And I have seen what comes too often of keeping that company, of indulging those

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passions. I have known men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bring bitter shame and ruin, not only on themselves, but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling. And I have known men mixed up in the wicked ways of the world, and too often yielding to them, and falling into much wrong-doing, who have somehow steered through at last, and escaped ruin, and settled down into a respectable and useful old age, simply because they had strength enough to say—‘Whatever else I may or may not do, bet and gamble I will not.’ And I very seriously advise my good friends the White Fools to make the same resolution, and to keep it.—Your very good friend,

C. KINGSLEY.

February 1st, 1871.

The local papers, of course, took up the subject, and he again replied.

The following letter to his eldest son, when quite a boy at a public school, on his telling his father he had put into a lottery without thinking it any harm, will come in appropriately here, though written many years before :—

MY DEAREST BOY—There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby and had hedged to make safe.

Now all this is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits gambling is the one I hate most and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically *savage*. Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian.

1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour’s pocket without giving him anything in return.

2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse’s merits—or anything else—to your neighbour’s harm.

If you know better than your neighbour you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the Devil is the only father of it. I’m sure, moreover, that B. would object seriously to anything like a lottery, betting, or gambling.

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I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won I should not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in you could not in honour draw back till after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying you understand that Mr. B. and your father disapprove of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence.

Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this: ‘My friend would win from me if he could, *therefore* I have an equal right to win from him.’ Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will.

I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play¹ or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long.

Mind, I am not the least *angry* with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the Devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.—Your loving

PATER.

To Miss ——

[On the death of her mother]

CHESTER, May 1871.

We were much shocked at the news, and all felt deeply for you.

And now, what shall I say. I am not going to tell you impertinent commonplaces as to how to bear sorrow. I believe that the wisest plan is sometimes not to try to bear it—as long as one is not crippled for one’s everyday duties—but to give way to sorrow utterly and freely. Perhaps sorrow is sent that we *may* give way to it, and in drinking the cup to the dregs, find some medicine in it itself, which we should not find if we began doctoring ourselves, or letting others doctor us. If we say simply, I am wretched—I ought to be wretched; then we shall perhaps

¹ So strong was his feeling about gambling, that he would never in his own house allow a game of cards to be played for money. To rest his brain, he always played with his children in the evening for an hour or two—dominoes, backgammon, patience, whist, or some other game of cards.

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hear a voice, 'Who made thee wretched but God? Then what can He mean but thy good?' And if the heart answers impatiently, 'My good? I don't want it, I want my love'; perhaps the voice may answer, 'Then thou shalt have both in time.'

To Dr. Rigg, Head of Wesleyan Training College

CHESTER, May 16, 1871.

I return your proofs of the Lecture on Pantheism. I think them excellent and true; but I think you speak in too hard a tone of the Germans. Be sure that they will be needed to be revived—all of them which can live and should live—if we are to be delivered out of the Positivist Materialism of the day. I could have wished, but it is too late, that you had defined Pantheism, not only from Theism and Atheism but from Positivism.

It is Positivism—of a loose maundering kind—which is really growing among young men. When Huxley proclaims himself a disciple of Kant and Berkeley, they think in their hearts, then he is a retrograde dreamer—'almost as bad as that fool of a Christian, Kingsley.'

But I warn you that your words will be of little use. The desire to get rid of a personal God is based on grounds which the many do not talk of, and which you do not touch. They say, boldly enough among themselves, and sometimes to me as civilly as they can, 'We will have nothing to do with God, as long as He is one who sends the many to Tartarus, the few to Olympus. We will have nothing to do with a future state, as long as it is said to contain a Tartarus, and that an endless and irremediable one. The Olympus is beautiful, possible, but unprovable. The Tartarus is horrible to our moral sense, and shall be exterminated from the human mind.'

That, my dear Dr. Rigg, and nothing else, is the matter. These men no more wish to be bad men than the average of your congregation or mine. But they will not submit to the doctrine that the majority of the human race are doomed by the mere fact of their birth to endless torments. You must face that problem if you wish to save Christian dogma in the next few generations. All else is a 'paralogism,' and runs off them like water off a duck's back.

A regular member of his congregation this summer was Chief Justice Bovill, who was living in a neighbouring parish, and drove over on Sunday mornings to Eversley Church. His devoutness made a great impression on

Loyalty shown in Sanitary Reform

Mr. Kingsley, who was much affected by his death in 1873. He writes :—

... Poor dear Chief Justice Bovill is *dead*. Happy man ! But what a loss ! How well I remember giving him the Holy Communion at Eversley ; and the face so devout, though boiling over with humour.

On his return from Chester the quiet parish of Eversley was startled into new life by the formation of a camp in Bramshill Park and on Hartford Bridge Flats, at the opening of the autumn manœuvres, at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was not only present, but camped out with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. The tumult of enthusiasm and pride of the little parish at such an event, and the remembrance of the Prince's royal presence and gracious courtesy (which will never be erased from the annals of Eversley), had scarcely subsided, when England was electrified by the news of H.R.H. being struck down with fever and at the point of death, and rector and parishioners grieved and prayed and wept together. But Mr. Kingsley's deep personal attachment, independent of his loyal feelings, made it too painful to him to stay so far away ; and he started off to Lynn, from whence he could get hourly news, and could walk over daily to Sandringham, sending telegrams on to Eversley, which were put up on the church door and in the window of the village shop. When all danger was over, and the heart of the whole nation rebounded with joy and thankfulness in a way that will stand in history as something unexampled, he preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a sermon on Loyalty, which enabled him to press the subject of Sanitary Reform in connection with what, but for God's mercy, he felt might have been one of England's greatest disasters. The public press, to quote the words of a leading newspaper, acknowledged, in strong terms,

The eloquent and practical use made by Canon Kingsley of the royal pulpit at St. James's, and [after mentioning his words as to whether 'the Sovereign is to us the divinely appointed symbol of the unity of our country'] we thank him for pointing to the

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humanity of the wonderful exhibition of unity that has been manifested. What he said on this point is, we believe, very true. Seeking to express the feeling of the many, Canon Kingsley said : 'They would speak, not eloquently it might be, but earnestly of sympathy with a mother and wife, of sympathy with youth and health fighting untimely with disease and death. They would plead their common humanity, and not be ashamed to have yielded to "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and that would be altogether to their honour. Honourably and gratefully had that sympathy shown itself in these realms of late. It had proved that, in spite of all our covetousness, all our luxury, all our frivolity, we were not cynics yet, nor likely to be ; that, however encrusted and cankered with the cares and riches of this world, and bringing also very little fruit to perfection, the old British oak was sound at the root—still human, still humane.' But [says the writer], our immediate purpose in referring to this grand sermon is to be found in its sequel. A more powerful and timely exhortation than the following could not be delivered :

'Let our hearts,' said the Canon, 'be bowed as the heart of one man, to say that, so far as we have power, so help us God, no man, woman, or child in Britain, be he prince or be he beggar, shall die henceforth of preventible disease. Let us repent of and amend that scandalous neglect of the well-known laws of health and cleanliness which destroys thousands of lives yearly in this kingdom without need or reason, in defiance alike of science, of humanity, and of our Christian profession. Two hundred thousand persons, I am told, have died of preventible fever since the Prince Consort's death a few years ago. Is not that a national sin to bow our hearts as the heart of one man ? Oh, if his Royal Highness' foul and needless disease, by striking at once at the very highest, shall bring home to us the often-told, seldom-heeded fact, that this same disease is striking perpetually at hundreds among the very lowest, whom we leave to sicken and die in dens unfit for men—unfit for dogs—if this illness shall awaken all loyal citizens to demand and to enforce, as a duty to their Sovereign, their country, and their God, a sanitary reform in town and country, immediate, wholesale, imperative—if it shall awaken the ministers of religion to preach that—I hardly ought to doubt it—till there is not a fever alley or a malarious ditch left in any British city ; then, indeed, this fair and precious life will not have been imperilled in vain ; and generations yet unborn will bless the memory of a prince who sickened as poor men sicken, and all but died as poor men die ; that his example, and it may be hereafter his exertions, might deliver the poor from dirt, disease, and death.'

An Hospital Hymn

On the 4th of December Lord Leigh laid the foundation-stone of the working-men's block of the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham with masonic honours, and the following simple hymn, which Mr. Kingsley had been requested to compose for the occasion, was sung by a choir of 1000 voices :—

Accept this Building, Gracious Lord,
No temple though it be ;
We raised it for our suffering kin,
And so, Good Lord, for Thee.

Accept our little gift, and give
To all who here may dwell,
The will and power to do their work,
Or bear their sorrows well.

From Thee all skill and science flow ;
All pity, care, and love ;
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
Oh ! pour them from above.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and death shall cease ;
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace,

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod ;
And man's rude work deface no more,
The Paradise of God.

In the autumn he was invited, through Colonel Strange, then at Woolwich with the Royal Artillery, to deliver a lecture at the R.A. Institution there. With some hesitation, but with real pleasure, he accepted, and was the guest of Colonel Strange, with whom he spent two deeply interesting days. He chose for his subject 'The Study of Natural History.' To touch on military matters he felt, he said, would be

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An impertinence for a civilian, but believing that just as a clergyman, being a man, plus a priest, is bound to be a man, and a good man, over and above his priesthood ; so is the soldier bound to be a civilian, and a highly-educated civilian, plus his soldierly qualities and acquirements. It seemed to me, therefore, that I might, without impertinence, ask you to consider a branch of knowledge which is becoming yearly more important in the eyes of all well-educated civilians, of which the soldier should know something, to put him on a par with the general intelligence of the nation—the history of nature, and geology, botany, meteorology, what the Germans call *Erdkunde*.

He wished to rescue the honourable title of natural history from the mere theory of plants and animals, to which of late years it had been too much restricted ; and lest his hearers should think he was only going to recommend them to collect weeds and butterflies, 'rats and mice, and such small deer,' he would endeavour to restore the words to their original and proper meaning—the History of Nature ; that is, of all that is born, and grows, in time—in short, of all natural objects.

As the marvellous interdependence of all natural objects and forces unfolds itself yet more and more, so the once separate sciences, which treated of different classes of natural objects, are forced to interpenetrate (as it were) and supplement themselves by knowledge borrowed from each other. Thus—to give a single instance—no man can now be a first-rate botanist unless he be also no mean meteorologist, no mean geologist, and—as Mr. Darwin has shown in his extraordinary discoveries about the fertilisation of plants by insects—no mean entomologist likewise.

He pressed upon his hearers the importance of the 'inductive habit of mind' which, working steadily and by rule from the known to the unknown, is so specially valuable to military men, to whom the advantage of the knowledge of botany—for instance, when leading an exploring party or engaged in bush warfare—would be great, if only from knowing what plants are poisonous, what are eatable, what would yield vegetable acids as preventives of scurvy, what for medicine or styptics, what timbers are available to resist wet or the attacks of insects,

Soldiers and Science

etc. etc. Again, how great the use of 'geology and mineralogy and meteorology, in finding limestone, building stone, road metal—in finding water, of what sort and at what depth—and in ascertaining with a view to malaria, rainfalls, and all those questions which so deeply affect the health of troops whose lives are ignorantly sacrificed too often in these days by being placed in barracks built in spots purely pestilential.' He reminded them of one significant fact, that the greatest captain of the old world was trained by the greatest philosopher of the old world, the father of Natural History; that Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander of Macedon—and though he may not have taught him natural history, yet he called out in his pupil somewhat of his own extraordinary powers of observation and arrangement, and helped to make him even more than a great general—a great politician, coloniser, discoverer; and, in return, according to Athenæus, Alexander helped him in his researches, giving him 800 talents towards perfecting his history of animals. The lecture is valuable throughout, and was felt to be so by those who had it reprinted for the Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution; but space forbids more than the closing sentences, in which, after giving some instances of the pursuits of scientific military men, and their results, he urges on the young officer :

Respect scientific men—associate with them—learn from them. Allow them chivalrously, you who have an acknowledged rank, their unacknowledged rank. . . . They do not yet wear the Queen's uniform; they are not yet accepted servants of the State, as they will be in some more perfectly organised and civilised land; but they are soldiers, nevertheless, and good soldiers and chivalrous, fighting their nation's battle, often on even less pay than you, and with still less chance of promotion, and less chance of fame, against most real and fatal enemies, against ignorance of the laws of this planet, and all the miseries which that ignorance begets. Honour them for their work. . . .

But why? What need for the soldier and the man of science to fraternise just now? This need: the two classes which will have an increasing, it may be a preponderating, influence on the fate of the human race for some time, will be the pupils of

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Aristotle and those of Alexander—the men of science and the soldiers. . . . This is my firm conviction. They will be left to rule ; because they alone have each in his own sphere learnt to obey. . . . I may be a dreamer : and I may consider, in my turn, as wilder dreamers than myself, certain persons who fancy that their only business in life is to make money, the scientific man's only business to show them how to make money, and the soldier's only business to guard their money for them. Be that as it may, the finest type of civilised man which we are likely to see for some generations to come, will be produced by a combination of the truly military with the truly scientific man. I say, I may be a dreamer : but you at least, as well as my scientific friends, will bear with me ; for my dream is to your honour.¹

And so his keynote, whether at Sion College to the clergy, at Chester to his middle-class pupils, or at Woolwich to military men, was the same. ‘Science is on the march—listen to her divine words, for what is she but the Voice of God, *Deus revelatus?* Mark her footsteps—and if you cannot keep pace with her, still follow her.’

Colonel Strange had long had a reverent affection for Mr. Kingsley from his writings, but this lecture and the intimacy of the days they spent together at Woolwich, and again when he welcomed him to the Citadel of Quebec in 1874, increased his feelings of love and loyalty, which will be seen in a letter, the use of which he has kindly allowed for this book of memories, where it must stand as one of the most valued contributions.

Colonel Strange to Mrs. Kingsley

CITADEL, QUEBEC, March 1876.

I thank you very much for your letter and the sermon upon him, ‘who being dead yet speaketh,’ having been a living epistle to be read of all men. . . . My name is not worthy to be linked with his, except as a mere unit among the thousands of soldiers to whom he made Christianity possible, being one of them himself in spirit, perhaps the noblest. He invented no new Gospel, but showed them the real courage, the manliness of our Christ reflected somewhat unconsciously in himself. Is it necessary to explain to you that for ages the majority of soldiers had dimly

¹ Since published in a volume of Essays, *Health and Education*.

A Creed to Live By

tried to do their duty with the grim creed alone, that 'every bullet has its billet,' and after — — ? The circumstances that made the Puritan soldiers died with them. The modern soldier had to choose between what, rightly or wrongly, seemed to them a Christ with all the manliness carefully eliminated, a creed that culminated in sentimental revivals, that would not stand the rough usage of the camp, except in a few cases, and those happily were generally called away in all their genuine burning zeal before the cold shade of peaceful monotony had more severely tried a faith that fed on excitement. It is not hard to find a creed for a soldier to *die with*, it seems to me—at least I have seen Mahomet's answer well. A creed to *live by* is a very different thing. The only alternative to the beautiful evangelical Christianity of such happy soldiers as Hedley Vicars (Havelock was a Puritan out of his age), the extreme evangelical doctrine to which most men are constitutionally averse, was the slavish Roman, or what seemed its unpractical emasculate æsthetic imitation. The average soldier found no rest, no place in modern Christianity, until our apostle tore off the shreds and patches, with which for ages the Divine figure of the God-man had been obscured—He who found no such faith in Israel as that of the centurion. These are solemn themes, and I have handled them perhaps roughly, not from want of respect for the brave and good men, who have lived and died in both extremes. I would have learnt very little from Charles Kingsley if I had not learnt to respect both John Bunyan and Ignatius Loyola, the soldier priest ! Feebly and foolishly perhaps I have tried to explain to you, who no doubt know far better than I do, the reasons why soldiers had such sympathy with him who sympathised with them, and has given to thousands, I believe (for I have heard private soldiers speak of his books), the most priceless gift that man can bestow upon his brother. Long years ago in India, before I ever saw him, I wrote to thank him, anonymously, for what I and others of my comrades owed to him. I think it would only be just and useful, if a few extracts from his works and special sermons could be collected and printed separately for soldiers' libraries.¹ But on whom has his mantle fallen ? Alas ! upon none I fear. An army chaplain would be the fittest person ; but who ? . . . As you are engaged on his life and letters, would not this fall in, except that it would overtax an already overburthened heart in every sense ?

As you allude to his pleasure in seeing the semi-frozen fall of Montmorency, with its boiling cauldron and marvellous cone of

¹ The little volume for Soldiers' Libraries will be undertaken, if life is spared, as soon as this work is completed, and if not, will be committed to more competent hands.

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frozen foam, it will seem so like him when I tell you that, as he stood on a little platform over the abyss, I left him to commune with the nature he loved so well. I was afraid somebody would shout above the roar of the torrent how many cubic feet of water per second went down it, etc., or something of that sort. A little time afterwards he said, 'Thank you ; you understand me. I would as soon a fellow talked and shouted to me in church as in that presence.'

He knows many things now ; what unconsciously he taught me and others. Now I feel with some remorse and shame how often I forget and fail to follow feebly where he led so straight. It may be some little consolation to you to know his kindly large-hearted presence seems to come sometimes in the silent night into my study in the old citadel, where I sit, and remember him pacing the little room with brave kind words to me, upon my dear mother's death, who also loved and reverenced him. He spoke then of his readiness to go to *his own place*. . . .—Yours sincerely,

F. BLAND STRANGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1872

AGED 53

No man can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breast I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nests. But, God is my witness, that, according to my uttermost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavoured to set down the naked truth impartially, without either favour or prejudice, the two capital enemies of right judgment. The one of which, like a false mirror, doth represent things fairer and straighter than they are ; the other, like the tongue infected with choler, makes the sweetest meats to taste bitter. My desire hath been to have Truth for my chieftest friend and no enemy but Error.

BISHOP BRAMHALL.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Opening of Chester Cathedral nave—Deaths of Mr. Maurice and Norman Macleod—Letters to Max Müller—Mrs. Luard—Mrs. H. V.—Mrs. Taylor—Dean Goulburn—Notes on Modern Hymnology—Lecture at Birmingham and its results—Lecture on Heroism at Chester—A poem—Correspondence on the Athanasian Creed—Letter from Dr. Karl Schulze.

THE year began at Eversley with the usual winter's parish work, night-schools, Penny Readings, etc., which were only interrupted by his going to the opening of Chester Cathedral, the nave of which had been shut up for repairs. He writes on January 24:—

Scribbling in Deacle's study. Service this afternoon magnificent. Cathedral quite full. Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light.' Collection, £105. Cathedral looks lovely, and I have had a most happy day. Every one glad to see me, and inquiries after you all. I do love this place and people, and long to be back here for our spring residence.

Mr. Maurice's death in April, and Dr. Norman Macleod's, saddened him, and warned him of the consequences of an overworked brain. 'Ah,' he said, on hearing of the latter, 'he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone as I am surely going.' Work of all kinds seemed now to redouble; and the mere letters refusing sermons, lectures, church openings, and kind invitations from friends in England and Scotland, who were eager to offer him the rest and refreshment which he so sorely needed, gave constant employment to his home secretary. He toiled on, dreaming of that time

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of 'learned leisure' for which a Canonry he held should provide, but which did not as yet fall to his lot; and those who watched him most closely and loved him best, felt that if rest ever came it would come too late. 'Better,' however, he said, 'to wear out than rust out.'

To Professor Max Müller

EVERSLEY, Feb. 19, 1872.

I have read your gallant words about Bishop Patteson in the *Times*. I did not know him; but it is at least a comfort to me to read words written in such a tone in this base generation.

By all means let us have a memorial to him. But where? In a painted window, or a cross here in England? Surely not. But on the very spot where he died. There let the white man, without anger or revenge, put up some simple and grand monolith, if you will; something at least which the dark man cannot make, and which, instead of defacing, he will rather worship as a memorial to the Melanesian and his children, which they would interpret for themselves. So, indeed, 'he being dead would yet speak.'

Think over this. If it please you I will say more on the matter.

To Mrs. Luard

[On Mr. Maurice's death]

April 4, 1872.

Your letter to F. was a comfort to me, as is every word from any one who loved and appreciated him. You, too, saw that his work was done. I had seen death in his face for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it.

I see that you were conscious of the same extraordinary personal beauty which I gradually discovered in his face. If I were asked, Who was the handsomest, and who the most perfectly gentlemanlike man you ever met? I should answer, without hesitation, Mr. Maurice.

Again, thanks for your letter. I must write, too hurriedly, something for publication about him in the next few days. Your letter will help as an inspiration. Thank you for sending me your love; I have a great deal of it which I do not deserve. Let me send mine to you and to your husband.

Cathedral Establishments

To the Very Rev. The Dean of Norwich

EVERSLEY, Feb. 28, 1872.

In acknowledging the pamphlet,¹ on the proposed changes in cathedral establishments, which you have done me the honour to send me, I must express my deep pleasure at finding one man at least among us who sees the truth and dare speak it.

I have long seen a desire, on the part of certain bishops, to acquire, under the name of organisation, powers hitherto unknown in the Church of England, to be exercised not directly by themselves, but by nominees and servants of their own, archdeacons and rural deans. That this encroachment, if allowed, would destroy the manly freedom which English rectors have long enjoyed, and make the whole clergy slaves of the bishop, *pro tem.*, is clear. If, in addition to this, the bishops fill the cathedrals with nominees of their own, and remodel the cathedral bodies till they become mere working diocesan machines, then 'increased activity' may be obtained; but the Holy Orders of the English Church will have become no fit place for scholars. . . .

If I were to suggest any alteration in our cathedral bodies it would be this, that the patronage of canonries should be taken from the bishops, and vested entirely in the Crown. I fear that that step, however, would be too much in the right direction to be taken by any Ministry. Meanwhile, if you speak further on this matter, let me beg you to warn the rectors, that, when our liberty as canons goes, theirs will soon follow.

Believe me with sincere respect and agreement.

To Mrs. Taylor

EVERSLEY, 1872.

Though I much desire that the game laws should be amended, as far as regards ground-game (but not as regards pheasants and partridges, which are the farmer's good friends), I do not feel called on to join any Anti-Game Law League; and the more so, because with all respect for you, personally, I perceive that those who are at present attacking the game laws are deeply ignorant of the real facts of the case.

If any bill for amending the game laws shall be brought before Parliament, I shall be most ready and willing to help it, as far as a very long experience (I do not shoot myself) enables me to judge of its justice and wisdom.

¹ A letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York on the subject of Cathedral Reform, by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, Dean of Norwich, 1872.

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To Mrs. H. V.

[On the death of her husband]

CHESTER, May 23, 1872.

I write to you because I know that every expression of human sympathy brings some little comfort, if it be only to remind such as you that you are not alone in the world, but that your loss draws towards you all the more those who love or even esteem you. I know nothing can make up for such a loss as yours. But you will still have love on earth all round you ; and his love is not dead. It lives still in the next world for you, and perhaps with you. For, why should not those who are gone, if they are gone to their Lord, be actually nearer us, not further from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways, of which we, in our prison-house of mortality, cannot dream ?

Yes ! Do not be afraid to believe that he is near you, and you near him, and both of you near God, who died on the Cross for you. That is all I can say. But what comfort there is in it, if one can give up one's heart to believe it !

May God bless you, and give you strength and faith to bear and to believe.

This spring Dr. Monsell requested several friends to help him with suggestions in making a new Hymnary for his congregation of St. Nicholas, Guildford ; and for this purpose sent each a specimen copy 'to draw out their careful criticism,' in which they were requested to note errors, and correct them, to make remarks, marking their relative approval of each hymn by affixing A, B, and C to them, 'to denote first, second, and third quality.'

Mr. Kingsley was just then sorely overworked, and had only time to make a few brief notes on the margin when he returned the book :—

36.—O Paradise ! O Paradise !
The world is growing old.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I want to sin no more ;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

Whence did the author of this hymn learn that 'the world is

Sensationalism and Reality

growing old'? I object much to the use of 'I want to,' instead of 'I long' or 'desire.'

No. 40.—PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, and still we hear them singing,

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, etc.

I have always objected to this hymn, as a direct invocation of angels, and as also 'unreal.' People do *not* hear the angels singing over fields and seas.

No. 61.—For thee, O dear, dear country,

Our eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

I have always objected to the first four lines of this hymn. Congregations do *not* lie awake or weep, thinking of heaven. I dread all exaggerated language. It should be left for Non-conformists.

No. 102.—Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,

Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, *grant us tears*,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

I object to 'grant us tears.' It savours of the old *donum lachrymarum*, which had a special virtue in itself; wherefore witches could never cry; also exaggerated for a whole congregation.

No. 124.—Sacred heart of Jesus, Heart of God in man.

Should not this be 'Heart of man in God'? Not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God. A beautiful poem; but not a congregational hymn.

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Nos. 189, 192.—LITANY OF THE PASSION AND LITANY TO THE SACRED HEART

When my feet have wandered
From the narrow way,
Out into the desert.

Save me by the Passion
Of Thy bleeding feet.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, pour
Love on me while I adore,
Sacred Heart ! Thy love.

I shrink from these two, especially from the former. They are, historically, connected with a creed which we have renounced, and all imitations of which I at least dread ; and they are quite alien in tone to any speech of St. Paul or St. John concerning our Lord's person, either in the Epistles or the Revelations.

Nos. 139, 140, 169, 170. Why are Rogation Sundays connected with agricultural thanksgiving ? The Rogation days were appointed—

1st. For prayer against volcanic eruptions ; 2nd. Against the irruption and devastations of the Teutonic ‘barbarians.’

No. 140.—My best beloved spake to me,
And unto me did say,
Rise up, my love, my fair one,
Rise up and come away.

I should doubt the fitness of this, graceful as it is, for congregational singing.

No. 170.—Praise to God—immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days.

For the vine’s reviving juice,
For the gen’rous olive’s use.

Should the fig-tree’s blighted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit.
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store.

I regret the use of ‘vine,’ ‘olive,’ and ‘fig’ in the hymns of a country in which those crops are not cultivated. ‘Reality’ (as

Christ the Risen and Ascended King

it is now called) in the service of God is very important, if we are to counterbalance the unreality of sensational hymns.

No. 106.—Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

I am heartily glad that you have put ‘martyrs’ in the last verse for the utterly inadmissible ‘virgins’ of the original. But I never have considered this hymn as a congregational one.

No. 112.—Come, ye children of the Lord,
Let us all with one accord.

Long in darkness did he wait,
Sorrowful and desolate;
Now in deepest shades of grief,
Come before the last relief.

A good hymn; but I cannot but feel that hymns to Christ, as the ascended and triumphant King of the universe, are more fitting, because more *true* than any which, by a stretch of dramatic imagination, fancy Him still in His humiliation.

No. 121.—GOOD FRIDAY

O sacred head once wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down, etc.

No. 122.—Jesus, gentle sufferer, say,
How shall we, this dreadful day, etc.

Let it be always remembered that the Church in the Collects, and we in our name ‘*Good Friday*,’ give the keynote for devotion on this day.

No. 177.—HOLY COMMUNION.

My love is like a Rose,
Whose rich perfume
Through all the garden flows,
And in His bloom
I'll deck myself, when I would glorious be,
Fit to sit down, and feast, my God, with thee.

My love is like a Lily,
etc. etc.

I humbly deprecate all hymns adapted from the Canticles.

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No. 196.—MISERERE DOMINE.

My sin, my sin, O God, my sin
Lies heavy on this heart within,
All through the dreary livelong day,
Wearing my aimless life away.

A most beautiful poem, though not a congregational hymn ; but I do not understand the allusions in the last two verses to our Lord's *fast*.

Thy fast, Thy fast, O God, Thy fast,
Shall thus become my feast at last.

Christ is not represented as having fasted for man, but as having died for man. And I think words concerning His death would be preferable. For by His death we are forgiven.

You will forgive my not having put A against *Hic breve vivitur*—‘Jerusalem the golden’; ‘For thee, O dear, dear country,’ and several of that cycle. I may be fastidious ; but I cannot approve of them ; their very popularity makes their soundness the more suspected by me. In the Church of God I shrink from singing hymns to ‘heaven,’ just as to angels. We are there to worship God, not heaven, which is a created *thing*.

These fragments of criticism may seem superfluous to some : but he had very strong views on Hymnology, and there being no letter to express them, and nothing printed on the subject except in the Preface to the *Westminster Sermons*, it would be doing him injustice to suppress them. He regretted deeply the adoption of hymns, which he considered combined the faults of Puritanism, Mysticism, and Romanism ; he deplored words being put into the mouths of a general congregation which were unreal to them—individual confessions of sin, too solemn to be sung, and ardent expressions of a love almost amounting to passion, which if not felt must therefore be an unconscious insult to Him to whom they were addressed. This unfitness in the new hymnologies shocked him so, that he often said he longed to go back to selections of the discarded old and new version of the Psalms of David, as more appropriate for that part of public worship where praise should predominate over prayer and confession of sin.

Lecture on the Science of Health

In the autumn he went to Birmingham, where he had often been asked to give lectures. It was a town for which he had great respect, as being one of the best drained in England, and where in all the cholera visitations there had been the fewest cases of cholera (in one visitation only one, and that an imported case). He had been urged, and could not well refuse, to be President of the Midland Institute for the year. As President, he was bound to give the Inaugural Address. The subject he chose was the Science of Health, and the noble response given to his lecture, will make it long remembered in Birmingham. Lord Lyttelton was in the chair, and received him with marked kindness. It was one of his best and most suggestive lectures. Special reporters were sent down by leading London newspapers, and the following morning the *Times* gave him a leading article, which, after speaking of other Institutes and other speakers, adds :

But everybody was prepared to expect Canon Kingsley to exhibit the development of the Institute in a more striking and picturesque light. Every one of his topics and suggestions appears to us strictly in the lines of an Inaugural Address to the Institute of a great manufacturing town like Birmingham. Yet we could fancy that some, even among the most hopeful originators of this movement, would have opened their eyes upon hearing the acquisition of the Spanish and Portuguese languages urged as a means of making one's fortune in South America, and on finding, put in the first place, nearly to the exclusion of all other subjects, the necessity of studying the laws of health and strength, of physical succession, natural selection, and morbid degeneracy, especially as illustrated in the dwarfed and enervated population of our large towns, in unhappy marriages, and expiring families. We feel really obliged to the Canon for taking the bull by the horns, and telling these townsfolk some very simple truths, with the further remark that they have only to use their eyes, their memories, and their understandings, and then they will learn a great deal more than he can tell them.

The Lecture bore fruit at once. A gentleman of Birmingham (a manufacturer), who had been long wishing to promote scientific knowledge among the working-classes of Birmingham, and had long deplored the

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ignorance prevailing on the subject of health, without the idea occurring to him of making it a distinct object of study, on hearing the address immediately decided to devote the sum of £2500 to found classes and Lectures on Human Physiology and the Science of Health, believing, with Mr. Kingsley, that if people's interest could only be excited on the subject, physical improvement would be followed by moral and mental improvement, and the hospitals, and even prisons and madhouses, would be relieved of many cases which have their origin in mere ignorance of the laws of health and physiology.

The immediate result of this lecture was perhaps *the* highest earthly reward ever granted to him, and had he lived to see the still greater results which Mr. Ryland's letter points to, his soul would have been satisfied. He may see it now—God knows!

A draft scheme of the application of the gift to lectures, open to artisans on the lowest possible scale of payment for admission, etc., was sent to the council of the Institute, and submitted by Mr. Ryland to Mr. Kingsley, who replied :—

EVERSLEY RECTORY, October 13, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR—I need not say how deeply pleased I am, let me say honestly thankful to God, that any words of mine should call out so practical a response, but presume that I am not yet permitted to thank your generous fellow-townsman. I shall, I trust, do so some day. Your plan seems to me as good as can be devised. Only you do not specify whether your teacher is to be man or woman. I confess that I consider a woman-teacher just now as far more important than a man.

I thank you and the good people of Birmingham for all the kindness I have received.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, October 21, 1872.

I beg to return the paper which you have sent me, with the expression of my deep satisfaction, and I may say, personal gratitude. Your friend will be doing, I believe, solid and lasting good to generations yet unborn, and I trust that his noble example may be followed in every great town of these realms. I think the first title, 'The Teaching of Physiology to the Working Classes,' is the better of the two. But I would define it as

The Science of Health

‘Human Physiology,’ or better, as ‘The Science of Health.’ I quite agree that it would be better to use the capital during the first ten years as the donor proposes.

I have the same fear which the paper you send expresses, that the scheme might starve without such more liberal assistance at first. For instance, a grant might be given to a mothers’ or married women’s class, from which men would be excluded. I am, as you know, solicitous for some such exclusively woman’s teaching.

The prizes question I had sooner leave to those who practically know the working of the Institute.

But an essay, now and then, on the subject, open to all comers of a certain grade, would be most useful, and stir up many minds even more than lectures.

It will be necessary to take care that the lectures are really practical lectures on the science and art of health, and not on mere scientific physiology. If not, they are likely to become mere lectures on comparative anatomy, or other non-practical, or, at least, purely scientific branch. You will have to find, and you will have some trouble in finding, men who really know about drains and bedrooms, etc., and who are not above talking of them. Let me be so bold as to advise your friend to consult, above all men, Dr. Edwin Lankester, and to look at his admirable little *Practical Physiology*, to see what should be taught, and how. I must believe that Dr. Lankester would give him far better hints than I, and that if *he* could be persuaded to give a lecture under this endowment it would be a great success.

Again, let me express my deep sense of your friend’s generosity and wisdom, and to hope that some day he will allow me to know him, and to express my feelings by word of mouth.

ARTHUR RYLAND, Esq.

The next letter will interest all who care for Sanitary Science.

LYNTHURST HILL, BIRMINGHAM,
Dec. 28, 1875.

DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY—In addition to the general statement in my former letter, that the foundation of the class at the Birmingham and Midland Institute for teaching the laws of health, the subsequent exhibition for Teachers’ in connection with it, and the foundation of a similar class and exhibition at Saltley Training College, were the direct result of Canon Kingsley’s address to the members of the Institute in 1872, it may be interesting to you to know some particulars of these

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classes, as an evidence of the extent of the good done by that address.

From the printed proposal to found a class at the Institute, you will have learned that my friend was moved to make that proposal by Canon Kingsley's address. He came to me immediately after he had heard that address, and said that it had quite determined him how to carry into effect the desire he had long felt to aid the Institute work.

The hearty approval of Canon Kingsley was a great encouragement.

The class was established, and on the recommendation of Professor Huxley and Dr. Lyon Playfair, we appointed Professor Corfield, M.D., to conduct it. It was more numerously attended than any other of our science classes. At the close of the academical year the pupils (whose average attendance was 161) were examined by Dr. E. A. Parkes, Professor of Military Hygiene in the Army Medical School. In his report on the result of his examination, he expressed his surprise with the information displayed in some of the answers, and observed that all were fairly correct; that the lectures had been judiciously arranged; had been followed by the class; and were clearly comprehended. The founder's two prizes of £10 each were awarded—one to an assistant schoolmistress; the other to a servant employed in a manufactory as a warehouseman. At the close of the second year the prizes were awarded—one to a lady-assistant in a girls' school, who informed me that she heard Canon Kingsley's address, and was so fired with a determination to study the subject, that she had never been absent from one of Dr. Corfield's lectures, and had determined to teach the subject in her school. The other prize was awarded to a warehouseman in a manufactory. In addition to the prizes, certificates were on each occasion awarded; and the recipients comprised medical students, artisans, schoolmasters and mistresses, and apprentices.

In 1874 a friend of mine, whose attention was attracted by the good work done at the Institute, and who was anxious to induce teachers to study hygiene, and so put themselves to teach it in their schools, placed in my hands the sum of £4200 for that purpose. Of this sum £1200 was given to the Institute, upon the condition that the income should be applied in providing two exhibitions of £20 each, to be awarded to the two most meritorious students of the laws of health, being teachers, or intending to enter that profession. The exhibition to be enjoyed for two years, provided the exhibitioner should teach the subject in his or her school during that period. This we call the *Teachers' Exhibitions*. It has induced many teachers to enter the class;

Teachers Taught a New Science

and of the first exhibitions one awarded was to a schoolmaster in a National school. The remainder of the sum, namely, £3000, was vested in trustees for the founding of a class on the laws of health at Saltley Cottage, with four exhibitions of £10 each, tenable for two years; conditioned that the successful candidates shall teach the subject in his school during the period of two years. This class is conducted by Dr. Corfield; and the first examination by Dr. Parkes.

Saltley College is a large institution for the training of schoolmasters; and until the establishment of this class no instruction was given on the laws of health.

The number of students who attended the lectures at Saltley last year was forty-nine. One of the exhibitioners has received an appointment as master of a school near Wolverhampton, and he has there introduced the laws of health as a subject of instruction. The other exhibitioner is expecting an appointment, and he will do the same in his school. So that the good fruit of Canon Kingsley's address is not confined to Birmingham. The masters sent out from Saltley carry into many distant schools the power and the obligation to teach the subject. Fifty masters leave the college every year, and all attend the lectures, although only two receive exhibitions.

And another good fruit which I have not mentioned, is the delivery of lectures by ladies to mothers and daughters of artisans in Birmingham. The lady who began this work, and who does it with remarkable ability and success, writes to me that before she heard Canon Kingsley's address she had felt a strong desire to give instruction on the laws of health, from observing the ignorance of the mothers whose homes she visited; and adds, 'But it was after hearing Canon Kingsley that my wishes became sufficiently vivid to make me overcome my natural laziness. I have always felt that had it not been for Canon Kingsley's earnestness, my vague desires might not have formed themselves into acts.'

Of the many eloquent and in every way admirable addresses delivered by the Presidents of our Institute, none has produced such truly good fruit as did that of Canon Kingsley.

I trust, and I believe, that in the spirit-land he may know more of these results than even we do here.—Believe me, with much respect, yours very truly,

ARTHUR RYLAND.

The particulars of a proposal to found a trust for promoting the teaching of teachers in common schools the laws of health, will be found in the APPENDIX to this volume. It was submitted to Mr. Kingsley in October

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1874, when illness prevented his writing at length on the subject, but he concludes his letter, after pointing to the scheme which he thought would give the whole subject a fixed academical status, with these characteristic words : ‘ Alas ! alas ! why can we not have a Professor of it at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures ? ’

Many of his dreams—social, sanitary, and others—equally improbable as they seemed at the time, have been realised ; perhaps this too may, when the day dawns in which man’s body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, will be considered as divine as his soul—the workmanship of one Creator, in whose sight both are equally sacred.

The Chester City Library and Reading-room were just now very low in funds, and in want of modern books ; and the committee applied to the Canon to help them out of their difficulties. He writes at once to Mr. Shone from Eversley :—

Of course—what did I come to Chester for, if not to help in such a case ? Will you and your friends make all arrangements, and send me a reminder about the beginning of November, that I may have time to think over something which may interest our dear good Chester folk. I should like you and my friends to look at what I said at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, about the science of health and physical education. I spoke from long knowledge ; and be sure we all need to think about the subject very seriously, else our grandchildren will be by no means such big men as you are !

Some days later he writes : ‘ The subject of my lecture will be Heroism. I mean it to be a prologue to a set of lectures which I hope to give at Chester during my next residence ’ . . . (in May 1873). This residence never took place ; but the Lecture on Heroism¹ was given on November 22, 1872, most successfully, as far as its pecuniary object, and doubtless it found a response in many hearts. The Duke of Westminster, foremost as usual in giving the lead to all noble thought and noble work in the old city, was in the chair. The next evening,

¹ Republished in *Health and Education*.

‘The Delectable Day’

after attending the last Chapter, at which he was ever present, the Canon gave a lecture on Deep-Sea Dredging to the Scientific Society, of which he was still President—the last words he spoke to his beloved class.

It was a year of hard work, and owing to this and to the increasing infirmities of his mother, who was in her eighty-fifth year, and lived with him, he scarcely left home for more than a few days. The three months now at Chester and the four yearly sermons at Windsor, Sandringham, Whitehall, and St. James’s, made him unwilling to give up his Eversley people for a single Sunday. So that he had no intermission of toil ; and his only rest this year was during four days in the English Lakes in June, yachting for the inside of a week with Lord Carnarvon in autumn, and a short visit to his dear friends General and Mrs. Napier, at Oaklands ; indeed, since he returned from the West Indies, nearly three years before, he had preached every Sunday once, if not twice.

The late autumn brought a time of severe anxiety and illness in his household ; but once again before clouds thickened, his heart had bubbled up into song, and after the last meet of the foxhounds, at which he was ever present, in front of Bramshill House—a sight he had loved for years, and to which he always took his children and friends,—he put these lines into his wife’s hand :—

November 6, 1872.

THE DELECTABLE DAY

The boy on the famous grey pony,
Just bidding good-bye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences
Where his brother won honour of yore.

The walk to ‘the Meet’ with fair children,
And women as gentle as gay,—
Ah ! how do we male hogs in armour
Deserve such companions as they ?

The afternoon’s wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back ;
And to catch, down the turn of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

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The climb homeward by park and by moorland,
And through the fir forests again,
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming,
Like an ocean of seething champagne.

And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet on the sofa
Beating delicate time to the air.

Ah, God ! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day !
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way !

He was asked and consented this year to join the Committee for the Defence of the Athanasian Creed. He had previously signed addresses suggesting a modification or explanation of the damnatory clauses from the Provinces of Canterbury and York, at a time when the Creed seemed most in danger. This apparent ambiguity of purpose created some surprise, which the following letters will explain. His views had not changed materially on this point since he took holy orders, and in writing, in answer to a request of Mr. Friswell's, for a contribution of one of his Sermons to a Christmas book, he says :—

You shall certainly have a Sermon. My puzzle is this : your book is meant for all manner of readers. I hold very strictly orthodox doctrine as regards the Athanasian Creed, though, as you well know, I curse no one who does not. Now it would be hard to find a sermon of mine in which that was not expressed, or, at least, broadly implied. And how would that suit your publication ? I, of course, could not in honour expunge any word on that matter. . . . I should probably send you one touching on the 'gentle life,' and telling all ranks that they can be gentlemen and ladies without being either rich or revolutionary if they will be only what all folk should be, good Christians.

To Rev. M. McColl

EVERSLEY RECTORY, October 30, 1872.

Engagements to-day render it quite impossible for me to attend your committee. . . . You may be aware that I have

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signed the addresses from both archbishoprics, recommending some change ; but in my case, only in the sense of an alteration in the condemnatory clauses. I should allow even that with very great reluctance, as a concession to the invincible ignorance on eschatology, which fills the modern Puritanic and Lockite mind. But I would rather have no alteration at all than lose the Creed as an element of public worship.

But—and this is most important to me—may I ask if it is altogether the best way of doing our work to organise public meetings about England, or even to have a central meeting in London ? I dread, from experience, all public meetings where discussion on high and holy things is likely to be mixed, as it must be, with something of controversial temper. Let us remember the unfortunate meeting at St. James's Hall ; and beware. My dread is lest we should cast that which is holy to the dogs of criticism, and our pearls before the swine of frivolity and ribaldry. Surely this is a matter rather for prelates, divines, and scholars, than for public meetings, which are always of the world, worldly, and of the flesh, fleshly, let us try as we may to keep them spiritual. I could not attend such a meeting because I could not speak my heart about that precious and noble Creed as I could in the pulpit. My rule has been to preach the Athanasian Creed from the pulpit in season and out of season ; to ground not merely my whole theological, but my whole ethical teaching, formally and openly on it ; to prevent, as far as I could, people from thinking it a dead formula, or even a mere string of intellectual dogmas. And if I were (from my experience) to dare to offer a suggestion to your committee, it would be to call on all clergy who value the Creed to preach it continually, and make their congregations feel something at least of its value. But I only speak with hesitation, and am ready to be convinced if I am wrong.

EVERSLEY, Nov. 8, 1872.

Many thanks for your cordial letter, which has satisfied me on more points than one.

I now take the liberty of sending you a paper of suggestions. I must say of them that they are the outcome of long years of anxious thought, and that I trust you will therefore give them fair consideration. Any criticism on them which you may send me I shall receive with respect ; for I perceive from your able writing on the Athanasian Creed that you are—what is but too rare in these slip-slop days—a sound formal theologian.

I send these first, for your own perusal ; and next, that if you think they may lead to any safe and orthodox practical result, they

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may be shown privately to such members of your committee as you think fit. I only beg that they may not be allowed to get into print. I hate seeing these matters (which are to me as my own soul) in the columns of a newspaper ; and I am at once too sensitive and too busy to face any controversy in print. What I think shall be at your service ; but I would prefer to be behind the scenes.

I hear that my friend Plumptre has been writing in the *Guardian* about my joining your committee. I entreat any one who wishes me well *not* to answer him. Time and silence I find are the best answers, whether to an enemy or (as in this case) to a respected friend.

FOR THE PRIVATE CONSIDERATION OF THE COMMITTEE

Nov. 1872.

This seems to me the time for sound Churchmen to use a fresh weapon in defence of the Athanasian Creed, by bringing forward a somewhat neglected Catholic doctrine—that of the intermediate state, or states. Thus, too, I may say in passing, the Church would be shown to be on this—as on other points—more and not less liberal than her dissenting opponents.

The Athanasian Creed is now construed by the people, in the light of Puritan Eschatology—*i.e.* of the doctrine which the Puritans (as far as I know) introduced first, namely, that the fate of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death.

I need not tell you that this is not the Catholic doctrine ; that the Church has held, from a very early age, the belief in an intermediate state. That belief was distorted and abused, in later times, as the Romish doctrine of purgatory. But the denunciation of that doctrine in the Thirty-nine Articles (as Dr. Newman pointed out, if I recollect rightly, in Tract 90) does not denounce any primitive doctrine of purgatory, nay rather allows it, by the defining adjective 'Romish.' That this Puritan Eschatology is no part of the Creed of the Church of England, is proved by her final rejection of the Article affirming endless punishment.

It is as well here to say, that I do not *deny* endless punishment. On the contrary, I believe it possible for me, and other Christian men, by loss of God's grace, to commit acts of *ἀτασθαλία*—sins against light and knowledge, which would plunge us into endless abysses of probably increasing sin, and therefore of probably increasing and endless punishment.

But I say that to predicate endless punishment, from the moment of death of those who either sin, or misbelieve, not of *ἀτασθαλία*,

Misinterpretation of Catholic Doctrine

but of weakness or invincible ignorance, is not required by the Church of England, nor (as far as I am aware) by the Churches of Rome or of Greece ; and that the doctrine of an intermediate state has been in all Christian ages and lands (save where Puritan influences have prevailed), the refuge of the sense of justice and pity in man from so terrible a doctrine.

Now, it is plain again that men have no right to read the Athanasian Creed in this Puritan sense. In whatsoever age it was composed, it was composed by one who believed in the intermediate state ; and there is nothing in its language to hint that he held that there was no hope in that state for the unorthodox whom he denounced ; nothing to hint that he held with the old Crusaders, that an infidel went straight to hell. So guardedly vague are the expressions of the Creed, as to ‘perishing everlasting,’ and ‘everlasting salvation,’ that it might be believed and used honestly by one who did not hold the ‘necessary immortality of the soul,’ and therefore thought the final annihilation of the wicked possible.

The Creed says, and truly, that the knowledge of God, and it alone, is everlasting life. It does not say that that knowledge may not be vouchsafed hereafter to those who have sought honestly for it in this life, but through unfortunate circumstances, or invincible ignorance, have failed to find it. Provided the search be honestly continued in the unknown realms beyond the grave, the Athanasian Creed does not deny that the seeker, it may be, after heavy pains and long wanderings, shall at last discover his Saviour and his God, and discover that for Him he had been yearning though he knew it not.

It is almost needless for me to point out, how such an interpretation of the Athanasian Creed would relieve the consciences of thousands, without (it seems to me) forfeiting our strict honesty, or our claim to Catholic orthodoxy—how it would make the Creed tolerable to thousands to whom (under its Puritan misinterpretation) it is now intolerable ; and would render unnecessary that alteration of the so-called ‘damnatory clauses,’ to which I have consented with much unwillingness, and only as a concession to the invincible ignorance of modern Puritanism.

I have reason to believe that the English mind (and possibly the Scotch) is specially ripe just now for receiving once more this great Catholic doctrine of the intermediate state, and that by preaching it with all prudence, as well as with all manfulness, we should cut the ground from under our so-called ‘Liberal’ adversaries’ feet. I say—with all prudence. For it is plain that unguarded latitude of expression might easily awaken a cry that we were going to introduce ‘the Romish doctrine of purgatory,’

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and to proceed to 'pardons' and 'masses for the dead.' But that if we keep cautiously within the limits permitted by truly Catholic antiquity, we shall set in motion a mighty engine for the Church's help in her need, I, as a student of public opinion, have no doubt whatsoever. While I fear, on the other hand, that unless we take the course I have pointed out, we shall lose, to our extreme injury, not only on the so-called 'damnatory clauses,' but (for all practical purposes) the Creed itself.

HARROW, April 6, 1873.

You are very kind, and I should gladly hear what good and wise Lord Lyttelton has to say about the question of the day. For such, be sure it is. But I must go to Eversley that very day for Good Friday, and must be satisfied with reading what is said, and carefully perpendit.

I am much obliged to you for your congratulations on Westminster. I never hoped, and never deserved, such a post. Now I have it, I trust the Church will not find me a sluggard, however ignorant or unwise.

I am really sorry that I cannot be at the meeting on the 31st. But will you allow me to send a short but formal letter addressed to you, expressing my sense of the importance of the meeting, and what I should have said had I spoken? If this could be read, so as to be heard by the meeting, it would at least satisfy my conscience and honour. . . .

I am unfortunately unable to be present on the 31st. But I cannot let it pass without some expression of opinion as well as of strong sympathy.

I have long held that the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed by the Church of England will exercise a most potent and wholesome influence not only on the theology, but on the science, both physical and metaphysical, of all English-speaking nations for generations to come.

I feel for, though I cannot feel with, the objections of many excellent persons to the so-called damnatory clauses; but I believe that those objections would gradually die out, if there were appended to the Creed, in our Prayer-Book, an explanatory clause, which expressed, or at least allowed, the true and ancient Catholic doctrine, concerning the future state.

Doctrine of the Future State

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE GUARDIAN,' 1873

SIR—My letter concerning the Ancient Catholic Doctrine of the Future State (read at St. James's Hall), and its connection with the Athanasian Creed, has called out, I find, many comments, both in your paper and in private letters to me, which I beg leave to answer, once and for all, in your estimable columns.

It is not for me, a private clergyman, to lay down the law as I have been asked to do, what is the Catholic doctrine on this, or any other matter, save as I find it expressed in the formularies of the Church of England, as by law established. Now the Church of England has left this question of the Future State, in many points, an open question ; the more markedly so, because the Puritan influences of the sixteenth century were pressing her to define and narrow her formularies about it. Those influences, though they failed, thank God, in narrowing her formularies, have actually succeeded, till very late years, in narrowing her public opinion about this most important question, among the majority of her members. In the face of that public opinion, I intended by that letter, to try to reopen the whole question ; to set the clergy searching for themselves, Scripture, Catholic antiquity, and whatsoever of wisest and soundest has been written by our great English divines ; to make them think for themselves, and judge for themselves, instead of asking me or any man to think and judge for them. For only so will any wider and sounder belief on this, or any other matter, be a real belief of the heart and reason, and not a mere party cry, repeated parrot-like and unintelligently.

If God should ever give me grace and wit to express clearly my opinion on this matter, I shall do so when and how I shall choose, after that full research and deliberation which befit so important and awful a subject. But I look to wiser and more learned men than myself to speak better sense upon it than I shall ever speak meanwhile ; certain that even though they may differ in details, and even some of them err, they will at least prepare the mind of the Church for the reception of eternal truth.

I regret much to find that the name of my beloved and revered friend and teacher, the late Mr. Maurice, should have been introduced into this little controversy, and that expressions have been used concerning his opinions, which I must believe would be modified with regret, on a more thorough understanding of his writings. I am bound to say of him that he was always most jealous of Catholic orthodoxy, as he conceived it, both in himself and in others ; that he not only shrank from all 'Rationalism,' but was seriously angry with me some years since, when he suspected me (though mistakenly) of leaning to the so-called

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Rationalist party, and that from him I first learned to value the Athanasian Creed, as a bulwark alike to the theology and the ethics of Christendom, and to defend its public use, including the so-called dammatory clauses, in the services of our Church. And what he did for me I have full reason to believe he did for many more.

I shall trouble you with no rejoinder to any comments which this letter may evoke, and remain, with deep respect, your faithful servant,

C. KINGSLEY.

While paying a visit in Weybridge at this time, he was asked to write some answers to the following questions in a book kept for the Autographs of Literary men. The answers are characteristic, true, and therefore interesting.

Favourite character in history ? David.

Favourite kind of literature ? Physical science.

Favourite author ? Spenser.

Favourite male and female character in fiction ? (No answer given.)

Favourite artist ? Leonardo da Vinci.

Favourite composer ? Beethoven.

Favourite dramatic performance ? A pantomime.

Favourite public character ? (No answer given.)

Favourite kind of scenery ? Wide flats or open sea.

Place at home and abroad you most admire ? Clovelly.

Favourite reminiscence ? July 1839.

Favourite occupation ? Doing nothing.

Favourite amusement ? Sleeping.

What you dislike most ? Any sort of work.

Favourite topics of conversation ? Whatever my companion happens to be talking about.

And those you dislike most ? My own thoughts.

What you like most in woman ? Womanliness.

What you dislike most ? Unwomanliness.

What you like most in man ? Modesty.

What you dislike most ? Vanity.

The character you most dislike ? Myself.

Your ambition ? To die.

Your ideal ? The One ideal.

Your hobby ? Fancying I know anything.

The virtue you most admire ? Truth.

The vice to which you are most lenient ? All except lying.

Your favourite motto or proverb ? 'Be strong.'

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A German's Sympathy

His year closed at Eversley with his three children round him, his eldest daughter having returned safe from a long visit to her brother in Colorado, and a perilous journey with him and some American friends through Mexico, who were 'prospecting' for the carrying on of the narrow-gauge railway which her brother had assisted in building from Denver down to Colorado Springs, and which the company hoped to take through the heart of Mexico down to the city itself. The Report made by his son on the survey had been a great source of pride and joy to his father, and seemed to open great prospects for his own future, and for that of civilisation, which, however, were finally frustrated by the Mexican Government. During the last six months the Rectory had the pleasant addition of a young German tutor, who was preparing the youngest boy for a public school. Dr. Karl Schulze had been all through the Franco-Prussian war, and had come to England to learn the language before settling in his professorship in Berlin. His society was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley, who in return had the same magnetic attraction for him, as for all young men who came within his influence. The following letter shows the impression made on Dr. Schulze during this short time, by Mr. Kingsley's 'home life' at Chester and Eversley, which he said had made him 'a better man,' and of which he could not think without tears in his eyes. From Grünberg, in Silesia, he wrote in January 1875:—

When the newspaper of to-day announced the death of Mr. Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, I would not trust my own eyes, and could not help thinking and hoping that this might be a mistake. But it is only too true: dear Mr. Kingsley is dead. What a sad news to all those that knew, loved, and admired him—to all that read his works; and still more so to those who had the honour of knowing him personally! What a loss to literature, science; what a great loss to his innumerable friends! But what a heavy loss to you and his whole family, whom he loved as never man loved his wife and father his children. I can fancy how great your grief is; may God be your consolation and help in these mournful days.

How is it possible, I ask again and again, that this man, whom I saw but two years ago in full strength of mind and body, is now

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dead? How did it come to pass, that this powerful man was broken down in the prime of his age?

How quickly he used to walk, that we, being so much younger, could scarcely follow him; in what a lively way he would tell us about his travels in the West Indies! How I remember his bright eyes when he talked to us about all he had seen; how full of humour he was, when he told his stories! And, again, how mild and earnest he was when he preached his beautiful sermons; those specimens of true Christian kindness and love. What a genius! and all this is now gone. It is very sad to think of it. There was never man whom I admired so much as I did Mr. Kingsley.

CHAPTER XXIX

1873-1874

AGED 54 TO 55

ONE of the kind wishes expressed for me is a long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible—then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of Truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet.

C. K.
(Speech at the Lotus Club, New York,
February 1874.)

CHAPTER XXIX

Harrow-on-the-Hill—Canonry of Westminster—His son's return—His mother's death—Parting from Chester—Congratulations—Sermon and Letters on Temperance—Preaching in Westminster Abbey—Voyage to America—Eastern cities and Western plains—Canada—Niagara—The Prairie—Salt Lake City—Yo Semite Valley and Big Trees—San Francisco—Illness—Rocky Mountains and Colorado Springs—Last Poem—Return home—Letter from John G. Whittier.

SOME months of this year were spent at Harrow, where his youngest son was at school, a change to higher ground having been recommended for some of his family, to secure which the Bishop gave him leave of non-residence: but he went regularly for his Sundays to Eversley, and himself helped to prepare the candidates for the first confirmation that, thanks to the kindness of Bishop Wilberforce, had ever been held in his own parish church. The letters are few this year. He writes to a clergyman:—

HARROW, March 12, 1873.

I found a letter to-day from you, which deeply touched and comforted me when I received it, but which I know not whether I answered; but I think not. Pray forgive me. It came at a time when I was not only on the move here, but needed comfort from sad circumstances. . . . Your letter, I say, touched me deeply, and all the more, because it came from one who had been a sailor. But your kind words about *Hypatia* touched me more than those about *Westward Ho*; for the former book was written with my heart's blood, and was received, as I expected, with curses from many of the very Churchmen whom I was trying to warn and save. Yet I think the book did good. I know that it has not hurt me, save, perhaps, in that ecclesiastical career to

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which I have never aspired. I am trying to make the Church party, with whom are my deepest sympathies, understand that if they would conquer they must be themselves—what their formulæ, rightly understood, are already—the most liberal and wide-minded men in Christendom. Whether I succeed or not, is in the hands, thank God, not of my weakness and ignorance, but of Christ who rules His Church, and happily in His own way and not mine.

While at Harrow it was with mingled feelings that he received on Lady Day a letter from the Prime Minister.

I have to propose to you, with the sanction of Her Majesty, that in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester; but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right.

There was a strong battle in his heart between the grief of giving up Chester and the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, a position which included among many advantages the blessing he had long craved for, of laying down his pen as a compulsory source of income, at once and for all, and devoting his remaining writing powers and strength to sermons alone. His feelings are best told in his own letters. The day before he received Mr. Gladstone's letter, he had been writing to a member of his scientific class, his friend and coadjutor, Mr. Shepheard of Bridge Street Row, Chester, on some point connected with his work there, which ends thus: 'Give my love—that is the broadest and honestest word—to all the dear Chester folk, men, women, and children, and say that I long for May 1, to be back again among them.' But on the 27th he wrote in lower spirits:—

A thousand thanks for the MSS., which have been invaluable to me. The programme of your Society for the year makes me at once proud and envious. For now I have to tell you that I have just accepted the vacant stall at Westminster, and shall, in a week or two, be Canon of Chester no more. Of course, I had to take it for my children's sake. Had I been an old bachelor, I would never have left Chester. Meanwhile I had sooner be Canon of Westminster than either dean or bishop. But I look back long-

Chester Mourning

ingly to Chester. Shall we ever go up Hope Mountain, or the Halkin together again, with all those dear, courteous, sensible people? My eyes fill with tears when I think of it.

Give them all my love. I must find some means, by the papers or otherwise, of telling them all at once what I owe to their goodness of heart.—Ever yours, C. KINGSLEY.

His eldest son, to his father's great joy, had just returned from a railway survey in Mexico for a holiday; and his aged mother, now in her eighty-sixth year, and so long the inmate of his home, just lived to know of, and rejoice in, her son's appointment, and to see her grandson once more before her death on the 16th of April.

Letters of mourning and congratulation poured in from Chester. Canon Blomfield, the first canon who welcomed him there in 1869, writes:—

Of course one might expect that such an event would occur, and before very long. It was quite clear that you ought to be lifted up to a higher degree in the scale of ecclesiastical preferment, and to find a larger sphere for your powers. But yet, when the time comes to lose you from Chester, it comes as a blow on one's feelings. I don't know how the Chester people will get over it. They will be like the schools of the prophets when Elijah was taken from them. *We* shall no less miss you in the Cathedral, and in the Chapter, and in the matter especially of the King's School. And then whom shall we have to replace you?

Such words from a man so much his senior, and whom he so deeply respected, are a strong testimony, but as Canon Blomfield generously writes:—

A sincere one, to a man, whom to know was to love and to reverence as one who indefatigably employed his great powers in the good of his fellow-men and for the glory of God.

'It will be pleasant,' says Canon Hildyard, another valued member of the Chapter, also his senior, 'among the regrets felt by the Chapter, to remember *what we had*. I say *we*, because I think each member of the Chapter will say and think the same of you in all your bearings to us. The whole of Chester mourns.'

One of the oldest residents in Chester, a highly cultivated lady who had joined his scientific class two years before, speaks of—

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‘The distress of the old city,’ and how terribly she feels her own selfish sorrow. ‘You have brought together people,’ she adds, ‘in so marvellous a manner, and awakened tastes and sympathies that I trust will outlive you, though I much fear we are too feeble yet to walk alone. . . . I almost wished, when the news first came, that we had never known you at all.’ . . .

‘You would have been both glad and sorry,’ writes one of the members of the Scientific Society to Mrs. Kingsley, ‘if you had been at the cathedral last night, and could have seen the sorrowful little groups all discussing the news that we had heard before, but which I, for one, had steadfastly refused to believe, till the dear Canon’s own letter yesterday took away our last little hope. “What will become of the Natural Science Society? Who will keep up our interest in it? What shall we do now, just as we wanted so much help with the Museum?” I heard one group of people saying, “Look what he has done for us socially? Who will ever be to us what *he* has been in that respect?” said others. Well, we have had the honour of his presence among us—no one can take that from us—let us try and remember that.’ The Bishop says that the Canon’s removal is the greatest blow that the diocese could possibly receive.’ . . .

The same note is struck in letters full of love and loyalty, which would fill a small volume, from men and women of all ranks.

To one who had been with him in all his struggles upward, from the earnest, honest, but unknown curate life, through years of distrust, suspicion, and reproach from men of all parties in the Church, it seemed but a just recognition of his character and work to hear the same tone taken by Churchmen, from the Primate downwards.

‘I ought, my dear Mr. Kingsley,’ writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, on April 9, ‘to have written before now to welcome you to the great Abbey, which I do very heartily. It is a great sphere for a man who, like you, knows how to use it.’ . . .

While from his own diocese Bishop Wilberforce wrote:—

MY DEAR KINGSLEY—I have just seen an authoritative statement of your appointment to the Canonry at Westminster, and I must tell you the pleasure that it gives me. It is so just an acknowledgment of your merits: it gives so much better a

The Dean's Testimony to the Canon

pedestal from which you may enlighten many, that I rejoice unfeignedly at it ; and then it is a great personal pleasure to me. I am proud to have you in my old Collegiate Church ; and I hope it may favour more of that personal intercourse between us which has been so much increased since I came to this diocese [Winchester], and which has given me such great pleasure.—I am, my dear Kingsley, yours most sincerely, and let me add affectionately,

S. WINTON.

The new Canon of Westminster little thought when he read this letter, that his first sermon in the Abbey after his installation would be one among many public lamentations for the sudden death of his diocesan.

The page of his Chester life fitly closes with a letter from Dean Howson, whose never-failing kindness and friendship he valued so truly.

From the Dean of Chester

I have been asked to write a brief notice of that part of Charles Kingsley's life which was spent in close connection with the city and cathedral of Chester ; and it is a request—considering from whom it comes—concerning which I feel, not only that I cannot refuse it, but that it must be a true pleasure to me to act upon it to the best of my power. I should be sorry, indeed, if this task had been assigned to any one else ; for my own relations with him here were of the happiest kind, and I have a lively sense of the good he has left behind, as the result of three short official residences in Chester, and a few occasional visits to the place.

Since the remarks in this paper are necessarily of a personal character, and since they must relate particularly to the religious side of the subject, it seems to me natural to begin with the first meeting which, so far as I remember, I ever had with Canon Kingsley. This took place at Cambridge. I must confess that at that time I had a strong prejudice against him. I had read *Alton Locke*, on its first appearance, and had thought it very unjust to the University of which both he and I were members. It seemed to me quite out of harmony with my recollections of a place, from which I was conscious of having received the utmost benefit. I must say here, in passing, that the passages to which I refer have been so modified by notes in the last edition, that warm commendation has taken the place of blame ; and I am not sure that the pendulum of his strong feeling did not, on this last

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occasion, swing too far in its new direction. This, however, belongs to a subsequent period. At the time to which I refer the book remained unchanged. Besides the impression which it made upon me, I had acquired a general notion of Mr. Kingsley's tone of mind, through conversation and through casual reading: and the notion amounted to this; that I regarded him as the advocate of a self-confident, self-asserting Christianity, whereas the view I had been led to take of the religion which has been revealed to us, and which is to save us here and hereafter, was extremely different. Under these circumstances I happened to be appointed Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, he being then Professor of Modern History. I had taken for my subject the Character of St. Paul; and being, in one of my sermons, about to preach on the Apostle's 'tenderness and sympathy,' which, to my mind, involved a sense of utter weakness, and a continual self-distrust, I was very uncomfortable. I thought that I should be understood to be preaching against Professor Kingsley. Such a course would have been, to the utmost degree, foreign to my feelings; and yet I was bound to do justice to my convictions concerning, not only St. Paul's character, but Christianity itself, in this respect. My surprise, therefore, was great, when, at the close of the service, and after the dispersion of the congregation, I met Canon Kingsley at the south door of St. Mary's. He was waiting for me there, that he might express his sympathy with what I had said in the sermon; and this he did, not merely with extraordinary cordiality, but literally, I may say, with tears of approval. It was a moment of my life which made a deep impression on me. It not only caused me to be conscious that I had made a mistake, but it formed in me a warm personal regard for Mr. Kingsley, though, at that time, I had no expectation of any frequent opportunities of seeing him.

For some time afterwards our meetings were only casual, and our acquaintance was very slight; and I must confess that when a letter came to me from him to tell me that he had been appointed a Canon of Chester, in succession to Dr. Moberly, who had been made Bishop of Salisbury, I was full of fear. There seemed to me an incongruity in the appointment. I fancied that there was no natural affinity between the author of *Alton Locke* and cathedral life. Here again I soon found that I had made a mistake. I might, indeed, have reflected that cathedral institutions, even under their present restricted conditions, have great capacity for varied adaptation, and that I myself had been diligent in giving expression to an opinion of this kind. And here I may remark that the cathedral stall in question has had a very curious recent history, illustrative of the correctness of this remark. It

Happy Relations of Dean and Canon

has been held in succession by three men of eminence—Dr. M'Neile, Dr. Moberly, and Mr. Kingsley—differing from one another as much as possible in habits of thought, but in each case with beneficial results to the city of Chester, though in very various ways.

Now, to describe particularly Canon Kingsley's work and usefulness in Chester, I must note first the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he entered upon his connection with the place. Chester has certainly a very great charm for an imaginative mind, and for any one who is fond of the picturesque aspects of history ; and upon him it told immediately, giving him from the first a greater delight than he would have felt elsewhere in the work which he found here to do. And with this enthusiasm I must note his old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position. I suppose his political and social views would have been termed 'liberal' ; but his liberalism was not at all of the conventional type. I should have described him as a mixture of the Radical and the Tory, the aspect of character which is denoted by the latter word being, to my apprehension, quite as conspicuous as that which is denoted by the former. Certainly he was very different from the traditional Whig. I have spoken of his respect for official position. I believe that to have caused inconvenience to me, to have done what I did not like, to have impeded me in my efforts to be useful, would have given him the utmost pain. That he was far my superior in ability and knowledge made no difference. I happened to be Dean, and he happened to be Canon ; and this was quite enough. From the first letter which he wrote to me announcing his appointment, till the time when, to our great regret, he left Chester for Westminster, he showed to me the utmost consideration. I record this, that I may express my gratitude ; but I note it also as a mark of character.

The opportunities of usefulness, which he found and employed at Chester, were not altogether limited to the city. He had a beneficial relation to the diocese at large, the mention of which ought not to be entirely omitted. Mere popularity in a canon of a cathedral, who is eminent for literary and scientific attainments, and who is known to take a large and kindly interest in his fellow-men, is no slight benefit to a diocese. But Canon Kingsley did useful work in Chester and South Lancashire by preaching at choral festivals, taking part in the proceedings of scientific societies, promoting the restoration of the cathedral to which he belonged, and the like. Under the present system, indeed, of capitular institutions, a cathedral cannot do as much as might be desired for the diocese in which it is placed ; but such

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general work as was done here by Canon Kingsley, and more especially, the spirit in which he did it, aided to diffuse through the neighbourhood the idea that cathedral institutions have inherently a capacity for diocesan expansion.

In the cathedral city itself, with which he is connected, it is desirable that a canon should do some definite thing, and one which is not likely to be spoilt and broken by intermittent residence. This one thing, suitable to his own tastes, and easily within the range of his powers, Canon Kingsley perceived at Chester as desirable to be done ; and he definitely did it with all his heart and with complete success. By establishing a Society for the study of Natural Science, he brought to view much latent knowledge, promoted co-operation among those who had been isolated, encouraged those who knew little to learn more, and those who knew nothing to learn something. He promoted these studies by excellent lectures ; and his personal help, readily rendered on every side, was invaluable. For the making of such assistance effectual, he had many high qualities—a quiet and kindly sympathy, a genial humour combined with intense earnestness, and a disdain of the silly social distinctions which separate those who ought to be acquainted with one another. He had a quick eye for vegetable forms, and a large experience in judging of geological facts. Others may have known more than he did of many sciences ; but he could teach what he knew ; and he had another most important faculty—he could make others work.

All this enthusiasm for Natural Science—to revert to a point which was touched before—might at first sight seem out of harmony with the grave and formal traditions of cathedral life. Even if it were so, there could be no objection to this, but rather a great advantage in it. The clerical office ought to touch human interests on every side ; an ancient institution ought to diffuse light into fresh places ; the meeting of the old and the new never occurs more properly or more usefully, than in a cathedral. But precedents for what has happened to us, to our great benefit, in Chester, are supplied by the connection of Buckland and Sedgwick and Mozeley with Westminster and Norwich and Bristol. In our own cathedral, too, there seems a special invitation to associations of this kind. For not only do our Gargoyles and Corbels betray the general mediæval interest felt of old in animal and vegetable forms, but carvings in wood and stone, even in the interior of the church, show that here there was a lavish enjoyment of such observation and imitation. As an illustration of what I mean at this moment, I may say that in this building there are monkeys in the midst of the crockets of some canopies, and that Canon Kingsley, in the midst of Divine

Religious Life in Chester

Service, was once observed to start, when his eye caught the sight of this strange creature in an unexpected place.

But it is time now to turn to the religious and most serious side of his life in Chester ; and this I must say, he was most careful and conscientious in attendance at the cathedral services, most reverential in public worship, most diligent in preaching. There is a remarkable passage in the statutes of this cathedral, which charges the Dean and Canons—and even pleads with them ‘by the mercies of God,’ that inasmuch as the Divine Word is ‘a light to our feet and a lamp to our path,’ they be diligent in preaching ; and though the number of sermons prescribed in the year is so small, as almost, after such a preamble, to provoke a smile, yet the spirit of the injunction is excellent ; and in this spirit Canon Kingsley acted. He is remembered here as a preacher of great power ; he had always large congregations, and they tended, towards the end of his time, to increase rather than to diminish. Through his preaching—in consequence of his known interest in science, and his large sympathy with humanity—religious truth found its way to many hearts which otherwise might have been nearly closed to such influence. As to the sermons themselves, several of those which have been published in his volume of *Westminster Abbey Sermons* were first preached here at Chester. I will make mention of two, the delivery of which I remember very distinctly. One was preached from the 104th Psalm, and dealt with the subject of the physical suffering of the animals around us, caused by their preying on one another. ‘The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God.’ He felt keenly all the mystery of pain in those creatures that have not deserved it by sin ; and yet he had an undisturbed belief that God is good. The other was a sermon on Prayer : ‘Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.’ Some had doubted, in consequence of certain discussions then recent, whether the preacher did not so limit the use of prayer, as to cause it really to be no comfort to us at all. But those who heard this sermon found their doubts on this subject removed. Speaking from my own point of view, I by no means say that I always agreed with Canon Kingsley’s mode of presenting Divine Truth, and of arranging its proportions ; but there was far less divergence between us than I had expected to find ; and he exhibited, with more force than any one else that I have ever heard, certain aspects of Christianity, which to both of us seemed of the utmost importance.

In connection with his efforts for the moral and religious benefit of the people of this place I must mention one subject, which to me is of overwhelming interest, and which no reasonable

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man can say is unimportant. I refer to the Chester Races, which, to speak in plain English and in simple words, hinder here everything that is good, and promote everything that is bad. It is not my business, in this place, to say much of my own strong convictions upon this subject ; but I may record, with grateful satisfaction, the harmony which subsisted regarding it between Canon Kingsley and myself. He was well acquainted with the whole subject of modern Horse-racing ; and he deserved to be listened to when he maintained that, instead of being a manly sport, it had become a selfish and fraudulent trade. Among the efforts which were made during his connection with Chester, to give a right direction to public opinion in this matter, and to diminish the mischief caused here by the system, some small pamphlets were published, exhibiting its evils on various sides. Canon Kingsley wrote one on ‘Betting.’ It was very short, but it was admirable ; and I think an account of his life would be incomplete without a notice of this small publication.

Before I conclude, I must refer to the good done here by Canon Kingsley, through remarks made in the course of casual conversations. Great effects are produced in this way by certain men ; and he produced them without being aware of it. I will simply give two slight illustrations, each having reference to Science. On being asked how he reconciled Science and Christianity, he said, ‘By believing that God is love.’ On another occasion, when the slow and steady variation of *Mollusca*, traced from stratum to stratum, was pointed out by a friend, with the remark that Darwin’s explanation would hardly be considered orthodox, he observed, ‘My friend, God’s orthodoxy is truth ; if Darwin speaks the truth, he is orthodox.’ I may remark here that Kingsley’s bent was, in his own opinion, more towards Science than towards Literature. He once said something to this effect, that he would rather be low on the roll of Science than high on that of Literature.

This is a poor and inadequate account of a passage in Canon Kingsley’s life, which was productive of great good in one particular city and neighbourhood, and which has left among us here, in one sense indeed, a very sorrowful, but, in a higher sense, a very cheerful, recollection. Various facts and incidents, for which room cannot here be found, might have been mentioned, as, for instance, his warm and practical interest in the development of our Cathedral School, which, under its new conditions, has already entered upon a successful career ; or, again, the general lectures which he delivered in Chester to audiences far larger than can commonly be assembled here for such a purpose. But my aim has been simply to give a truthful impression of the life, and

Canon Kingsley's Mode of Work

character, and work, which we observed, and from which we have derived advantage. It must be added, in conclusion, that three permanent memorials of Charles Kingsley have been established in Chester. On his scientific side he is commemorated by a prize founded in connection with the Natural History Society which he established ; on his literary side by a marble bust, executed by Mr. Belt, which is to be placed in the Cathedral Chapter-house ; while the religious aspect of his life and work are suitably recorded, in the midst of the beautiful tabernacle-work of the cathedral, by a restored stall which bears his name. His best and most faithful memory, however, remains in the seeds of good which he has sown in the minds and hearts of those over whom his influence was exerted.

In July he went to Chester to say good-bye, and to join the Nave Choir and Scientific Society in an excursion into Wales.

His kind friends insisted on his still keeping the office of President to the Scientific Society. Professor Hughes is his distinguished successor ; he closed his Inaugural Lecture in 1875 with these words :—

Let us then try to carry on our Society in the spirit that pervaded all the work of him to whom this Society owes everything—whose loss, when last I came among you we had so recently to deplore ; a spirit of fearless and manly grappling with difficulties—a spirit of vigorous, prompt, and rigorous carrying out of whatever was taken in hand—a spirit of generous and hearty co-operation with fellow-workers—a wide range of interests—not meaning by this, scattered desultory thought—but thought, like Napoleon's, ready to be concentrated at once where the battle must be fought.

Some of Canon Kingsley's friends in their congratulations expressed the hope that this distinction might be a stepping-stone to a higher post, but he had no ambition beyond a stall at Westminster and the Rectory of Eversley.

‘A thousand thanks,’ he says to Sir Charles Bunbury, ‘for your congratulations, and Lady Bunbury's. Let me assure you that your view of my preferment, as to its giving me freer access to scientific society, libraries, etc., is just mine, with this addition, that it will give me freer access to you. So far from looking on it as an earnest of future preferment, I acquiesce in it as all I want,

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and more than I deserve. What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread? A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power. It cannot be better than it is; and most thankful to God am I for His goodness.'

To the Rev. P. L. H. Wood

HARROW, April 7, 1873.

MY DEAR PETER—I got your letter here this morning, and it touched me deeply. There are no friendships like old friendships, and 'there is a friend, says Solomon, that sticketh closer than a brother.' Yes, I had heard of your great loss. . . . And who can feel for you more deeply than I? But you, thank God, are blest in your children, and so am I in all mine; and though my beloved one is still with me, and all in all to me, yet I have my sorrows, such as God grant you may never taste; but it is a comfort to me to know that an old friend like you still thinks of me, and rejoices in my real good fortune. . . . We have twelve months' leave of absence, and are now 'dame-ing' our youngest boy at Harrow. God bless you; shall we not kill a trout together again? My mother, who is eighty-six, is living, or, rather, alas! dying with us. She often speaks of you.

To him in his great humility the outburst of sympathy on all sides was only a surprise: while to those who knew the history of his life it was a triumph, which wiped out many bitter passages in the past, though a triumph tempered by the fear that it came too late to save the overstrained brain. The candle had already burnt down, and though light and flame still flared up, it flared as from the socket. His eldest son returning at the moment to share in the joy of his father's elevation, was so much struck with his broken appearance, that he urged upon him rest and change and a sea voyage before he entered on a position of fresh responsibility. This, however, he refused, though it was strongly recommended by medical advisers, and decided not to move till the following year, when the repairs of both homes—at Eversley and the house in the Cloisters, would oblige him to take a holiday.

Temperance

He preached in the Abbey for the Temperance Society¹ in April, for which at once he put himself under the orders of his Dean. To it this letter refers.

EVERSLEY, April 23, 1873.

MY DEAR DEAN—Many thanks for your letter and its instructions, which I will follow. Kindly answer me this—to me important—question.

Have you any objection to my speaking, in my sermon, in favour of opening the British Museum, etc., to the public on Sunday afternoons? Of course I shall do so without saying anything violent or uncharitable. But I have held very strong and deliberate opinions about this matter for many years; and think that the opening of these Public Institutions would not only stop a great deal of Sunday, and therefore of Monday drunkenness, but would—if advocated by the clergy—enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning, but ignorant, Sunday League, and prove herself—what she can prove herself in other matters if she has courage—the most liberal religious body in these isles. But if you, with your superior *savoir-faire*, think it better for me to be silent as yet, I obey.

On the same subject he writes to J. Barfleet, Esq., J.P., of Worcester:—

I am not a ‘total abstainer’; but that does not prevent my wishing the temperance movement all success, and wishing success, also, to your endeavour to make people eat oatmeal. I am sorry to say that they will not touch it in our southern counties; and that their food is consequently deficient in phosphates and they in bone, in comparison with the northern oatmeal-eating folk, who are still a big-boned race.

I have told them this; and shall again. For growing children oatmeal is invaluable. Meanwhile, we must not forget to supply the system with hydrocarbons (especially if we lessen the quantity of beer) in order to keep the fire alight, or we get a consumptive tendency, as in many oatmeal-eating Scotch, who, with tall and noble frames, die of consumption, because they will not eat bacon, or any fats in sufficient quantity. Hence not only weakness of tissue, but want of vital heat, and consequent craving for whisky. The adjustment of the elements of food in their right proportions is almost the most important element in ensuring temperance. . . .

¹ This sermon was the foundation of a valuable article in *Good Words*, called the ‘Tree of Knowledge,’ since published in the volume, *Health and Education*.

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His first residence at Westminster was in September, during a time in which London was considered 'empty.' He preferred these quiet months, as the congregations were composed chiefly of men of the middle and lower class, whose ear he wished to gain, and preached during September and November to vast congregations twice a day. Speaking of this, he says :—

I got through the sermons without any bodily fatigue, and certainly there were large congregations worth speaking to. But the responsibility is too great for me, and I am glad I have only two months' residence, and that in a quiet time. What must it be in May and June ?

To his wife, who was ill in the country, he writes again from the Cloisters in November :—

I ought to have written yesterday, but I was very busy with two sermons and early communion. The sermons, I am assured, were heard, and R. says, the attention of the congregation was great. If I find I can get the ear of that congregation, it will be a work to live for, for the rest of my life. What more can a man want ? And as for this house, the feeling of room in it is most pleasant, and the beauty outside under this delicious gleamy weather, quite lifts my poor heart up awhile. . . . I regret much that I am leaving just as I seemed to be getting hold of people. But I do not think I could have stood the intense excitement of the Sundays much longer.

His last sermon in 1873 in the Abbey was on 'The Beatific Vision,' and those who heard him were impressed by the deep solemnity of his words and manner as he, in prospect of leaving Europe, bade farewell to a congregation which he had already begun to love. After noble words on God's character, and intense prayer that He, the Glorious, the Just, the Powerful, the Merciful, The One Good, would teach him and his hearers His Name, and 'gladden their souls by the beatific vision of Himself till they loved Him, worshipped Him, obeyed Him for His own sake, not for anything which they might obtain from Him, but solely because He is The Perfectly Good who inhabits

God's Absolute Goodness

eternity, and yet dwells with him that is of a contrite spirit, and revives the heart of the feeble ; and after an ascription of adoration for the glory of His justice, and the glory of His love,' he closes :—

And now, friends—almost all friends unknown—and, alas ! never to be known by me—you who are to me as people floating down a river ; while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank, and call, in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine, ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight—oh ! catch, at least, catch this one word—the last which I shall speak here for many months, and which sums up all which I have been trying to say to you of late.

Fix in your minds—or rather ask God to fix in your minds—this one idea of an absolutely good God ; good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man ; good as you, and I, and every honest man, understand the plain word good. Slowly you will acquire that grand and all-illuminating idea ; slowly and most imperfectly at best : for who is mortal man that he should conceive and comprehend the goodness of the infinitely good God ? But see, then, whether, in the light of that one idea, all the old-fashioned Christian ideas about the relation of God to man ; whether a Providence, Prayer, Inspiration, Revelation, the Incarnation, the Passion, and the final triumph of the Son of God—whether all these, I say, do not seem to you, not merely beautiful, not merely probable, but rational, and logical, and necessary, moral consequences from the one idea of an Absolute and Eternal Goodness, the Living Parent of the universe. And so I leave you to the grace of God.¹

In the autumn he wrote three articles on Health, Physical Education, and those Sanitary subjects to which and to his sermons he proposed to devote the remaining years of his life, and made preparations for his American journey ; and in December he returned to Eversley with his family, and remained till the end of January, when he and his eldest daughter sailed for New York, taking with him a few lectures, to meet his expenses.

This Poem, written, but not corrected for the press, is the only one he composed this year :—

¹ This sermon, with others, form the volume of *Westminster Sermons*, which appeared in 1874, published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Charles Kingsley

JUVENTUS MUNDI

List a tale a fairy sent us
Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
When Love and all the world was young,
And birds conversed as well as sung ;
And men still faced this fair creation
With humour, heart, imagination.
Who come hither from Morocco
Every spring on the Sirocco ?
In russet she, and he in yellow,
Singing ever clear and mellow,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you.
Did he beat you ? Did he beat you ?
Phyllopnecutes wise folk call them,
But don't know what did befall them,
Why they ever thought of coming
All that way to hear gnats humming,
Why they built not nests but houses,
Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
Nor how little birds got wings,
Nor what 'tis the small cock sings—
How should they know—stupid fogies ?
They daren't even believe in bogies.
Once they were a girl and boy,
Each the other's life and joy.
He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
Only they were brown, not snowy,
Till an Arab found them playing
Far beyond the Atlas straying,
Tied the helpless things together,
Drove them in the burning weather,
In his slave-gang many a league,
Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
Up he caught his whip of hide,
Lashed each soft brown back and side
Till their little brains were burst
With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
Over her the poor boy lay,
Tried to keep the blows away,
Till they stiffened into clay,
And the ruffian rode away :
Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
Carrion vultures gathered round,
And the gaunt hyenas ran
Tracking up the caravan.
But—Ah, wonder ! that was gone
Which they meant to feast upon.

Juventus Mundi

And, for each, a yellow wren,
One a cock, and one a hen,
Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
O'er the desert toward the north.
But a shade of bygone sorrow,
Like a dream upon the morrow,
Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
Sets the wee cock ever singing
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you,
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?
Vultures croaked, and hopped and flopped,
But their evening meal was stopped.
And the gaunt hyenas foul,
Sat down on their tails to howl.
Northward towards the cool spring weather,
Those two wrens fled on together,
On to England o'er the sea,
Where all folks alike are free.
There they built a cabin, wattled
Like the huts where first they prattled,
Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
Many a tiny feathered baby.
But in autumn south they go
Past the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
Over desert, over mountain,
To the palms beside the fountain,
Where, when once they lived before, he
Told her first the old, old story.
What do the doves say? Curuck-Coo,
You love me and I love you.

EVERSLEY, January 7, 1874.

‘. . . We sail on the 29th,’ he writes to Professor Newton; ‘we go in April or May (when the prairie is in flower) to San Francisco, and then back to Denver and the Rocky Mountains south of Denver, and then straight home.

‘Tell us if we can do anything for you. . . . I think you have ordered a pair of Asahta sheep-horns already, we will do our best, . . . and have friends who will do their best for you after we are gone.’

To his Wife

ON BOARD THE ‘OCEANIC,’ OFF WATERFORD, January 30, 1874.

The blessed Psalms this morning! Weather bright and warm, like June. No wind or motion, and the Irish coast most lovely. This is the most luxurious ship I ever was in, and one has

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more room than one wants. Delicious warm baths and every luxury. Certainly, all as yet has been most prosperous. The good Dean and M. came from Chester to see us off. The captain, a very handsome, agreeable, Norfolk man.

Left Queenstown the forenoon of Jan. 30. Had three days of charming warm April, or rather June, weather. . . . Off Cape Clear ship rolled a good deal from the *calm*. The 3rd and 4th were two short runs, as we were retarded by an unexpected branch of the Gulf-stream, a knot an hour against us, water 53° , which lost us fifty miles in two days. 5th. A good run to the banks of Newfoundland, where the water shoals from 2000 fathoms to 30-50, the sea becomes green instead of blue, and the water falls from 53° to 32° in a day. Here we met very cold north-west gales. We had had snow showers on the Gulf-stream, and wind veering and backing from N.W. to S.W. But on the banks the gale set in steadily from N.W. ; and has blown till now (Feb. 7, 2 P.M.) for more than seventy-two hours at an average of eight, all the cold air from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Newfoundland, the Cariboo barrens, and up to Hudson's Bay, rumpling itself into the Atlantic in a steady stream, as a Mistral does into the Mediterranean, or a Norte into the Gulf of Mexico. We are now past the banks ; the water has risen to 40° : but the air is 29° , three degrees of frost, and the whole bow and forerigging coated with masses of white ice, very beautiful. The captain thinks we have escaped some great cyclone jammed up between us and Cape Race, which can't get out into the Atlantic : I think this is rushing down to supply the heated air carried up by some cyclone far south, which will come to the Bay of Biscay, and France, and England as a S.W. gale. Please try and remember if you had a gale about now. At all events, no one recollects such a persistent N.W. gale. R. is quite well, and on the deck whenever one can stand on it. Let Grenville work out the places on the map, if you have time.

8th, 12 P.M. Run 241 miles. Gale still continuing, but sea less, so that screw acts better. Temperature just freezing. Just passed Sable Island, about seventy miles W. Many Mother Cary's chickens have reappeared to-day—all flying *against* the gale—towards America. Can walk tolerably on the deck to-day.

2 P.M., air 31° . Water suddenly risen to 53° , and the sea covered with flying hot steam (called the Barber), which is melting the ice on the rigging and forecastle, now six inches thick and more. A shoot of the Gulf-stream again more northerly than the Admiralty charts.

9th. Bad night again ; short, heavy sea, ship violent ; coal bad and retarding us. Calm by mid-day, and fine, and walking

Staten Island

excellent. Touched beginning of Nantucket Shoals about 4 P.M.

At 6 P.M. on the 10th captain called me up to see Nantucket light—first point of the United States ; at noon on the 10th very hard breeze from N., going $12\frac{1}{4}$, were off the E. point of Long Island, 102 miles from New York, shall have come in 3015 miles, the shortest possible great circle being 3012. So we have steered very straight, though slow. Took in pilot at three. Got to Sandy Hook at about nine. Lay all night off bar, and got to New York at 9 A.M. Cold, bright, and calm. *Floe ice* in river.

Here the notes of the journey are made by his daughter, and form the connecting thread between his own letters home :—

‘ We arrived at Sandy Hook late on the 10th Feb., and on the morning of the 11th landed at New York ; and here, before my father set foot on American soil, he had a fore-taste of the cordial welcome and generous hospitality which he experienced everywhere, without a single exception, throughout the six months he spent in the United States and Canada. The moment the ship warped into her dock a deputation from a literary club came on board, took possession of us and our baggage, and the custom-house authorities passed all our trunks without looking at them. We went out later in the day to stay at Staten Island with Mr. F. G. Shaw, where we stayed till the 14th, going to New York on that day for a dinner and reception given in my father’s honour by the Lotus Club.’

STATEN ISLAND, February 12.

I have, thank God, nothing to write but what is pleasant and hopeful. We got here yesterday afternoon, and I am now writing in a blazing, sunny, south window, in a luxurious little room, in a luxurious house, redolent of good tobacco and sweet walnut-wood smoke, looking out on a snow-covered lawn, and trees, which, like the people, are all English, *with a difference*. I have met with none but pleasant, clever people as yet, afloat or ashore, and Mr. Curtis (Mr. Shaw’s son-in-law, and an old friend of Thackeray’s), a very handsome, cultivated man.

As for health, this air, as poor Thackeray said of it, is like champagne. Sea-air (there is a mighty salt-water river, Papaio, at the bottom of the garden) and mountain-air combined, days

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already an hour longer than in England, and a blazing hot sun and blue sky. It is a glorious country, and I don't wonder at the people being proud of it. To-day Rose and I go into New York by steamer to see various people and do business ; and out again before dinner, to meet a very gentleman-like clergyman of this place, once rector of *San Francisco*. I enclose a log and chart of the voyage which should interest and teach Grenville, for whom it is intended. I dine with the Lotus Club on Saturday night, and then start for Boston with R. to stay with Fields next week.

‘On Monday evening, after a busy day in Boston, we went out to Salem, fifteen miles by train, and my father was particularly struck and interested by the recurrence of the old Fen names, with which he was familiar from his early childhood, on that side of the Atlantic, and made me notice, with tears in his eyes, the difference between the New World and Old World Lynn, etc. etc. Through the whole of his stay in America the recurrence of the Old World names of places and people was a never-failing source of interest and pleasure to him.

‘On the 18th we went out to Cambridge, and spent the next few days there with some friends, my father going in and out to Boston, and spending one night at Andover and another at Georgetown. At Georgetown, the lady with whom he was to stay being ill, he went to the village inn, and told me that the great question of hard money *v.* paper had been quaintly brought to his notice by the landlord's little child of six or seven, who sat on his knee playing with his watch-chain, and finding among his seals an old Spanish gold doubloon, cried, “See, father, the gentleman has got a cent on his chain !” never having seen a gold coin before. He took the greatest interest in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, his only regret being that he had come to America two months too late to make the acquaintance of its founder. The joyous young life of the university with which he was surrounded, together with the many distinguished Americans with whom he made or renewed acquaintance, made these days exceedingly pleasant to my father, and it was with real regret that he left Cambridge on the 25th.

Cambridge, Mass.

‘ We broke our journey at Springfield, staying there one night as the guests of Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the celebrated Springfield Republican newspaper, and reached New York again, to stay with our kind friends Professor and Mrs. Botta.’

DR. WHARTON’S, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., February 19, 1874.

Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night. Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him to-night. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me, and we had a most loving and like-minded talk about the other world. He is an old saint. This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company.

New York was a great rattle, dining, and speechifying, and being received, and so has Boston been ; and the courtesy, and generosity, and compliments would really turn any one’s head who was not as disgusted with himself, as I always (thank God) am. The Westminster lecture is the only one I have given as yet. Salem was very interesting, being, next to Plymouth, *the Pilgrim Fathers’ town*. People most intelligent, gentle, and animated. They gave me a reception supper, with speeches after, and want us to come again in the summer to their Field Naturalists’ Club. New England is, in winter at least, the saddest country, all brown grass, ice-polished rocks, sticking up through the copses, cedar scrub, low, swampy shores ; an iron land which only iron people could have settled in. The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it. Now, under deep snow, it is dreadful. But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive. And, indeed already, though it is hard frost under foot, the sun is bright, and hot, and high, for we are in the latitude of Naples ! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I’ve seen, or of all the kindness we have received, but this I can say, that R. is well, and that I feel better than I have felt for years ; but Mr. Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do anything, and then suddenly very tired. But I am at rest now. . . .

NEW YORK, March 1, 1874.

. . . We made great friends with Asa Gray and are going to stay with him when we return. Moreover, dear Colonel John Hay, with his beautiful wife, has been here, and many more, and here, as at Boston, we have been seeing all the best people. Mr. Winthrop was most agreeable, a friend of the Cranworths,

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Bunburys, Charles Howard, and all the Whig set in England, and such a fine old gentleman. Nothing can exceed the courtesy and hospitality everywhere. . . . On Thursday we are off to Philadelphia, then Washington, where we have introductions to the President, etc., and then back here to these kind friends. From Professor Botta I am learning a lot of Italian history and politics, which is most useful.

Here the streets are full of melting snow. We had a huge snowstorm on Wednesday after dreadful cold, and overhead a sky like Italy or south of France, and a sun who takes care to remind us that we are in the latitude of Rome. But it is infinitely healthy, at least to me. R. looks quite blooming, and I am suddenly quite well. . . . I never want medicine or tonic, and very little stimulant. But one cannot do as much here as at home. All say so and I find it. One can go faster for awhile but gets exhausted sooner. As for the people they are quite charming, and I long to see the New Englanders again when the humming-birds and mocking-birds get there and the country is less like *Greenland*. . . . I have been assisting Bishop Potter at an ordination. The old man was very cordial, especially when he found I was of the respectful and orthodox class. So that is well, but I will not preach, at least not yet.

‘During our stay among our many friends in New York, renewing old friendships and making fresh acquaintances, my father particularly rejoiced at an opportunity of meeting Mr. William Cullen Bryant, whose poetry had been his delight from his boyhood. From New York we went to Philadelphia, staying there for two nights with Mr. C. J. Petersen. On the evening of our arrival my father lectured in the Opera House to an audience of nearly 4000—every seat being occupied, and the aisles and steps crowded with people, who stood the whole time. Here, as in New York and Boston, we were overwhelmed with kindness, our hosts and other friends gathering together at their houses every one in the city whose acquaintance was most likely to give us pleasure.

‘On the 7th of March we went on to Washington, where President Grant welcomed my father most cordially. The 10th we spent among the scientific men of Washington, Dr. Henry at the Smithsonian Institute, and Professor Hayden at the office of the Geological Survey of the

Washington

Territories. In the latter my father took a keen interest, and was struck by the admirable work displayed in the geological maps and photographs made by the surveying parties in the field in Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, and Wyoming during the summer months, which are worked up at Washington during the winter.

'We also went to the Senate House though rather weary with continual sight-seeing: but my father often said afterwards that he would not have missed that visit for any consideration, for in the Senate he was introduced to Mr. Charles Sumner. They had corresponded a good deal in former years, though personally unacquainted, and for some time the correspondence had ceased owing to the different views they had held on some American matters. But the moment the two came face to face all mistrust vanished, as each instinctively recognised the manly honesty of the other, and they had a long and friendly talk. An hour after, Mr. Sumner was seized with an attack of angina pectoris, from which he had long suffered, and when we reached New York the next day we were shocked to find that the news of his death had preceded us by telegraph.'

WASHINGTON, *March 8.*

. . . We are received with open arms, and heaped with hospitality. I hardly like to talk of it, and of our reception by Mr. Childs and all Philadelphia. We went just now and left our introductions at the White House, and in walked dear Rothery, who is here settling the International Fisheries question, and he is going to take me round to make all our calls, on Fish, and Dr. Henry, etc., and then to dine, and go with him to the White House in the evening, and go to Baltimore on Tuesday. . . .

Railway travelling is very cheap and most luxurious. Meanwhile we are promised free passes on the Chicago lines and also to California. I have not been so well for *years*. My digestion is perfect, and I am in high spirits. But I am homesick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you, and G., and M. But I dream of you all every night, and my dreams are more pleasant now I sleep with my window open to counteract the hideous heat of these hot-air pipes. R. is very well and is the best of secretaries. Tell G. I was delighted with his letter.

On Monday the 9th, I was asked by the Speaker of the House

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of Representatives to open the Session of the House with prayer,¹ and I simply repeated two collects from the English Prayer-Book, mentioning, as is the custom, the President of the United States, the Senate, and the House of Representatives, and ended with the Lord's Prayer.

'From New York my father went up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie and Troy, joining me at Hartford (Conn.) on the 14th, to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). From Troy to Hartford he came through the wooded passes of Berkshire County, and was enthusiastic about the beauty of the pine forests, and rocky trout streams, just breaking free from the winter snow which was beginning to melt, comparing it to the best parts of the Eifel and Black Forest.

'On Monday the 16th, we returned to Boston to stay with my father's old friend Mr. James T. Field, in whose hospitable house we were able to see many whose acquaintance we had long wished to make, and whose friendship was a lasting pleasure to my father. During this week my father spent one night at New Haven, staying with his namesake and distant kinsman, Dr. William Kingsley, of Yale College.'

BOSTON, *March 23.*

... We are housed and feasted everywhere. I do not tire the least. Sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark, to eat a great breakfast, my digestion always in perfect order, while my nerve is like a bull's. This is a marvellous climate. The Americans make themselves ill by hot-air, and foul air, and want of exercise ; I, who sleep with my window open and get all fresh air I can by day, am always well. To-morrow morning we start for Montreal, and then on to Quebec to good Col. Strange.

Sumner's death has been an awful blow here. I do not wonder, for he was a magnificent man. He and I were introduced to each other in the Senate *an hour* before his attack. He was most cordial, and we had much talk about Gladstone, and the A.'s. His last words to me were, that he was going to write to the Duchess of Argyll the next day. Alas ! I wrote to her for him, to tell her particulars of the end.

Oh, dear, I wish spring would come, the winter here is awful.

¹ This was considered a most unusual distinction, and the deep solemnity of manner and simplicity with which it was done struck every one present.

Montreal, Quebec

The grass as brown with frost as a table. But the blue-bird and the robin (as they call a great parti-coloured thrush) are just beginning to come, to my intense delight. However, when we go north to-morrow we shall run into *Arctic* weather again. Don't frighten yourself at our railroads, they seem utterly safe, and I believe one is far safer, humanly speaking, here than at home. As for the people, they are fine, generous, kindly, wholesome folk, all classes of them. Now good-bye, and love to M., and my blessing to G. . . .

MONTREAL, March 28.

Here we are safe, on what I hope is our dear Maurice's wedding-day, thank God, in this magnificent city, in intense frost, snow, and sunshine. I have been just walking on the St. Lawrence, where ocean steamers will be lying in two months' time. I have also been calling on the Bishop (Ashton Oxenden), who is very cordial, and wanted us to come and stay with him; but we were pre-engaged to an old Cambridge classman of mine, Fisher. I read a poem just now in Whittier's new volume, which spoke to me so much of you that I must get the book and bring it to you.

Tell G. that there is a snow-shoe club among the young gentlemen here: but it is stopped by the snow being gone for awhile; and that every one drives in sledges, covered with buffalo robes, etc., and the hack drivers in strangest fur coats and caps, and red or blue sashes, and most picturesque they are. Tell him also there is a hill 400 feet high, mostly cliff, in front of my window now (the old Mont Royal of the first settlers), with a few pines 100 feet high on the top, and though they must be a mile off, they look as if you could touch them, the air is so clear. We came yesterday through grand scenery, though obscured by snow showers in the upper mountains, 5000 to 6000 feet high, but got such a crimson sunset behind the Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain, as made me long for you to see it with me. We ran through the wonderful tubular St. Lawrence bridge, one and a half mile long, by moonlight, and got here at 10.30, after fourteen and a half hours. There, this is a disjointed letter: but I wanted you to know we were safe; and my heart is so full of you, and of all at home.

QUEBEC, April 1.

Here we are in a beautiful little old city, with tin roofs and spires, we in the citadel, on the top of a cliff like St. Vincent's Rocks, with the blazing sun above and blazing snow below, and the St. Lawrence, a mile wide of snowy ice, at our feet, with sledges crawling over it like flies. We have crossed the river in

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a tandem sledge and driven out to the Falls of Montmorency, which look two miles off, and are six or seven, and seen the most awful and beautiful thing I ever saw. The fall, 260 feet high, fringed with icicles 50 feet long, roaring into a horrible gulf of ice, under an exquisite white ice cone 100 feet high, formed of its own spray. I looked in silence. One had no more right—when we went to the top and looked *into* the gulf—to talk there than in church. Every one, as usual, is most kind. Dear Col. Strange is most charming. To-morrow we start for Ottawa to stay with Lord and Lady Dufferin, in quiet for Good Friday and Easter, and then back to New York. R. well and happy, and after driving all the morning gone out on a sliding party on the ramparts. The bishop here is a Hampshire man and a fisherman. All goes well. The cold is less than I expected, and will be gone in two to four weeks more. Tell G. I have eaten *moose*, but the Indians have only killed one this winter, because the snow is so light, only two feet instead of six ! that the moose can get away from them. There was a plague of lynxes round the city last winter, who came to eat the cats, the hares being dead of distemper ; and they killed seventeen close round ; this year there are none. We saw wolf track, and I think moose, from the railway.

OTTAWA, April 3, 1874.

Found your letter here, where we are resting for Passion Week, and most comfortable with these pleasant clever people. . . . Don't say we cannot be colder than you are at Harrow ; the citadel at Quebec would kill you in a week, whereas it made R. quite well, and did not hurt me save with pain of cold. The thermometer outside the train on Tuesday was below zero.

WASHINGTON, April 9.

Here we are safe and sound, having run 500 miles in thirty hours to Baltimore, from the delightful Dufferins. . . . The long journeys do not in the least tire me, so have no fears for me. The safety of these rails is wonderful, as is their comfort. We have come out of intense winter into damp spring. The birds (such beauties) are coming fast from the Bahamas and Floridas ; the maples are in crimson clouds of little flowers ; the flowers are coming out in the gardens. I have seen two wasps like West India ones, an inch and a half long, and heard a tree toad, and am warm once more. All goes well. We have a dinner-party to-night ; we are staying with Senator Potter, and to-morrow a dinner-party with the President. So we shall have seen quasi-royalty, British and American both in one week. . . . Thank

Baltimore and Niagara

God for our English letters. I cannot but hope that there is a time of rest and refreshing for us after I return. . . . To me the absence of labour and anxiety is most healthy. I am quite idle now for days together, and the rail itself is most pleasant idleness.

‘At Baltimore my father yielded to the entreaties of the friends with whom we were staying, and preached on the 12th in the principal church of Baltimore to a large congregation. On Easter day he had preached in the little church close to Rideau, for the first time since he landed in America, on “The Peace of God.” On the 20th of April, we left New York to begin working our way slowly westward, so as to be at Omaha early in May to meet a large party of friends who had invited us to join them in a trip to California. Our first halting-place was Ithaca (Cornell University), which we should have reached on the evening of the 20th, but on the Erie railroad we were stopped for six hours by a huge rock falling on the track as a coal train was coming towards us, round sharp curves, and we should have had a frightful accident but for the presence of mind of the engineer, as his engine ran over the rock, jamming itself and the tender across both lines of rail ; he being unhurt, and remembering our train was due at that moment, ran down the line seeing us coming, and we pulled up within 100 yards of the disaster. It happened in the midst of the finest scenery on the Delaware, above Port Jervis, where the railway follows the windings of the river, and is in many places blasted out of the cliffs. And as there was no possibility of getting on till the disabled train and broken trucks were removed, my father and I spent the hours of waiting in wandering about the rocky woods above the railway, botanising and geologising.

‘On Tuesday we reached Ithaca, and went on the next day to Niagara. After one night at Niagara we went on the 23rd (St. George’s day) forty miles to Hamilton (Ontario), where my father had an enthusiastic reception at his lecture. After lecturing he went to the dinner of the St. George’s Society. . . . We returned next day to Niagara, staying at Clark’s Hill with an old English

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friend, with whom we spent the next three days, my father preaching on Sunday, the 26th, in the morning, at Clifton, and in the afternoon at Chippewa. He thoroughly enjoyed being once more in the country, and the walks on country roads, after three months of cities and pavements. The spring birds were just beginning to make their appearance, and the spring flowers to try and push their leaves through the melting snow. On the 27th we went on to Toronto for one night, and on the 28th we finally bade farewell to Canada, and set our faces westward, reaching Detroit (Mich.) late that night.

'At Detroit, where we stayed three days with the rector of one of the Episcopal churches, the weather was still bitter, and my father could not shake off a cold which he had caught at Niagara. But as we neared St. Louis, on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, after a railway journey of twenty hours, we began to be warm once more, and realise what springtime in the West really was. All the fruit trees were in blossom ; the ground on either side of the railway, where any was left un-tilled, was carpeted with beautiful flowers utterly unknown to us, and the air was mild and balmy.'

NIAGARA, *April 23.*

At last we are here, safe and well, thank God, in the most glorious air, filled with the soft thunder of this lovely phantom, for such, and not stupendous, it seems as yet to me. I know it could and would destroy me pitilessly, like other lovely phantoms, but I do not feel awed by it. After all, it is not a quarter of the size of an average thunderstorm, and the continuous roar, and steady flow, makes it less terrible than either a thunderstorm or a real Atlantic surf. But I long for you to sit with me, and simply look on in silence whole days at the exquisite beauty of form and colour. . . .

After a delightful time in the Prince's old quarters at Hamilton, we are here again in another old quarter of his, the loveliest house in the loveliest grounds, and as I write the whole rapids of Niagara roaring past 100 yards off, between the huge arbor vitæ, forty feet high, like a tremendous grey Atlantic surf rushing down-hill instead of up. I could not describe the beauty

St. Louis

of this place in a week. I can see the smoke of the horse-shoe through a vista on my left, not half a mile off, as I sit [sketch enclosed]. We are above, understand, and the river is running from right to left. To-day we are going to Des Vaux College to see the lower rapids. Will you give Sir William Cope my love, and apologies for not having written in time to ask him to continue to be my churchwarden, which I hope he will be kind enough to do. . . . As to what you say of —, I am hopeful that as she gets weaker the brain will uncloud, and that you will see a bright, peaceful sunset after all. God grant that it may be so for you, and for her, and for all of us, and all we love.

ST. LOUIS, May 4.

At St. Louis safe and well, thank God, in the capital of the West, and across the huge rushing muddy ditch, the Mississippi —having come here over vast prairies, mostly tilled, hundreds of miles like the Norfolk fens, without the ditches, a fat, dreary, aguish, brutalising land, but with a fine strong people in it, and here is a city with 470,000 souls growing rapidly. It is all very wonderful, and like a dream. But there is material civilisation and comfort everywhere (except at the stations where the food is bad), and all goes well. Only I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do. However, we shall go west in comfort. The Cyrus Fields, the Grays, and probably the dear Rotherys, will make up a good party. And I cannot but feel that I have gained much if only in the vast experience of new people and new facts. I shall come home I hope a wider-hearted and wider-headed man; and have time, I trust, to read and think as I have not done for many years. At least so runs my dream. We had a glorious thunder-storm last night after I had helped at the communion in the morning, and preached in the afternoon for good Mr. Schuyler. R. looks better already at the mere idea of being in her beloved West. Tell G. we are going to see one of the first-class Mississippi steamers for New Orleans, which are so famous. She will not blow up at the quay-side. We are going out to see the Botanic Garden this afternoon, and there is plenty to interest us before we start for Omaha, where we pick up our party, and then away to Denver and Salt Lake, etc. Ah, that you were here. But you could not do it. . . .

We start to-morrow for California, after receiving here every civility. The heat is tremendous, all of a sudden, but it will be cooler as we rise the prairies out of the Mississippi Valley. We have free passes here to Kansas City, and the directors offered to

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take us on with them to Denver. We shall also have free passes to California and back from Omaha—a great gain.

‘We stayed for a week in St. Louis, where the hot weather came on so suddenly and fiercely that we were both made quite ill by it, and were thankful on Saturday, the 9th of May, to leave the city on our way to Omaha, where we were to join our friends from New York.

‘The journey was intensely hot. A perfect sirocco blowing away everything in the cars if the windows were opened ; but the country was so lovely as almost to make amends for our discomfort. The trees were bursting into a tender green ; the woods were here snowy with the pure white dogwood and wild plum blossoms, there, purple pink with the Judas tree, and down below grew countless wild flowers, making us long every moment that it were possible to stop the train and gather them.

‘We reached Omaha on Sunday morning, the 10th, and had hardly been there an hour before we felt the renovating effect of the glorious air rushing down, down, in a gale 500 miles from the Rocky Mountains, to cool and refresh the panting Missouri Valley ; and we were able once more to eat and sleep, which in the heat of the last three days at St. Louis had become impossible.’

OMAHA, *May 11.*

And we are at Omaha ! a city of 20,000, five years old, made by the railway, and opposite to us is Council Bluffs !! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone), and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go in despair . . . as soon as I took my degree, and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or swim, escaping from a civilisation which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man ! Oh ! how good God has been to me. Oh ! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you—for everything, and stared at them till I cried. . . . Give my love to Harrison, and tell him how specially glad I am that he was at Livingstone’s funeral. . . .

‘On the 14th the party of friends we were awaiting arrived at Omaha, and on the following day we left with

Salt Lake City

them for the first stage of the Californian journey. Mr. Cyrus Field and Mr. J. A. C. Gray, of New York, were the organisers of the expedition, and with them, besides several of their own relations and friends, were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rothery, making a party of eleven Americans and five English, which quite filled, but did not crowd, the magnificent Pullman car which was our home for the next fortnight.

‘Our first halt was at Salt Lake City, where we arrived on Friday, the 15th May, one day too late, unfortunately, for my father to take part in the consecration of St. Mark’s, the first Episcopal church which has been built in Utah. On Sunday, the 17th, however, he preached the evening sermon at the church, to such a crowded congregation that there was not standing room in the little building, and numbers had to go away. The steps outside, and even the pavement, being crowded with listeners, among whom were many Mormons as well as “Gentiles.” Brigham Young sent to offer my father the tabernacle to lecture or preach in, but of this offer he of course took no notice whatever, a course strongly approved by the excellent Bishop, Dr. Tuttle.

‘On Monday, the 18th, we left Salt Lake City, after a visit to General Moreau at Camp Douglas, the United States camp, on the hillside above the city, who had one of the Gatling guns fired for our amusement. On our remonstrating against such a waste of ammunition he said that “he was glad sometimes to show those rascals in the city how straight his guns fired, and that if they gave him any trouble he could blow the city to pieces in an hour.”’

WALKER HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 17.

Here we are after such a journey of luxury—through a thousand miles of desert, plain, and mountain, treeless, waterless almost, sage brush and alkali. Then cañons and gorges, the last just like Llanberis Pass, into this enormous green plain, with its great salt lake; and such a mountain ring, 300 to 400 miles in circumference! The loveliest scene I ever saw. As I sit, the snow-peaks of the Wasatch tower above the opposite houses five miles off, while the heat is utterly tropical in the streets.

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Yesterday we were running through great snowdrifts, at from 5000 to 7000 feet above the sea (we are 5000 here), and all along by our side the old trail, where every mile is fat with Mormon bones. Sadness and astonishment overpower me at it all. The 'city' is thriving enough, putting one in mind, with its swift streams in all streets, and mountain background, of Tarbes, or some other Pyrenean town. But, ah! what horrors this place has seen. Thank God, it is all breaking up fast. The tyrant is seventy, and must soon go to his account, and what an awful one. I am deeply interested in the good bishop here, and his mission among the poor little children, whose parents are principally Cornish, Worcestershire, and South Welsh; and if I can do aught for him when I come home, I will do it with a will. Meanwhile our kind hosts insist on R. and me being their guests right through, and let us pay for nothing. It is an enormous help, for they control both railways and telegraphs, and do and go exactly as they like. The gentlemen and R. are gone down to-day to see a silver mine, by special engine, and she and Rothery (F.L.S.) are going to botanise. The flowers are exquisite, yellow ribes all over the cliffs, etc., and make one long to jump off the train every five minutes. While the geology makes me stand aghast; geologising in England is child's play to this. R. is quite well, and the life of everything, and I am all right, but don't like a *dry* air at 95°, with a sirocco.

Interrupted by a most interesting and painful talk with a man who has been United States Governor here. It is all very dreadful. Thank God, we (in England) at least know what love and purity is. I preach to-morrow evening, and the Bishop of Colorado in the morning.

'On the 20th our car was slipped during the night at Reno, and when we woke at 5 A.M., we found ourselves on a branch line at Carson City. After breakfast, with Californian strawberries heaped on dishes on every table, we left our car for a special train, the Pullman being too long for the sharp curves of the railroad, and with Mr. D. O. Mills, of San Francisco, who had joined our train in his directors' car, the day before, at Ogden, we went up to Virginia City, and spent the day among silver mines and stamp mills, and dust, and drought, my dear father finding, even in the out-of-the-way spot, a warm and hearty welcome from many. We returned to Carson in the afternoon, and were picked up in the night by the

The Yosemite Valley

Western train at Reno, breakfasting at Summit, on the top of the Sierra Nevada next morning, and arrived at Sacramento at mid-day on the 21st.

‘ My father was delighted at finding himself once more in almost tropical heat, and spent all the afternoon driving with our friends about the city, and revelling in the gorgeous sub-tropical flowers which hung over every garden fence. In the evening he lectured to a very pleasant audience, and that night we left Sacramento in our car, with a special engine, for Merced, which we reached before dawn.

‘ Next morning, the 22nd, we were all up about four, and before starting on our Yosemite trip, Mr. Cyrus Field sent off a telegram to the Dean of Westminster, to my mother, and various friends in England : “ We are, with Canon Kingsley and his daughter and other friends, just entering Yosemite Valley, all in excellent health and spirits. Mr. Kingsley is to preach for us in Yosemite on Sunday.”

‘ We started at 6 A.M. in two open stages with five horses, and drove 54 miles that day through exquisite country, botanising all the way to Skeltons, a ranch in the forest, and some of our party made their first acquaintance with a real western shanty. On the 23rd we were all up betimes, my father, the earliest of all, came up with his hands full of new and beautiful flowers, after a chat with the guides, who had driven the mules and ponies in from their grazing ground, and were beginning to saddle them for our day’s ride. At 6 we started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. We chose a new and unfrequented route, and having to climb two mountains and ride along precipices, and ford four rivers in flood in 29 miles, we were not sorry to reach the Valley at sunset. But rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains, still white with snow on their highest points, till we reached the mouth of the Valley itself, and, emerging from a thicket of dogwood, pines, and azaleas,

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“El Capitan,” just tipped with the rosy setting sun on one side, and the Bridal Veil Fall rushing in a white torrent, 900 feet high, over the gloomy rocks, on the other side, revealed themselves to us in a glow of golden rosy light.

‘The next day (Whit Sunday) most of our party rested from their fatigues, and we walked about and feasted our eyes on the almost overpowering scene around us, which seemed, if possible, to increase in beauty in every fresh phase of light or shade, sunlight or moonlight. At 5 P.M. the visitors at both hotels assembled in the little parlour at Black’s, and my father gave a short service, after which we sang the 100th Psalm, and he preached a short sermon on verses 10-14, 16-18 of the 104th Psalm, which happily was the Psalm for the day.¹

‘On Monday we spent the day in riding all over the Valley, and on Tuesday, 26th, we left it at 6 A.M., and rode 24 miles to Clark’s Ranch, near the Mariposa Grove. It was bitterly cold, for the snow had not melted on some of the high passes, which were 7000 feet above the sea; but we found blazing fires and a good supper at Clark’s, and after a good night rode out 6 miles the next day to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias (Wellingtonias). My father and I agreed to see the first one together, and riding on ahead of our party a little, we

¹ In his sermon, in Westminster Abbey, on Whit Sunday, the Dean of Westminster referred to Mr. Field’s telegram. His text, too, was on Psalm civ. 2, 14, 15, 24: ‘On this very day,’ he says, ‘(so I learnt yesterday by that electric flash which unites the old and new worlds together), a gifted member of this Collegiate Church, whose discourses on this and like Psalms have riveted the attention of vast congregations in this Abbey, and who is able to combine the religious and scientific aspects of Nature better than any man living, is perhaps at this very hour preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of Nature are revealed on the most gigantic scale—in that wonderful Californian Valley, to whose trees the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall—where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise. Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm which I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival, the old and the new, the east and the west, are indeed united in one.’

On May 26th Mrs. Kingsley received the following telegraphic message from Mr. Cyrus Field, through the Secretary of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company: ‘Yosemite Valley, California, Sunday, May 24th.—We arrived here safely Saturday evening, all delighted with the magnificent scenery. Canon Kingsley preached in the Valley this Sunday afternoon. We leave here Tuesday for the Big Trees. Arrive in San Francisco, Friday. Remain there till the following Wednesday.’

The Big Trees

suddenly came upon the first, a huge cinnamon-red stem standing up pillar-like, with its head of delicate green foliage among the black sugar pines and Douglas spruce, and I shall never forget the emotion with which he gazed silently—and as he said “awe-struck”—on this glorious work of God.

‘It was very cold, and we rode over snow for some two miles under the “big trees,” and were glad to camp in Mr. Clark’s little empty shanty under a group of some of the largest of the sequoias. Mr. Clark, who is the guardian of the Grove, had come with us as well as our own guide, Jim Cathy, and they soon lighted a roaring fire, and, seated on a bed of fragrant hemlock twigs, we warmed ourselves and ate our luncheon of bread and meat and excellent beer, and then rode on and back to the ranch, with a collection of flowers that took our whole evening to dry. Next day, the 28th, we drove down to Merced, 65 miles, and there joined the railroad again, and left on the 29th at dawn, arriving that afternoon in San Francisco.’

SAN FRANCISCO, *May 31.*

Here we are safe after such adventures and such wonders in the Yosemite and the Big Trees, and found the dear English letters waiting for us. . . . Tell G. I will write to him all about the sea-lions which I saw this morning. All is more beautiful and wonderful than I expected, and California the finest country in the world—and oh ! the flowers.

June 9.

The next letter you get from me will, I hope, be from Denver. We start east to-morrow, thank God, and run the Sierras, and the desert back again, and beautiful as California is, I think destined to be the finest country in the world, I want to be nearer and nearer home. We have been so heaped with kindness that this trip will cost us almost nothing. I have got cones from the big trees, with seeds in them, for Lord Eversley and Sir Charles Bunbury ; and we have collected heaps of most exquisite plants. I think we shall bring home many pretty and curious things. The letters are delectable. Tell all the servants that I wish heartily I was through and safe home again, for there is no place like England.

Charles Kingsley

‘We stayed in San Francisco about ten days, my father making excursions to different places in the neighbourhood. The most notable of these was to the Berkeley University at Oakland, whither he was invited by the president, Mr. D. C. Gilman. This day he most thoroughly enjoyed ; and he made an address to the students full of vigour and enthusiasm, on “Culture,” a subject always very near to his heart.

‘To quote the words of the *Berkeleyan*, the students’ paper, which appeared next day :—

‘Few incidents in our college life at Berkeley have given more pleasure to the college circle, teachers and scholars alike, than the recent visit of Mr. Charles Kingsley. It was not as Canon of Westminster, nor as Professor of History in the University of Cambridge that we greeted him ; but as the poet, the novelist, the essayist, and the scholar ; as the man who is ever ready to advocate the truth, ever quick to encourage progress, ever ready to utter the best aspirations of the human soul.

‘Mr. Kingsley came to Berkeley in a very quiet way, almost unannounced, attended by his daughter, by the British Consul in San Francisco, and by a few other English friends, one of whom, Mr. Rothery, is a representative of the British Government in Washington.

‘His speech at Berkeley had but one drawback. It was too brief ; but the words, though few, were fitting and of good cheer. His allusions to Berkeley, the philosopher, were striking and felicitous ; and his plea for comprehensive culture, and for long-continued intellectual training was most timely. A speech so invigorating, and yet so simple, will long be remembered—like a draught of pure water in a thirsty clime.

‘At half-past two o’clock, the students rallied in the rear of the edifice, under the battalion commander, and marched to seats in the assembly hall to formally welcome their distinguished guest.

‘Advancing to the front, W. R. Davies, of the senior class, then addressed to the Canon a few remarks appropriate to this rare occasion. He expressed the unanimous sentiment of the audience. Though thousands of miles separated Mr. Kingsley from California, his fame had reached us, and we read with pleasure and profit the productions of his pen, and, were the distance doubly great, the result would be the same.

‘Canon Kingsley returned his acknowledgments of the com-

Culture in California

pliment with a slight bow, and spoke to the pupils in feeling terms. There was an eloquence and earnestness in his utterances that elevated them to the plane of oratory. The man was inspired, and felt every word that he spoke. And he spoke to a purpose. Though the tone of his voice was low, and his manner of delivery slow and quiet, there was a magnetism in his presence that held the attention of his hearers. He desired to speak for the other cultivated English people present. They saw a new world beyond the new world, containing much that tends to make a world great and good. But behind this fact was one equally potent: the old world was the seat of culture and learning, and to her the young men could look for many useful lessons. He drew a line of demarcation between culture and learning, which he desired the students to bear in mind. He endorsed the dissemination of technical knowledge, and yet desired that his hearers should strive for a moral as well as intellectual education, and the culture so highly appreciated by the ancient Greeks and Romans and the Japanese of to-day. Such an education would humble them in the present, and render them hopeful of the future. And the better would it adapt them to the struggles of life in the world. Out of darkness would come light. The culture and knowledge of the old world must tell the student when, where, and how to rise. The University ought to be the glory of California, and the coast, as a common civiliser of the Pacific. The institution should represent civilisation itself in the highest sense. By civilisation he did not mean exclusively the knowledge of books. 'The student must act by and live up to the books.'

'The speaker was forcibly impressed with the singular coincidence that the site of the University bore the name of the man who, next to Plato, had taught him the most instructive lessons in philosophy—Berkeley. The Bishop was one of the noblest, calmest, and kindest of all philosophers. One cannot read his works too often. The student should take heed that the works did not become a mere name to them. Read them over and over again. The speaker read them when he desired relaxation; read at random, and found the practice as bracing as our pure Californian air. If he could see a school of Berkeleyan philosophy founded on this side of the continent, he should think that California had done a great deal for the human race—a great deal for America, and for Europe likewise. But there were other topics that might be discussed.'

'The students should not forget, amid the pursuits of a technical education, to cultivate the æsthetic faculty—a taste for music and the fine arts. They should learn to appreciate grace

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and manners, and beauty of form, as studied by the Greeks and Ionians, who produced the sculptors, painters, and musicians of old. The reverend gentleman ventured to hope for a time when Berkeley would become the Athens of modern times. The suggestion with reference to æsthetic culture was elaborated with graceful suggestions, and enriched with classical allusions admirably adapted to the illustration of Mr. Kingsley's ideas on this point. He paid a special tribute to music. He trusted that music would reach the dignity of a science in the University. Not one student in one hundred would continue to give music attention in after life, and yet the beneficial influence of the study would still be manifest. Music was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character. The speaker closed his address with a practical example of the beneficial effects of culture, narrating an anecdote of a couple of English University graduates who went to the wilds of Australia. Though these men were surrounded by coarse and pernicious influences they remained untarnished by continuing their classical studies. The same spirit that imbued these graduates with a love for culture made them superior to their surroundings. They read Greek plays in the original for entertainment after Sabbath devotions. Culture meant true freedom. He exhorted his hearers to cultivate the true, the beautiful, and the good, if they would succeed in life, and thus closed his beautiful address.

‘The occasion was one long to be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present ; and the remarks of the Canon will also cling to the memory. With the high regard for the eternal fitness of things that is peculiar to him, the Canon did not indulge in fulsome eulogies of the people and institutions of California, but talked with a nice discrimination. He talked of the future rather than of the present. He peered into the future, and discussed what might be accomplished. He saw the grand capabilities of the University.’

‘During the last few days of my father's stay in San Francisco, he caught a severe cold from the damp sea fog which makes the city and parts of the coast of California extremely unhealthy, while a few miles inland the climate is the finest in the world. This cold became rapidly worse, and the doctors in San Francisco ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible ; so on Wednesday, June 10, we set off eastward once more, with Mr. J. A. C. Gray, and part of our original party ; and after a very trying journey of four days, we reached Denver. Here

Illness

most providentially my father met his brother, Dr. Kingsley, who found that he was suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, and advised our going south on the next day, 75 miles, to Colorado Springs, by the narrow-gauge railway, which my brother had helped to build four years before. Here Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Bell received us, and nursed my father with the most devoted attention in their charming English house, at the foot of Pike's Peak.

‘As soon as my father had recovered sufficiently to be moved, we all drove up 22 miles to Bergun’s Park for change of air, and stayed at Mr. Cholmondeley Thornton’s Ranch, for a week. My father’s chief amusement during these weeks of illness was botany, and though he was not able to get many specimens himself, he took a keen delight in naming those we brought him in every day.

‘On Sunday, the 5th July, he had recovered enough to be able to read a short service in the large dining-room of the ranch, and he often reverted to that service with pleasure and emotion.

‘On the 6th we went down again to Manitou, and spent a few days with General and Mrs. Palmer, at Glen Eyrie, whose care and kindness helped on his recovery; and on the following Sunday, July 12, my father preached in the Episcopal Church at Colorado Springs, which was barely finished, and in which only one service had been held. The church was crowded, many men, young Englishmen chiefly, having ridden in 20 miles and more from distant ranches to hear my father preach. The next week, before leaving Colorado Springs for the homeward journey, he gave a lecture in Colorado Springs for the benefit of the church, where he also had a crowd to listen to him. The place was very dear to him from the fact of my brother having been one of the first pioneers there.’

MANITOU, COLORADO, June 18.

We are here in perfect peace, at last, after the running and raging of the last three weeks, and safe back over those horrid

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deserts, in a lovely glen, with red rocks, running and tinkling burn, whispering cotton woods, and all that is delicious, with Pike's Peak and his snow seemingly in the back garden, but 8000 feet over our heads. Oh, it is a delicious place, and the more so, because we have just got a telegram from Maurice, to say he and his wife are safe in New York from Mexico. Thank God! The heat is tremendous, but not unwholesome. God's goodness since I have been out, no tongue can tell. . . . Please God I shall get safe and well home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace.

June 29.

A delightful party has clustered here, not only the Rotherys, but Dudley Fortescue and Lord Ebrington, who has just got his Trinity scholarship, and is a charming lad ; and we all go up to Bell's Ranch in Bergun's Park to-morrow, for a few days, to get cool, for the heat here is tropic, and we cannot move by day. That has given me rest though, and a time for reading. God has been so gracious that I cannot think that He means to send my grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave, but will, perhaps, give me time to reconsider myself, and sit quietly with you, preaching and working, and writing no more. Oh ! how I pray for that. Tell the Dean I have been thinking much of him as I read Arnold's life and letters. Ah, happy and noble man ; happy life, and happy death. But I must live, please God, a little longer, for all your sakes. Love to G. and M.

BERGUN'S PARK, July 2.

Oh, my Love, your birthday-letter was such a comfort to me, for I am very home-sick, and counting the days till I can get back to you. Ah, few and evil would have been the days of my pilgrimage had I not met you ; and now I do look forward to something like a peaceful old age with you. . . . Tell John Martineau his letter was a great comfort to me. This place is like an ugly Highland strath, bordered with pine woods. Air almost too fine to breathe, 7200 feet high. Pike's Peak 7000 feet more at one end, 15 miles off ; and, alas ! a great forest-fire burning for three days between us and it ; and at the other end wonderful ragged peaks, 10 to 20 miles off. Flowers most lovely and wonderful. Plenty of the dear common harebell, and several Scotch and English plants, mixed with the strangest forms. We are (or rather Rose is) making a splendid collection. She and the local botanist got more than fifty new

Colorado Springs

sorts one morning. Her strength and activity and happiness are wonderful ; and M.'s letters make me very happy. Yes ; I have much to thank God for, and will try and show my thankfulness by deeds. Love to G. Tell him there are lots of trout here ; but it is too hot to catch them.

GLEN EYRIE, July 11.

Thank God our time draws nigh. I preach at Colorado Springs to-morrow, and lecture for the Church on Wednesday ;¹ Denver, Friday, and then right away to New York, and embark on the 25th. Letters from M., who has gone to Tennessee. . . .

This is a wonderful spot : such crags, pillars, caves—red and grey—a perfect thing in a stage scene ; and the Flora, such a jumble—cactus, yucca, poison sumach, and lovely strange flowers, mixed with Douglas's and Menzies' pine, and *eatable* pinon, and those again with our own harebells and roses, and all sorts of English flowers. Tell G. I have seen no rattlesnakes ; but they killed twenty-five here a year or two ago, and little Nat M., twelve years old, killed five. Tell him that there are 'painted lady' butterflies, and white admirals here, just like our English, and a locust, which, when he opens his wings, is exactly like a white admiral butterfly ! and with them enormous tropic butterflies, all colours, and as big as bats. We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive. There is a cave opposite my window which must have been full of bears once, and a real eagle's nest close by, full of real young eagles. It is as big as a cart-load of bavins. Tell G. that I will write again before we start over the plains. Oh ! happy day !

¹ CANON KINGSLEY AND A BEETLE—(From a Denver Letter).—I will relate a little anecdote of Canon Kingsley, which I heard at Colorado Springs, the other day. On a recent evening he read his lecture on 'Westminster Abbey' to the people of Colorado Springs, right under the shadow of Pike's Peak. In the midst of his lecture a bug of some species of *Coleoptera*, new and strange to the eminent lecturer, alighted on his manuscript and attracted his attention at once. Mr. Bug sat still a moment or two, during which space the speaker 'improved the occasion' to study his peculiarities of form and structure—perhaps determining in his mind certain obscure or doubtful questions ; but while these investigations were in progress, and his language rolling right along to the delight of his hearers, the insect began to expand his wings as if anxious to fly away. The reverend speaker saw the motion, and deftly caught it in his hand. Going right on with his line of argument, he continued his examination for several moments, until, having settled everything to his own satisfaction, he let it buzz away about its own business—perhaps mentally repeating the parting injunction of 'My Uncle Toby' to the fly. To any ordinary man the presence of such an intruder would have been unwelcome, and he would have been brushed aside, but the great English divine, trained to such close habits of observation and thought, could not forego the opportunity, even in the midst of his lecture, to study the points in a new species of beetle, his mental discipline enabling him to carry along in his mind two trains of ideas at the same time.

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GLEN EYRIE, July 14.

I cannot believe that I shall see you within twenty-one days ; and never longed so for home. I count the hours till I can cross the Great Valley, on this side of which God has been so good to me. But, oh ! for the first rise of the eastern hills, to make me sure that the Mississippi is not still between me and beloved Eversley. I am so glad you like Westminster. Yes ! we shall rest our weary bones there for a while before kind death comes, and, perhaps, see our grandchildren round us there.¹ Ah ! please God *that* ! I look forward to a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene, which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things. . . . The collection of plants grows magnificent. . . . Give my love to Wm. Garrison, and tell him from me not to be afraid, and he will do splendidly ; and that I long to hear him preach in the Abbey, and to preach there myself likewise.

During his severe illness in Colorado, he composed these lines ; they were the last he ever wrote :—

1

‘Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe ?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum.
You’re booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You’re booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, etc.’ ,

2

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Barum, Barum, etc.²
‘I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee ;
He’s killed a boy, he’s killed a man, and why must he kill me ?’

¹ His first grandchild passed away at its birth just before he himself went into the unseen world, and happily he never knew it.

² The meaning of this strange refrain is not known. Some were doubtful whether, as no explanation was given by Mr. Kingsley, it would not be better to omit it ; but Mr. Froude, who thought this poem one of the finest of his ballads, on being consulted, wrote : ‘I am in favour of keeping the refrain. The music of the song will be incomplete without it : and as the words went humming through his head, the refrain went along with them. It presses like an inexorable destiny, and makes you feel the iron force with which poor Lorraine was swept to her fate.’ . . .

His Last Poem

3

‘ Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It’s you may keep your baby, for you’ll get no keep from me.’

4

‘ That husbands could be cruel,’ said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
‘ That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three ;
But oh ! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see ! ’

5

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh ! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be ;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.

The American chapter may be fitly closed by the following letter from Mr. John Whittier, whose poetry and whose acquaintance, made in Boston, had given him such especial pleasure :—

BEARCAMP HOUSE, W., N.H., 8th Mo. 30, 1876.

DEAR FRIEND—I am glad to learn from a letter received from an American clergyman just returned from England that thou art engaged in preparing a biography of thy lamented husband. It seems to me very fitting that the life of such a man as Charles Kingsley should be written by one so fully acquainted with the noble and generous personal qualities of the reformer, poet, and theologian. In this country his memory is cherished by thousands, who, after long admiring the genius of the successful author, have learned, in his brief visit, to love him as a man.

I shall never forget my first meeting with him in Boston. I began, naturally enough, to speak of his literary work, when he somewhat abruptly turned the conversation upon the great themes of life and duty. The solemn questions of a future life, and the final destiny of the race, seemed pressing upon him, not so much for an answer (for he had solved them all by simple faith in the Divine Goodness), as for the sympathetic response of one whose views he believed to be, in a great degree, coincident with his own. ‘ I sometimes doubt and distrust myself,’ he said, ‘ but I

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see some hope for everybody else. To me the Gospel of Christ seems indeed Good Tidings of great joy to all people; and I think we may safely trust the mercy which endureth *for ever*. It impressed me strongly to find the world-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for the first time, and engaged only with ‘thoughts that wander through eternity.’ All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit. His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare—physical, moral, and spiritual—of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men.

I forbear to speak of the high estimate which, in common with all English-speaking people, I place upon his literary life-work. My copy of his *Hypatia* is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory. But since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author.—With profound respect and sympathy, I am truly
thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To MRS. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXX

1874-1875

AGED 55

'Tis said when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind
To wander forth wherever be
The homes and haunts of humankind.

Then strayed the Poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves ;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo temple caves.

• • • •
How could he rest ? Even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown,
Already from the seat of God
A ray upon his garments shone.

Shone and awoke that strong desire
For Love and Knowledge reached not here,
Till death set free his soul of fire
To plunge into its fitting sphere.

Then who shall tell how deep, how bright,
The abyss of glory opened round ;
How thought and feeling flowed like Light,
Through ranks of being without bound ?

BRYANT.

Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty !

CHAPTER XXX

Return from America—Work at Eversley—Illness at Westminster—
New anxiety—Last sermons in the Abbey—Leaves the Cloisters
for ever—Last return to Eversley—The Valley of the Shadow
of Death—Last illness and departure—His burial sermons at
Chester, Eversley, and Westminster—Memorials—Letters of
sympathy—The Victory of Life over Death and Time.

It was sultry August weather when he returned to Eversley from America ; there was much sickness and a great mortality in the parish, and he was out among his people twice and three times a day in the burning sun and dry easterly wind. His curate, the Rev. Elis Price, was away for his well-earned holiday ; and his great joy at being with his poor people again made him plunge too eagerly and suddenly into work, and Sunday services, before he had regained his strength after his illness in Colorado. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver came on, which alarmed his friends, and prevented his preaching in the Abbey on the first Sunday of his residence. This attack shook him terribly, and from that time he was unable to preach more than once a day during his residence ; but, though altered and emaciated, he seemed recovering strength, when, early in October, a shadow came over his home, in the dangerous illness of his wife, touching him in his tenderest point, and filling him with fears for the future. When all immediate danger was over, it was with difficulty he was persuaded to leave her and take a few days' change of air and scene, before his November work commenced, at Lord John Thynne's, in

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Bedfordshire, and with his friend Mr. Fuller Maitland, in Essex.¹ From these visits, however, he returned invigorated in health and spirits, and got through his sermons in the Abbey with less difficulty. The congregations were enormous—the sermons powerful as ever, though their preparation was an increasing labour. The change in his appearance was observed by many. ‘I went back,’ said an old correspondent, who had gone to hear him preach in Westminster Abbey, ‘sad at the remembrance of the bent back and shrunken figure, and while hoping the weakness was but temporary, I grieved to see one who had carried himself so nobly, broken down by illness.’

His sermon on All Saints’ Day will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was like a note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God upon which he was so soon to enter. It was a revealing too of his own deepest belief as to what that blessedness meant, with back glances into the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own earthly life and warfare with evil.

‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come !’ Ah ! what a gospel lies within those words ! A gospel ? Ay, if you will receive it, the root of all other possible gospels, and good news for all created beings. What a gospel ! and what an everlasting fount of comfort ! Truly of those words it is true, ‘Blessed are they who, going through the vale of misery, find therein a well, and the pools are filled with water.’ Know you not what I mean ? Happier perhaps are you—the young at least among you—if you do not know. But some of you must know too well. It is to them I speak :

Were you never not merely puzzled—all thinking men are that—but crushed and sickened, at moments, by the mystery of evil ? Sickened by the follies, the failures, the ferocities, the foulnesses of mankind, for ages upon ages past ? sickened by the sins of the unholy many—sickened, alas ! by the imperfections of the holiest few ?

¹ At Stanstead, during this visit, the friend with whom he was conversing on the deepest doctrines of Christianity said she could never forget his look and voice, as he folded his arms, and bowing his head, said, ‘I cannot—cannot live without the MAN CHRIST JESUS.’

The One Ideal

And have you never cried in your hearts with longing, almost with impatience, ‘Surely, surely, there is an ideal Holy One somewhere—or else, how could have arisen in my mind the conception, however faint, of an ideal holiness? But where? oh where? Not in the world around strewn with unholiness. Not in myself, unholly too, without and within—and calling myself sometimes the very worst company of all the bad company I meet, because it is the only company, that company, from which I cannot escape. Oh! is there a Holy One, whom I may contemplate with utter delight? and if so, where is He? Oh that I might behold, if but for a moment, His perfect beauty, even though, as in the fable of Semele of old, the lightning of His glance were death.’ Nay, more, has it not happened to some here, to clergyman, lawyer, physician, perhaps, alas! to some pure-minded, noble-hearted woman—to be brought in contact with . . . some case of human folly, baseness, foulness—which, however much their soul revolts from it, they must handle, they must toil over, in hopes that that which is crooked may be made somewhat straight—till their whole souls were distempered, all but degraded, by the continual sight of sin, till their eyes seemed full of nothing but the dance of death, and their ears of the gibbering of madmen, and their nostrils with the odours of the charnel house, and they longed for one breath of pure air, one gleam of pure light, one strain of pure music, to wash their spirits clean from those foul elements into which their duty had thrust them down perforce?

And then, oh, then—has there not come to such a one—I know that it has come—that for which his spirit was athirst—the very breath of pure air, the very gleam of pure light, the very strain of pure music—for it is the very music of the spheres—in those same words, ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come’; and he has answered with a flush of keenest joy—‘Yes, whatever else is unholly, there is a Holy One—spotless and undefiled, serene and self-contained. Whatever else I cannot trust, there is One whom I can trust utterly. Whatever else I am dissatisfied with, there is One whom I can contemplate with utter satisfaction, and bathe my stained soul in that eternal fount of purity. And who is He? Who, save the Cause and Maker, and Ruler of all things, past, present, and to come? Ah, gospel of all gospels—that God Himself, the Almighty God, is the eternal realisation of all that I and all mankind, in our purest and our noblest moments, have ever dreamed concerning the true, the beautiful, and the good. Even though He slay me, the unholly, yet will I trust in Him. For He is holy, holy, holy; and can do nothing to me or any creature, save that He ought. For He has created all things, and for His pleasure they are and were created.’

Charles Kingsley

Whosoever has entered, though but for a moment, however faintly, partially, stupidly, into that thought of thoughts, has entered in so far into the communion of the elect, and has had his share in the Everlasting All Saints' Day which is in heaven. He has been, though but for a moment, in harmony with the polity of the living God . . . and with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with all past, present, and to come, in this and all other worlds, of whom it is written, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled, for great is their reward in heaven. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for great is their reward in heaven.' Great indeed—for it is no less than the very beatific vision, to contemplate and adore. That supreme moral beauty, of which all earthly beauty, all nature, all art, all poetry, all music, are but phantoms and parables, hints and hopes, dim reflected rays of the clear light of that everlasting day, of which it is written—that the city had no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it ; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

Of that very beatific vision he spoke once more three days before his death ; when, conscious of no human presence in the night, he was heard by his daughter to cry out, in a clear voice, 'How beautiful God is !' He little thought when preaching this sermon that in less than three months' time he too should himself be entering the Holy of Holies.

One of the last letters he ever wrote was on November 22nd, to Mr. Shone, an active member of the Chester Natural Science Society :—

'My dear young friend,' he says, 'I have been too ill and too busy, having the affairs of this great place upon me,¹ to read or acknowledge your address ("The Tendency of Modern Thought," an Inaugural Address to the Chester Mutual Improvement Society) till now. And now I say—that I have read it with deep pleasure. You are—roughly speaking—"as right as the church." You see the broad truth, and you have put it in very manly words, and illustrated it by quotations and metaphors which are sound and to the point. I don't class you among my scholars, because I saw in you from the first an original tendency towards truth, which I had not to awaken but only to encourage. Only—don't lose hold of that

¹ Owing to the Dean of Westminster having been detained by a great anxiety in Paris, the work of the Abbey devolved exclusively on the Canon in residence.

Last Words in the Abbey

belief in the old faith, which is more precious to my *reason*, as well as to my moral sense, the older I grow, and have to do with sorrows and difficulties which you, in your youth and strength, do not know yet—and God grant you never may know. Be true to your own manly words: and in due time God will pay you all, for He is very just and very merciful. Excuse bad writing as I have a lame hand, and give my love to all the dear Chester people—your parents included. If you come to London come to see us.'

On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached his last sermon in the Abbey, with intense fervour. It was the winding-up of his work in the Abbey, but neither he nor those who hung upon his words thought that it was the winding-up of his public ministrations and the last time he would enter the pulpit. The text was Luke xix. 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed almost to shake the Abbey, which made the service to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to all changes of weather, especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting.

The sermon was a characteristic one. 'Advent,' he said, 'should be a season not merely of warning, awe, repentance, but a season of trust and hope and content.' He sketched the leading features of his past teaching in the Abbey—dwelling on the Kingship and Divine Government of Christ over races, nations, individuals—His infinite rigour and yet infinite tenderness of pity—the divine humanity which possessed Him as he wept over the doomed city, and cried out, 'How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,' and closed with these words:—

And what is true of nations and of institutions—is it not true of individuals, of each separate human brother of the Son of Man?

Ah—and is there a young life ruined by its own folly—a young heart broken by its own wilfulness—an elder man or woman too, who is fast losing the finer instincts, the nobler aims, of youth in the restlessness of covetousness, of fashion, of ambition? Is there one such poor soul over whom Christ does not grieve? To whom, at some supreme crisis of their lives, He does

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not whisper—‘ Ah, beautiful organism—thou, too, art a thought of God—thou, too, if thou wert but in harmony with thyself and God, a microcosmic *City of God* ! Ah ! that thou hadst known—even thou—at least in this thy day—the things which belong to thy peace ? ’

Shall I go on ? shall I add to the words of doom ? ‘ But now they are hid from thine eyes.’ Thou hast gambled with thine own destiny too long. Thou hast fixed thy habits. Thou hast formed thy character. It is too late to mend. Thou art left henceforth to the perpetual unrest which thou hast chosen—to thine own lusts and passions ; and the angels of peace depart from thy doomed heart, as they did in the old legend, from the doomed Temple of Jerusalem—sighing—‘ Let us go hence ’—shall I say that ? God forbid—it is not for me to finish the sentence—or to pronounce the doom of any soul.

But it is for me to say—as I say now to each of you—Oh that you each may know the time of your visitation—and may listen to the voice of Christ, *whenever and however* He may whisper to you, ‘ Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee Rest.’

He may come to you in many ways,—in ways in which the world would never recognise Him—in which perhaps neither you nor I shall recognise *Him* ; but it will be enough, I hope, if we but hear His message, and obey His gracious inspiration, let Him speak through whatever means He will.

He may come to us, by some crisis in our life, either for sorrow or for bliss. He may come to us by a great failure ; by a great disappointment—to teach the wilful and ambitious soul, that not in *that* direction lies the path of peace. He may come in some unexpected happiness to teach that same soul that He is able and willing to give abundantly beyond all that we can ask or think. He may come to us, when our thoughts are cleaving to the ground, and ready to grow earthy of the earth—through noble poetry, noble music, noble art—through aught which awakens once more in us the instinct of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He may come to us when our souls are restless and weary, through the repose of Nature—the repose of the lonely snow-peak, and of the sleeping forest, of the clouds of sunset and of the summer sea, and whisper Peace. Or He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul—not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage—in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge—and whisper to them even so—as the sea swallows all of them which *it* can take—of calm beyond, which this world cannot give and cannot take away.

He may come to us when we are fierce and prejudiced, with

The Valley of the Shadow of Death

that still small voice—so sweet and yet so keen. ‘Understand those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee. Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldest like to hate. Forgive and thou shalt be forgiven ; for with what measure thou measurest unto others, it shall be measured to thee again.’ He comes to us surely, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help, and says, ‘If you do good to one of these, my brethren, you do it unto Me.’

But most surely does Christ come to us, and often most happily, and most clearly does He speak to us—in the face of a little child, fresh out of heaven. Ah, let us take heed that we despise not one of these little ones, lest we despise our Lord Himself. For as often as we enter into communion with little children, so often does Christ come to us. So often, as in Judæa of old, does He take a little child and set him in the midst of us, that from its simplicity, docility, and trust—the restless, the mutinous, and the ambitious may learn the things which belong to their peace—so often does He say to us, ‘Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me. For I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’

AND THEREFORE LET US SAY, IN UTTER FAITH, ‘COME AS THOU SEEST BEST—BUT IN WHATSOEVER WAY THOU COMEST—EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.’

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he came home much exhausted, and went straight up to his wife’s room. ‘And now my work here is done, thank God ! and . . . I finished with your favourite text.’

The next day he dined at the Deanery to meet Dr. Caird, before attending his lecture in the Abbey at the special evening service. The air was damp, and coming out into the cold cloister he caught a fresh cold and coughed all through the night ; but he made light of it, for he could think of nothing but the joy of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter’s work. And on the 3rd of December, full of spirits and thankfulness, he left the cloisters for ever, and took her with tenderest care to Eversley. But his happiness was short-lived ; the journey down had had serious consequences for her, and that night the Angel of Death

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for the first time for thirty-one years seemed hovering over the little rectory. He had been engaged by the Queen's command to go to Windsor Castle the following Saturday for two days. Telegrams were sent there, and to his children who were absent. Still he could not believe there was danger, till he was told that there was no hope, and then—‘My own death-warrant was signed,’ he said, ‘with those words.’ Children and friends collected round him, while he gathered himself up with a noble self-repression to give comfort where it was needed. His ministrations in the sickroom showed the intensity of his own faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful, and in the light of the Cross of Christ and the love of God, spoke of an eternal reunion and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine on earth, can only be severed for a brief moment. When asked if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul, who had been encompassed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone—to shrink from leaving husband, children—the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years—and to go alone into the unknown : ‘Cowardly !’ he said. ‘Don’t you think I would rather some one put a pistol to my head than lie on that bed there waiting? *But*,’ he added, ‘it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there.’ And when the dreary interval before reunion was mentioned, he spoke of the possibility of all consciousness of time being so destroyed that what would be long years to the survivor might be only a moment to the separated soul that had passed over the River of Death. And so, with words of strong consolation and hope, with daily prayer and reading from the Gospel and Epistles of St. John and the Psalms, he preached peace and forgiveness till all was calm ; and dwelling on the borderland together for weeks of deep communion, every chapter of the past was gone over once more, and ‘life was all retouched again,’—favourite poetry was read for the last time, Wordsworth’s ‘Intimations of

Waiting for Death

Immortality,' Milton's magnificent Ode to 'Time' again and again, Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' and certain passages from Shakspeare. Once more he administered the Holy Communion to his wife, children, and servants ; and once again, before he lay down to die, he received it with them from the hands of Mr. Harrison. But though his own iron will and utter submission to the Higher Will enabled him to be outwardly calm in the sickroom, and even to speak there of the lonely years which he feared were before him, of the grave where, he said, he would allow no one but himself to do the last office, where he would place the three Latin words in which the life of his life, past, present, and future, are gathered up,—the charm of life for him was over, and he spoke the truth when he said his 'heart was broken,' for so it was. Though ill himself, he became careless of his own health, reckless of cold and snow ; his cough became bronchitic. On the 28th of December he took to his bed, and pneumonia, with its terrible symptoms, came on rapidly. He had promised his wife to 'fight for life' for his children's sake, and he did so for a time ; but the enemy, or, as he would have said himself, 'kindly Death,' was too strong for him, and in a few weeks the battle was over and he was at rest. The weather was bitter, and he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it ; but one day he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, he said, 'This is heaven, don't speak' ; but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again. When told that another move would be fatal, he replied, 'We have said all to each other, we have made up our accounts' ; and often repeated, 'It is all right, all *as it should be.*' For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil ; and on December 30 he wrote of this 'terrible trial,' the fiery trial of separation, to both so bitter at such a moment. 'But,' he adds, 'I am somewhat past fretting—almost past feeling. . . . I know it *must* be right, because it is so strange and

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painful.' Again, on New Year's Eve, 'I am much better in all ways. Thank God for the gleam of sun and the frost on the window-pane. . . .' And again, in the last letter he ever wrote, on January 3rd, a bright morning, the first Sunday in the year: 'Ah! what a good omen for the coming year—this lovely Sunday morning. May it mean light and peace and blessing in both worlds for us all! . . .' But, to use his own words, it then became 'too painful, too tantalising,' and the letters ceased.

He was now kept constantly under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off haemorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California. These scenes he would describe night after night to the trained nurse from Westminster Hospital who sat up with him, and whose unwearied care and skill can never be forgotten. He would tell her, too, of the travels of his eldest son in America, of whom he continually spoke with love and pride, and to whose success in life he so eagerly looked. His own physical experiences were very singular to him, for he sat as a spectator outside himself, and said if he recovered he would write a book about them. Early in January, when the alarming symptoms came on, his devoted medical attendant, Mr. Heynes, of Eversley, who was day and night at the Rectory, begged for further advice; and Dr. Hawkesley, who twice came down from London, did not despair of Mr. Kingsley; he said he never saw a 'more splendid fight for life,' and was struck with his brilliancy in describing his symptoms.

He spoke but little latterly, and the fear of exciting him made those around afraid of telling him anything that would rouse him to the sense of his great loneliness. But one morning before his condition became hopeless, when some little letters, enclosing some drawings to amuse him, had come from the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him well and were sorry for his illness and his grief, his doctor said they might be shown him. They touched him deeply; and his messages in answer were among the last he sent. On Sunday, the 17th, he sat up

Nearing the End

for a few moments, where he could see from the bedroom window, which looked into the churchyard, his dear people go into church, and spoke of their 'goodness' to him and how he loved them. He reiterated the words, 'It is all right. All *under rule*.' One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was light, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. 'Ah! well,' he said, 'the light is good and the darkness is good—it is all good.' From sleeping so much he was unconscious of the lapse of time. 'How long have I been in bed?' he said one day, and on being told three weeks, he said, 'It does not seem three days. Ah, I live in fairyland, or I should go mad!'

On the 20th of January the Prince of Wales, whose regard and affection for fourteen years had never failed, requested Sir William Gull to go down to Eversley. He, too, thought recovery possible; but immediately after his visit haemorrhage returned—the end seemed near, and then the full truth—and not a painful one—burst upon him. 'Heynes,' he said, 'I am hit; this last shot has told—did F. tell you about the funeral? We settled it all.' And then he repeated, in the very words used to himself, the arrangements that had been made in view of the parting he had been dreading, which God mercifully spared him; and after mentioning the names of the bearers selected (labouring men endeared by old parish memories), 'Let there be no paraphernalia, no hatbands, no carriages. . . .' He was calm and content. He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been 'hid with Christ in God.' Twenty-five years before, in speaking of a friend who rejected Christianity, he had said, 'The more I see of him, the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the Gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the Peace of God which passes understanding.' In this faith he had lived—and as he had lived, so he died—humble, confident, unbewildered. At night he was heard murmuring, 'No more fighting—no more fighting'; and then followed intense, earnest, audible prayers, which were his habit

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when alone,—too sacred for any listener. Yes, his warfare was accomplished, he had fought the good fight, and never grounded his arms till God took them mercifully out of his brave hands and gave him rest.

It was on one of his last nights on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, ‘How beautiful God is!’ For the last two days before he departed, he asked no questions, and sent no messages to his wife, thinking all was over, and hoping that at last the dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together ; and under this impression, it is thought, when the faithful nurse who had been with his children since their birth, left her for a moment to come to her dying master the day before he went, ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘dear nurse, and I, too, am come to an end ; it is all right —all as it *should be*,’ and closed his eyes again. Early that same morning from his bed he had looked out over the beloved glebe once more. The snow, which had been deep for weeks, had cleared a little, the grass of the pasture was green, and he said, ‘Tell Grenville (his youngest son, who had just left him after helping to arrange his bed) I am looking at the most beautiful scene I ever saw,’ adding some words of love and approval for his boy, that were scarcely audible.

The last morning, at five o’clock, just after his eldest daughter, who, with his medical man and Mr. Harrison, had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard, in a clear voice, repeating the words of the Burial Service :—

Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts ; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.

He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again, and before mid-day, on the 23rd of January—with-out sigh or struggle—breathed his last breath, so gently that his eldest daughter and the family nurse, who were watching him, could scarcely tell that all was over.

Rest at Last

Twenty years before, and how often since, he had expressed his longing for that moment : 'God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity.' And now the great secret that he had longed to know was revealed to him, and those who loved him felt that he was satisfied.

'Never shall I forget,' said Max Müller, 'the moment when for the last time I gazed upon the manly features of Charles Kingsley, features which death had rendered calm, grand, sublime. The constant struggle that in life seemed to allow no rest to his expression, the spirit, like a caged lion, shaking the bars of his prison, the mind striving for utterance, the soul wearying for loving response—all that was over. There remained only the satisfied expression of triumph and peace, as of a soldier who had fought a good fight, and who, while sinking into the stillness of the slumber of death, listens to the distant sounds of music and to the shouts of victory. One saw the ideal man, as Nature had meant him to be, and one felt that there is no greater sculptor than Death.'

'As one looked on that marble statue which only some weeks ago had so warmly pressed one's hand, his whole life flashed through one's thoughts. One remembered the young Curate and the *Saint's Tragedy*; the Chartist parson and *Alton Locke*; the happy poet and the *Sands of Dee*; the brilliant novel-writer and *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho*; the Rector of Eversley and his *Village Sermons*; the beloved professor at Cambridge, the busy Canon at Chester, the powerful preacher at Westminster Abbey. One thought of him by the Berkshire chalk streams, and on the Devonshire coast, watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, chuckling too over her inimitable fun. One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the Gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten. How children delighted in him ! How young wild men believed in him, and obeyed him too ! How women were captivated by his chivalry, older men by his genuine humility and sympathy !

'All that was now passing away—was gone. But as one looked at him for the last time on earth, one felt that greater than the curate, the poet, the professor, the canon, had been the man himself, with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his readiness to spend himself, his chivalry and humility,

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worthy of a better age. Of all this the world knew little ;—yet few men excited wider and stronger sympathies.¹

‘As he lay,’ said Dean Stanley, ‘the other day, cold in death, like the stone effigy of an ancient warrior, the ‘fitful fever’ of life gone, the strength of immortality left, resting as if after the toil of a hundred battles, this was himself idealised. From those mute lips there seemed to issue once more the living words with which he spoke ten years ago, before one who honoured him with an unswerving faithfulness to the end. ‘Some say’—thus he spoke in the Chapel of Windsor Castle—‘some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt. The age of chivalry is never past so long as we have faith enough to say, God will help me to redress that wrong, or if not me, He will help those that come after me, for His eternal will is to overcome evil with good.’²

On the afternoon of his departure a telegram was sent to Chester, where the daily bulletins had been watched for so eagerly, ‘Canon Kingsley peacefully expired’ ; and on the Sunday morning the tolling of the Cathedral bell, and the omission of his name in the daily prayer for the sick, confirmed the worst fears of many loving hearts. For many weeks the prayers of the congregation had been asked for ‘Charles and Fanny Kingsley.’ Not only in Chester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but in other churches and chapels, at prayer-meetings too, in London, Sheffield, and elsewhere, his life was prayed for, and God, in His great mercy, had answered by giving him immortal life. Canon Hillyard, who was the preacher for the day, after explaining his text, ‘Thy will be done,’ with deep feeling, said :—

Here, friends, I feel myself constrained to break off, for within the last few hours there has fallen such a blow upon the hearts of many in this city, that it seems to recall me to the passive sense of the words, ‘Thy will be done.’ Within a few hours there has passed away from earth the spirit of one who often has stood where I am standing—of one who had in a singular manner drawn to-

¹ Max Müller—Preface to *The Roman and the Teuton*.

² Dean Stanley—Sermon in Westminster Abbey.

Honoured in his Death

wards himself (and that in no mean spirit, from no mere love of popularity, but to elevate, to educate, and to make them conscious of their nobler faculties) the hearts of a veritable multitude in Chester. Short as was his sojourn among you, he had done a great work. . . . That active life, that busy brain, how did it end? There is something inexpressibly soothing in the words which announced his end. Not in the tumult of a crowd, not in any of those distant lands which he loved to travel, but from his own quiet home, came the message that he had 'peacefully expired.' We can thank God for this—he, we feel sure, thanked God for it. ' Peacefully expired ! ' Who will not say, ' May my last end be like his '?

As soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from the Dean brought these words to his children : ' Bear up under the blow. You will perhaps choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet.'

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *Jan. 24, 1875.*

I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night.

It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago, since I for the first time was at Eversley—and our meetings have been but few and far between—but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved ; and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings—to long years of labour together.

God has ordered it otherwise. He had done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him.

The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his own tropical suns—no twilight—no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful.

I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the most probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you—most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that should the other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him,

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not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honours.—Yours sincerely,

A. P. STANLEY.

There was no hesitation with those who knew his own feelings ; and at Eversley he was buried on the 28th of January ; no one was invited to come, but early in the day the churchyard was full. There had been deep snow and bitter cold for many weeks. But that day was kindly, soft and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine. He was carried to the grave by villagers who had known, loved, and trusted him for years. The coffin, covered with flowers, was met at the garden-gate by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Powles his oldest friend, his two last curates, Rev. William Harrison, and Rev. Elis Price, and his churchwarden Sir William Cope, and was laid in front of the altar where for thirty-two years he had ministered so faithfully, before the service was finished at the grave. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, American and Englishman, met at that grave ; every profession, every rank, every school of thought, was represented. Soldiers¹ and sailors were there ; among them three Victoria Cross officers, men whom he had loved, and who honoured him. The Master of Fox Hounds, with the huntsman and the whip, were there also ; and from his beloved Chester came the Dean and a deputation from the Natural Science Society he had founded.² ‘I have been at many state funerals,’ said a naval officer who was present, ‘but never did I see such a sight as Charles Kingsley’s.’

‘Who,’ says Max Müller, ‘can forget that funeral on the 28th of January 1875, and the large sad throng that gathered round his grave ? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call

¹ Gen. Sir William Codrington ; Col. Sir Charles Russell, V.C. ; Col. Alfred Jones, V.C. ; Col. Evelyn Wood, V.C. ; Captain F. Maurice, etc.

² Dr. Stolterforth, Mr. Shepheard, Mr. Manning, Mr. Griffith.

The Pulpit in Eversley Church

him their *Patrico-rai* (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the labourers young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies,¹ officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey ; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink ; and, outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the old trees, which he had planted and cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal man.

‘All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own. Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year ; aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood. He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life. As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore.’

Such was the scene at Eversley, while at Chester and at Westminster the cathedral bell tolled for the well-beloved Canon, whom they should see no more.

* * * * *

The Sunday following his funeral, sermons on his life and death were numerous. Dean Stanley in London, Dean Howson at Chester, Churchmen, Baptists, and other Nonconformists, both in London, Chester, and elsewhere, while his own pulpit at Eversley Church was occupied by Sir William Cope in the morning, and by his devoted and attached curate, the Rev. Elis Price, in the afternoon.

‘I never,’ said Sir William Cope, ‘thought to preach another sermon ; but by the freshly covered grave of a friend all scruples and all hesitation vanish. It is a sad, sad task . . . “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh” ; and if abounding

¹ His Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon ; Col. Sir Thomas Gore Browne.

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sorrow and earnest love can give me words I will strive to address myself to the thoughts of your hearts.'

And then, after speaking of 'our loved Rector's' firm hold on the doctrines of the sacraments and creeds, he adds :—

No doubt other men hold and have held these doctrines as strongly, and taught them as plainly ; but he, by belonging to no party, and by his fairness and liberal charity to those who differed with him, had an influence on many men and many minds which others have not, and therefore had an opportunity and a power of impressing those doctrines on many who would not otherwise have listened to them, or received them. Therefore I say, he occupied a place, a most important place, in the Church of England, which, as far as I know, no other man fills, and which his death has left void. . . . But whatever his loss to the Church, much greater is his loss to us—whatever he was to others, much more was he to us ; for he was the teacher and friend of every one of us. Of every one even of those who would none of his counsel, and despised his reproof ; even to them he was the earnest affectionate friend. . . . We have known more of him than the most constant reader of his works, or the most ardent admirer of his talents. For until lately that the duties of well-deserved appointments took him away, he was always among us, and Sunday after Sunday we received his teaching. You know how we hung on his lips. . . . Brethren, I have heard many preachers, but I never heard one whose hearty yet quiet manner appealed more earnestly to the mind and heart ; or who had in so great a degree the power of explaining the truths of Scripture, and enforcing the practice of its precepts in such plain, simple words.¹

At Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley spoke of that

One brilliant light which shone in our dim atmosphere, and has been suddenly extinguished, and which cannot be allowed thus to pass away without asking ourselves what we have gained by its brief presence amongst us—what we have lost by its disappearance. Others have spoken and will long speak on both sides of the Atlantic of the gifted poet whose dust might well have mingled with the dust of his brother poets in these walls. Others will speak, in nearer circles, of the close affection which bound the pastor to his flock, and the friend to his friend, and the father to

¹ 'Living unto God.' A Sermon preached at Eversley, on Jan. 31, 1875, by Sir William H. Cope, Bart. (Basil Montagu Pickering, London.)

The Pulpit in the Abbey

his children, and the husband to the wife, in that romantic home which is now for ever identified with his name, and beside which he rests, beneath the yews which he planted with his own hands, and the great fir-trees that fold their protecting arms above. But that which alone is fitting to urge from this place is the moral and religious significance of the remarkable career which has left a spot void, as if where a rare plant has grown, which no art can reproduce, but of which the peculiar fragrance still lingers with those who have ever come within its reach. To the vast congregations which hung upon his lips in this church—to the wide world which looked eagerly for the utterances that no more will come from that burning spirit—to the loving friends who mourn for the extinction of a heart of fire, for the sudden relaxation of the grasp of a hand of iron—I would fain recall some of those higher strains which amid manifold imperfections, acknowledged by none more freely than himself, placed him unquestionably amongst the conspicuous teachers of his age, and gave to his voice the power of reaching souls to which other preachers and teachers addressed themselves in vain.

It has seemed to me that there were three main lessons of his character and career which may be summed up in the three parts of the apostolic farewell—‘Watch ye ; quit you like men and be strong : stand fast in the faith.’ . . .

After a masterly enumeration of his works, and the principle which was the keynote to each, much of which has been already quoted in these volumes, the Dean goes on :—

And this leads me to that clause in the apostle’s warning, which I have kept for last, ‘Stand fast in the faith.’ I have hitherto spoken of our lost friend in his natural God-given genius, not in his professional or pastoral functions. He was what he was, not by virtue of his office, but by virtue of what God made him in himself. He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise, and sometimes hardly in the guise, of a clergyman—fishing with the fisherman, hunting with the huntsman, able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or with soldier ; an example that a genial companion may be a Christian gentleman—that a Christian clergyman need not be a member of a separate caste, and a stranger to the common interests of his countrymen. Yet human, genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and walks of man. He was sent by Providence as it were, ‘far off to the Gentiles,’—far off, not to other lands, or other races of mankind, but far off from

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the usual sphere of minister or priest, to 'fresh woods and pastures new,' to find fresh worlds of thought, and wild tracts of character, in which he found a response for himself, because he gave a response to them. Witness the unknown friends that from far or near sought the wise guidance of the unknown counsellor, who declared to them the unknown God after whom they were seeking if haply they might find Him. Witness the tears of the rough peasants of Hampshire, as they crowded round the open grave, to look for the last time on the friend of thirty years, with whom were mingled the hunter in his red coat and the wild gipsy wanderers, mourning for the face that they should no more see in forest or on heath. Witness the grief which fills the old cathedral town of my own native county and of the native county of his ancestors, beside the sands of his own Dee, for the recollection of the energy with which he gathered the youth of Chester round him for teachings of science and religion. Witness the grief which has overcast this venerable church, which in two short years he had made his own, and in which all felt that he had found a place worthy of himself, and that in him the place had found an occupant worthy to fill it. In these days of rebuke and faint-heartedness, when so many gifted spirits shrink from embarking on one of the noblest, because the most sacred of all professions, it ought to be an encouragement to be reminded that this fierce poet and masculine reformer deemed his energies not mis-spent in the high yet humble vocation of an English clergyman—that, however much at times suspected, avoided, rebuffed, he yet, like others who have gone before him, at last won from his brethren the willing tribute of honour and love, which once had been sturdily refused or grudgingly granted.

Scholar, poet, novelist, he yet felt himself to be, with all and before all, a spiritual teacher and guide. . . . Amidst all the wavering inconstancy of our time, he called upon the men of his generation with a steadfastness and assured conviction that of itself steadied and reassured the minds of those for whom he spoke, to 'stand fast in the faith.'¹ . . .

Telegrams and letters, full of reverent love for him and of sympathy for those whom he had left, poured in from the highest to the lowest in this land, and from many in other lands, where his words had brought light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, hope in despair—from the heart of Africa, from Australia, from California, as well as from

¹ 'Charles Kingsley.' Sermon preached on Jan. 31, 1875, in Westminster Abbey, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. (Macmillan.)

But One Testimony

America, where thousands had loved him before they had seen him face to face so recently.

Never had mourners over an unspeakable loss more exultant consolation, lifting them above their own selfish sorrow, to the thought of what they *had* possessed in him, and that, if misunderstood by many in his lifetime, he was honoured by all in his death—that among men of all parties, there was the unanimous feeling that the great presence which had passed away had left a blank which no other could exactly fill.

But to those who knew what the life of his spirit had been, and how his soul had been athirst for God, even the Living God, there was higher consolation still, in the belief that that thirst was slaked—that his own prayer offered up once before Holy Communion in Eversley Church was answered,—when, after speaking of the ‘intolerable burden of sin,’ he cried :—

O Lamb Eternal, beyond all place and time ! O Lamb of God, slain eternally before the foundation of the world ! O Lamb which liest slain eternally in the midst of the throne of God ! Let the blood of life, which flows from Thee, procure me pardon for the past ; let the water of life, which flows from Thee, give me strength for the future. I come to cast away my own life, my life of self and selfishness, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, that I may live it no more, and to receive Thy life, which is created after the likeness of God, in righteousness and true holiness, that I may live it for ever and ever, and find it a well of life springing up in me to everlasting life. Eternal Goodness, make me good like Thee. Eternal Wisdom, make me wise like Thee. Eternal Justice, make me just like Thee. Eternal Love, make me loving like Thee. Then shall I hunger no more, and thirst no more ; for

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise me, fallen ; cheer me, faint ;
Heal me, sick ; and lead me, blind.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.¹

¹ *Town and Country Sermons.*

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Many of the letters received, which will be heirlooms to his children, are too private, too sacred, to meet the public eye ; but from those which point to some particular aspect of his character, the following are selected, from the Missionary Bishop, the Parish Priest, the Scientific Professor, the Poet, and the Young Artist :—

‘ How grateful,’ writes Bishop Macdougall,¹ ‘ is the remembrance of your beloved husband’s unexpected visit to us at Ely (in 1873), how he cheered me up, for I was ill, and urged me to take this canonry of Winchester, that we might be nearer together, and see more of one another. Ah ! how much I counted upon the benefit and pleasure of some closer intercourse with his bright, earnest, truthful, God- and man-loving soul ! . . . Charles Kingsley and Frederick Maurice were the two great and noble spirits whose sympathy and converse I most craved for in the doubts and difficulties of my missionary life. On recalling our long talks those two nights at Ely, I can now see how he was prepared for the great change which was, alas ! so near. He spoke so earnestly of the comfort of firm religious faith in these sceptical days. He said he regretted the time spent on some of his earlier writings as lost, and that his desire and purpose for the future was to finish his course devoting all his powers of tongue and pen to the defence of God’s truth, and the services of the Church, and God’s people therein. Yes ! his ardent spirit was, it seems to me, even then, perhaps unconsciously, pluming her wings to soar to the nearer presence of Him, whom, in spite of all doubts and trials, he had learned to love so dearly, and to fight for so manfully here below. His yearnings for higher and better service were speedily answered, too soon, alas ! for those who knew and loved him here.

‘ I have been lately reading his *Westminster Sermons*. They are a noble testimony to all, of true faith in the living God (as made known to us through our divine Redeemer), by one who loved and understood science, but who, by using his knowledge rightly, so strengthened his own faith and trust in God’s providence and love, that he has been enabled to leave us those grand sermons, as a voice from the grave, to support and help his brethren in their struggles with the scepticism and atheism of the day. They are, I think, a great gift to the Church, for which we may well be most grateful.’ . . .

‘ I always,’ said Mr. Lyttelton,² in a letter to Mrs. Kingsley,

¹ Bishop Macdougall, of Labuan, Canon of Winchester.

² Hon. and Rev. W. Lyttelton, Rector of Hagley, Canon of Worcester.

His Complete Sincerity

‘had hoped to see more of him here below ; and somehow it never occurred to me to expect that he would so soon be taken from us. One so little connected any thought of *death* with him —and rightly I am very sure, for God, we might feel in blessed and humble confidence founded upon instinct, as well as upon dogmatical religious belief, would never let him *die*,—his heart and soul so basked in the glorious sunlight of God’s love, that it could not decay. He was a bit, a bright shining bit of life itself. . . . God did fit him wonderfully to rejoice in all His works here below, and to teach multitudes now and in many a future year to do the same. His “bright particular star” will shine with its quite peculiar light in this earthly firmament for many a long year, perhaps even till the end, and make many rejoice, in a way that scarcely any one else teaches one to do. It was indeed (no it *is* still more truly now) a most beautiful soul in its simplicity and truth and power ; and all its power came from the love of God and man. . . . I was much struck, as have been many, with a saying I heard quoted of your husband’s, how, when on his deathbed some one spoke of your state of danger, and he could not go to you, he took it with true and complete resignation—“*What is the use of saying we believe in a Heavenly Father, if we will not trust Him?*” That was most characteristic of him, and will I hope be recorded in any memoir of him. It would carry great weight with every one who knew anything of him, from the absolute and evident complete sincerity of all he ever said, especially on such great matters.’ . . .

Professor Rolleston to Miss Kingsley

OXFORD, January 27, 1875.

I read the sad news of your father’s death whilst travelling away from Oxford on Monday. Otherwise I should have written before this to say to you how much I felt I had lost, and *à fortiori* others, by the event. I do not recollect being more affected by any similar occurrence for many years.

Like many other men, I have felt that I owe some of the most deeply fixed impressions I have ever had made upon me in favour of a line of virtue and truth to my acquaintance with your father’s writings. And the opportunities which I was privileged to have of personal intercourse with him, I count amongst the most valuable incidents of the kind which I have to look back upon.

I do not like to intrude upon you in your great sorrow, and I hope you will not trouble yourself to reply to this note. I have written it finding it something of a relief to write it, and hoping

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you may be a little soothed by finding an additional testimony borne to merits the proportions of which you yourself must so thoroughly appreciate.—I am, yours truly,

GEORGE ROLLESTON.

Matthew Arnold, Esq., to Miss Kingsley

I fear your mother is in no state to read letters ; you must let me write one line to you. I kept watching the accounts of your dear father's illness with a boding heart. I feared the worst ; it has seemed of late years as if he had not fortune on his side as when he was young. With all the more interest I followed the accounts of this illness, and not only I, but Mrs. Arnold and my two girls. Your dear father interested and attached all with whom he came in contact. His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again ; the injustice, which he and they had in some quarters to experience, will be no longer busy. But it is not of his talents and acquirements that I wish now to speak. I find myself more full of the thought of something in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known ; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this ; it will always keep your father's memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own.—Believe me, my dear Miss Kingsley, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The last testimony, from a young London Artist, is not among the least valuable :—

MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY—It is a very great pleasure to me to record my deep love and reverence for Mr. Kingsley, and my gratitude for all he did for me by word, influence, and by many kind and generous deeds. That gratitude lives and increases day by day ; for his influence abides with me, affecting me more than ever it did ; and memory claims more and more its homage, as I think over his high example, and the singular rectitude and beauty that went to make up his life. I like to believe that he would not be ill-pleased that I should give my tribute (not for a moment in attempting to speak of his position as a churchman, or power as a parish priest, nor of his attainments as scholar, poet, or man

Giving 'His Best' to the Young

of science, but) simply as a young man amongst many other young men to whom he was at once a fatherly counsellor, a friend, and a hero. His personal power of appeal to young men was very great: though, as I venture to think, in a somewhat different direction to the one usually imagined. It was of a far more tender, strict, and refining nature than I have found it was popularly supposed to be. Perhaps the one thing that struck me more than anything else in him when I first knew him, was his singular dignity and polished grace of manner; a certain high tone that made itself felt to all around, not in any unpleasant restraint of speech or manner, for there was nothing I should have feared to say to him, so entirely did he seem friend and sympathiser; but by raising the whole colour and atmosphere of life about him, and by putting to shame, beyond anything I have ever felt before or since, unworthy thought, coarse word, and ignoble feeling.

From boyhood I have loved Mr. Kingsley's writings, and wiled away many an hour, brightly and joyously, with my schoolfellows, by repeating page after page by heart from some favourite chapter. My 'chums' used to call *Westward Ho!* my 'text-book,' and often we used to assume the various characters in that book, behaving each as he thought his assigned character would behave under like circumstances, sometimes to the astonishment and perplexity of those around, and not unfrequently to our own confusion! Mr. Kingsley's name was a household word in our home, and the very look of the written word 'Eversley' had a charm in it to my eyes. It was, therefore, a most memorable moment when I was introduced to him. Too often such moments are times of disillusion, and we find, to our sorrow, that our heroes look most heroic when viewed at a distance, and that they have already given us their best in their public work. But with Mr. Kingsley this was not so. He himself was far finer than any of his words; and his life and living, as I grew to know him more and more, brought to me a greater lesson and a more lovely light than any even of his sweetest songs. Others, I know, have spoken in worthier words than any I could frame, or than it would be befitting for me to use, of his many-sided nature. Yet there was one trait in his character that I must dwell on, and it is this—his great and unforced kindness to every one of every age and station. In the first half-hour of my knowing him, I found him listening to me with as much attention and kindness as he would have given to one of his own age and attainments. I felt that whilst and whenever I was with him he gave me his *best*. If I asked him anything he would tell me the best he thought, knew, or felt. Young men know how rare this is with men of Mr. Kingsley's age and ability; and none know better than they how delightful also it is when it is met with. It

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commanded my love and admiration more than I could say. He always seemed content with the society he was in ; because, I think, he loved and educated himself to draw out the best of every one, to touch on their stronger and not their weaker points. When I was with him I always felt as much at home as if I were with one of my own college friends ; and yet I gained all the pleasure, advantage, and information of his brilliant imagination and well-stored mind. The delicate courtesy and natural inborn kindness this showed were, to my mind, things of no common order, and hardly to be over-estimated, because so very rarely found. I have never experienced such like kindness from any one of Mr. Kingsley's age and learning. To be with him was like reading one of his works. It strengthened and refreshed one. I always felt in his writings a certain *open-air* effect—it is the only expression I can use at all to convey my meaning. To turn from most writers to him is, to my mind, like coming up on to a glorious breezy moorland, or in sight of the open sea.

I must dwell for a moment on his generosity. When I first knew him life was just opening to me amidst strange perplexities and changes. Through his helpful kindness I was enabled to go to Cambridge. 'God do so to me and more if I do not help this young man,' he said, when he heard of my wish to go to college. Subsequent years have been marked with his unfaltering affection, forbearance, and ever-ready help. He bore with, and upheld me unwaveringly ; sympathising with me in all things, even when he disapproved.

Many words from me would be unbecoming, and much that I could have said has been already said by others. This is the merest personal tribute to Mr. Kingsley's memory, spoken for myself, and also, as it were, for others of my own age, many whom I know, who loved him well, and who would like it to be said at such a time and in such a place, that their opening days of life have been strengthened, purified, restrained, and brightened by his healthful influence and noble words.

Requiescat in pace. Sweet, and strong, and holy—the memory of his life will live with us who knew him, and teach us young men how to live, that we may, each in his own way, grow, as best we may, like unto him ; and, if like him, then surely also 'in favour both with God and man.'—I am, dear Mrs. Kingsley, yours affectionately and gratefully, CLIFFORD S. HARRISON.

A Kingsley Memorial Fund was set on foot immediately after the funeral, in London, Chester, and at Eversley. The call was responded to in America as well

Unveiling of the Bust in the Abbey

as in England.¹ The church at Eversley has been enlarged and improved. The Chester memorials have been described by the Dean; and on the 23rd of September the London memorial was placed in Westminster Abbey, of which the following account appeared in the *Times* of the next morning:—

The bust of Canon Kingsley, which has been executed in marble by Mr. Woolner, was unveiled yesterday afternoon in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was extremely simple, but interesting and touching. At two o'clock Canon Duckworth, who succeeded the late Mr. Kingsley in his canonry, and is now in residence, attended by the Rev. W. Harrison (Mr. Kingsley's son-in-law) and the Rev. J. Troutbeck, Minor Canons, proceeded in surplices to the Baptistry, accompanied by the two sons and two daughters and daughter-in-law of the late Canon, and a small number of intimate friends. Canon Farrar was also present, but took no official part.

After the bust had been unveiled by Mr. Maurice Kingsley, Canon Duckworth delivered the following address, at the close of which the ladies laid wreaths of choice flowers below the bust:—

'If the grand reverential soul which almost beams upon us from those sculptured features could find voice, would it not be to deprecate the least transfer to himself of the glory which belongs to God alone? I cannot but remember now what he himself has said of the illustrious company gathered here in what he has called "England's Pantheon of beneficent and healthy manhood." "All wise words which they have spoken, all noble deeds which they have done, have come, must have come, from the one eternal source of wisdom, of nobleness, of every form of good—even from the Holy Spirit of God." This is the thought which he would bespeak at this moment, when the joy of perpetuating his honoured name and almost his very presence within these storied walls mingles with a regret too deep for words. So let us recognise that by the grace of God he was what he was, the fearless champion of purity and truth, the tenderest and the manliest of men. Memories cluster around him at this spot worthy to be entwined with his. There is Maurice, to whose saintly soul his own was knit in bonds of such sympathy as only those can know who love God and man with an intensity like theirs. Yonder is Wordsworth, the poet of nature, whose marvels he delighted to explore and expound. There stands Keble, the sweet singer of that Church which never had a more loyal and devoted son. And the light which streams upon him

¹ Particulars of the different funds will be found in the Appendix.

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passes fitly through the blazoned figures of Herbert and Cowper—an offering from one of the great kindred people which claims its part and lot in the worthies of England, and treasures the name of Charles Kingsley with an affection equal to our own. And now we leave this precious memorial, not only to attract for many a day the loving gaze of surviving disciples and friends, but to take its place among the permanent glories of the Abbey, and to be the heirloom of generations to come. Let us look at him once more, and judge his right to be here by the noble words in which he himself tested the right of others to commemoration in this shrine—"What was your work? Did we admire you for it? Did we love you for it? And why? Because you made us in some way or other better men. Because you helped us somewhat toward whatsoever things are pure, true, just, honourable, of good report. Because, if there was any virtue—that is, true valour and manhood; if there was any praise—that is, just honour in the sight of man, and, therefore, surely in the sight of the Son of Man, who died for men—you helped us to think on such things. You, in one word, helped to make us better men."

The bust itself is one of Mr. Woolner's finest works, and, to those who knew Charles Kingsley well, represents with marvellous fidelity the character which had so stamped itself upon his expressive features. The mingled sternness and tender sympathy, the earnestness and playful humour are all in the living marble. To those who knew Mr. Kingsley but slightly, the likeness is at first less striking. The sculptor holding that either the beard or the smooth face may be legitimately treated in sculpture, but that the whisker is a temporary fashion of no artistic worth, has (since Mr. Kingsley wore no beard) entirely divested the face of hair, and this, while it increases the grandeur of the work, renders the likeness less immediately apparent. But we believe that Mr. Kingsley's own family, and all those who knew him well, are entirely satisfied that Mr. Woolner is not only right in his idea, but most thoroughly successful in his treatment.

The Baptistry in which the bust is placed, is rapidly becoming, as the Dean has said, 'a new Poets' Corner.' On the same wall with the bust of Charles Kingsley stands that of Mr. Maurice, whom he delighted to call his 'dear master'; Keble and Wordsworth find a place in the same chapel, and a stained window presented to the Abbey by an American gentleman contains figures of George Herbert and Cowper.

It was a matter of regret to all that Mrs. Kingsley's extremely delicate health prevented her presence, but we may mention, that so soon as the bust was completed and ready for the position it now occupies, Mr. Woolner sent it down to Byfleet for her in-

Eversley Churchyard

spection. Those who know the danger of moving heavy works of art will appreciate the sculptor's kindness, which was, we know, deeply felt by Mrs. Kingsley.

In Eversley Churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favourite passion-flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life :—

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

And above them, circling round the Cross, 'God is Love,' the keynote of his faith.

The green turf round the grave was soon worn by the tread of many footsteps ; for months a day seldom passed without strangers being seen in the churchyard. On Bank Holidays numbers would come to see his last resting-place—little children, who had loved the 'Water-Babies,' and the 'Heroes,' would kneel down reverently and look at the beautiful wreaths of flowers, which kind hands had placed there, while the gipsies never passed the gate without turning in to stand over the grave in silence, sometimes scattering wild-flowers there, believing, as they do, to use their own strange words, that 'he went to heaven on the prayers of the gipsies.'

* * * * *

And now these scattered memories, connected by a feeble thread all unworthy of its great subject, draw to a close. To some it may have seemed a treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who while here hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrank from every approach to egotism ; but these private letters, showing, as they do, the steps by which he arrived at many of his most startling conclusions through years of troubled thought, are a commentary on much that seemed contradictory in his teaching, and may justify him, while they teach and strengthen others. Those alone who knew him intimately—and they not wholly—best understood his many-sided mind, and could interpret the apparent contra-

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dictions which puzzled others. Those who knew him little, but loved him much, could trust where they could not interpret. But to the public, some explanation, if not due, may yet be not unwelcome ; and in that invisible state where perhaps he now watches with intensest interest the education of the human race, he would not shrink, as he would have shrunk here, from a publicity which, in revealing the workings of his own mind, may make his teaching of the truths which were most precious to him on earth more intelligible, if such a revelation should only help one poor struggling soul to light, and strength, and comfort, in the sore dark battle of life.

Some, again, may be inclined to say that this character is drawn in too fair colours to be absolutely truthful. But 'we speak that we do know, and testify to that we have seen.' The outside world may judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society ; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown ; but it will not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships for six-and-thirty years, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a 'most true and perfect knight' to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity—for such love is eternal ; and he is not dead. He himself, the man, lover, husband, father, friend, still lives in God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living. He is not dead ; for, to use his own inspiring words¹—

Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death ; to them there is no death, but only a

¹ 'The Victory of Life,' preached at the Chapel Royal in April 1862. Milton's 'Ode to Time' was the last he read to his wife before his death.

The Victory of Life

change of place, a change of state ; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings, unchanged ; still the same living, thinking, active beings, which they were here on earth. I say active. . . . Rest they may ; rest they will, if they need rest. But what is the true rest ? Not idleness, but peace of mind. To rest from sin, from sorrow, from fear, from doubt, from care ; this is true rest. Above all to rest from the worst weariness of all—knowing one's duty, and yet not being able to do it. That is true rest ; the rest of God, who works for ever, and yet is at rest for ever ; as the stars over our heads move for ever, thousands of miles a day, and yet are at perfect rest, because they move orderly, harmoniously, fulfilling the law which God has given them. Perfect rest, in perfect work ; that surely is the rest of blessed spirits, till the final consummation of all things, when Christ shall have made up the number of His elect. I hope that this is so. I trust that this is so. I think our Lord's great words can mean nothing less than this. And if it be so, what comfort for us who must die ! What comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life ; if all that it changes in us is our body—the mere shell and husk of us—such a change as comes over the snake when he casts his old skin, and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison, and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly. Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting and poison and corrupt nothing of us, for which our friends have loved us ; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God ? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which holds us down—the mortal body ?

Death is no death then, if it kills no part of us save that which hindered us from perfect life. Death is not death, if it raises us from darkness into light, from weakness into strength, from sinfulness into holiness. Death is not death, if it brings us nearer to Christ, who is the fount of life. Death is not death, if it perfects our faith by sight, and lets us behold Him in whom we have believed. Death is not death, if it gives us to those whom we have loved and lost, for whom we have lived, for whom we long to live again. Death is not death, if it rids us of doubt and fear, of chance and change, of space and time, and all which space and time bring forth, and then destroy. Death is not death ; for Christ has conquered death, for Himself, and for those who trust in Him. And to those who say, 'You were born in Time, and in Time you must die, as all other creatures do ; Time is your king and lord, as he has been of all the old worlds before this, and of all the races of beasts, whose bones and shells lie fossil in the

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rocks of a thousand generations' ; then we can answer them in the words of the wise Poet, and in the name of Christ, who conquered death :

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain
And merely mortal dross.
So little is our loss, so little is thy gain.
For when as each bad thing thou hast entombed,
And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
And truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, unto whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit
Triumphing over death, and chance, and thee, O Time !

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

I

LAWS OF HEALTH TEACHERS' TRUST

Proposal to Found a Trust for Promoting the Teaching of Teachers the Laws of Health, and inducing Teachers to make that Subject one of the Things stately taught in their own Schools.

1. To place in the hands of Trustees the sum of £2000 to be applied as follows (namely): To pay out of the principal the stipend of a competent Teacher, to be appointed by the Authorities of Saltley Training College (if they sanction the proposal), who should deliver not less than twenty-five Lectures each year on the subject to Students of that College. This will probably absorb the capital in about ten years. The dividends on so much of the principal as from time to time remains unappropriated, to be used by the Trustees (subject to the payment of expenses as after-named), in such way as they may deem best for promoting the object expressed at the head of this paper.

2. If the teaching of the Laws of Health should not be carried on at Saltley College, as before indicated, to the satisfaction of the Trustees, the Trustees are to appropriate the Trust Fund in such manner as they may deem best for promoting the object before stated.

3. To place in the hands of the Trustees a further sum of £1000 to be by them permanently invested, and the dividends arising from such Investments to be applied in payment of four Exhibitions of £10 each, to be awarded to the four most meritorious Students indicated in Clause No. 1. The College authorities to prescribe the regulations for the competition and the award of the Exhibitions. The Exhibitions to be held by each Exhibitioner for two years next after he shall enter on his work as a teacher, and to be paid in half-yearly sums, but subject to this condition, that he shall during the two years teach the Laws

Charles Kingsley

of Health in a manner approved of by the Trustees, either in his own school or in some other place approved of by the Trustees. If this condition be not faithfully observed, the payment of the Exhibition shall cease.

4. If there should be no Candidate from Saltley College, or none sufficiently worthy, at any Examination, the Trustees may apply the Income so left unappropriated, and all other unappropriated income (if any), in such manner as they deem best for promoting the study of the subject.

5. The Trustees shall be the Deputy-Mayor of Birmingham; the President and the Principal of Saltley College; the Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham; a Member of the Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, nominated by the Council; and the Warden of Queen's College; and five other persons residing, or pursuing their avocations, in the Borough of Birmingham, of whom two shall be Medical men, to be elected, in the first instance, by the before-named Official Trustees, and afterwards by the whole body of Trustees. The elected Trustees to hold office for two years, and to be eligible for re-election on their retirement.

6. The first funds shall be invested in the names of three or more of the Trustees in the Public funds; or in the stock of any of the English Colonies or dependencies; or in Indian Railway Stock, guaranteed by the Indian Government; or on Mortgages of City or Borough Rates; or Debentures or Debenture Stock of 'dividend-paying' Companies.

7. The Examiners for the Exhibitions shall be appointed by the Trustees at a Meeting specially convened for the purpose.

8. All questions as to compliance with the conditions of the Exhibition shall be decided by the Trustees.

9. All expenses in the management of the Trust, and the fees payable to Examiners, shall be paid during the first ten years out of the income arising from the investments of so much of the £2000 as is from time to time unappropriated in the payment of the Teacher; and after that period, out of the income of the £1000, with power to reduce the Exhibitions if and when the expenses are not otherwise provided for.

Signed on behalf of the Donor who desires to be anonymous.

ARTHUR RYLAND.

BIRMINGHAM, 24th October 1874.

Appendix

II

The Kingsley Memorial Fund, set on foot in February 1875, resulted at Eversley in the enlargement of the Church, and in the carrying out of a plan of their late Rector for turning the old vestry in the tower into a baptistery, opening out the roof, and substituting open benches for the remaining pews. The Committee included the following names :—

The Duke of Westminster.	Rev. R. C. Powles.
Lord Eversley.	Rev. Elis Price.
Lord Calthorpe.	Mr. Martineau.
Rt. Hon. W. Cowper Temple.	Mr. Stapleton.
General Sir William Codrington.	Mr. Tindal.
Sir William Cope.	Mr. Dew.
Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.	Mr. Wyeth.
Mr. Raikes Currie.	Mr. Seymour.

On a Brass Plate in the Baptistry these words are inscribed:—

IN PIAM MEMORIAM
CAROLI KINGSLEY
S. PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS
CANONICI
HVIVSCE ECCLESIAE
PER XXXI ANNOS
RECTORIS DILECTISSIMI
HANC ÆDEM SACROSANCTAM
QVAM DOCTRINA ILLVSTRAVIT SVA
INSTAVRANDAM CVRAVERVNT
PAROCHIANI ET AMICI
DESIDERANTES
A.D.
MDCCCLXXV.

At Chester, a Committee with which the Wrexham Society of Natural Science joined, was formed, and it was decided that a Marble Bust should be placed in the Chapter House; a Medal struck for successful students in the Natural Science Society; and the ladies of Chester undertook to restore one of the Cathedral Stalls in memory of the Canon.

In London the following Prospectus was issued by Mr. John Thynne, and responded to most generously, both in England and America :—

Charles Kingsley

KINGSLEY MEMORIAL FUND

WESTMINSTER

Independently of the proposed Restoration of Eversley Church, it is proposed that a Bust should be made of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and that one copy be presented to the Chapter of Westminster, to be placed in the Abbey, and another to Cambridge, of which University Mr. Kingsley was so distinguished a member.

Mr. Woolner, R.A., has expressed his willingness to undertake the execution of the bust.

The following have already sent in their names in support of the Memorial :—

The Archbishop of Dublin.	Anthony Trollope, Esq.
The Dean of Chester.	Thomas Hughes, Esq.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.	The Dean of Windsor.
Tom Taylor, Esq.	John Martineau, Esq.
The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.	Prescott Hewett, Esq.
The Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D.	G. Washburn Smalley, Esq., New York.
Professor Max Müller.	The Rev. C. Powles.
A. Macmillan, Esq.	The Right Hon. Lord John Manners, M.P.
The Bishop of Chester.	Matthew Arnold, Esq.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.	Lord Houghton.
The Hon. J. L. Motley.	The Rev. S. Flood Jones.
The Rev. Chancellor Benson, D.D.	The Duke of Argyll, K.T.
The Duke of St. Albans.	The Bishop of Winchester.
John Walter, Esq., M.P.	The Earl of Ellesmere.
The Duke of Bedford.	Sir Thomas Watson, Bart.
The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.	Sir Charles Russell, Bart., M.P.
The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.	Lord Carlingford.
The Right Hon. G. Hardy, M.P.	The Rev. Lord John Thynne.
The Hon. C. L. Wood.	Lord Henniker.
Professor Tyndall.	The Rev. Stopford Brooke.
Lord Clinton.	The Earl of Clarendon.
Lord Penrhyn.	The Rev. Canon Prothero.
Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B.	

Treasurer :

JOHN C. THYNNE, Esq.

LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, Feb. 19, 1875.

Appendix

The list of Subscribers, which is too large to be inserted here, includes many names, dear to one who loved Art as he did: among them, George Macfarren, Alma Tadema, James Burn; besides those of American friends who had welcomed him so warmly and so lately to their homes across the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Peterson, of Philadelphia; Mr. J. A. Gray, of New York; Mr. G. Childs, of Philadelphia; Mr. D. O. Mills, of California, etc. etc.

Charles Kingsley

III

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE REVEREND CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORKS.

1848 Saint's Tragedy.
1849 Alton Locke.
1849 Yeast.
1849 Twenty-five Village Sermons.
1852 Phaethon.
1852 Sermons on National Subjects, 1st Series.
1853 Hypatia.
1854 Sermons on National Subjects, 2nd Series.
1854 Alexandria and her Schools.
1855 Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore.
1855 Westward Ho!
1855 Sermons for the Times.
1856 The Heroes.
1857 Two Years Ago.
1858 Andromeda, and Other Poems.
1859 The Good News of God—Sermons.
1859 Miscellanies.
1860 Limits of Exact Science applied to History (Inaugural Lectures).
1861 Town and Country Sermons.
1863 Sermons on the Pentateuch.
1863 Water-Babies.
1864 The Roman and the Teuton.
1866 David, and Other Sermons.
1866 Hereward the Wake.
1867 The Ancien Régime (Lectures at the Royal Institution).
1867 Water of Life, and Other Sermons.
1869 The Hermits.
1869 Madam How and Lady Why.
1871 At Last.
1872 Town Geology.
1872 Poems, Collected Edition.
1872 Discipline, and Other Sermons.
1873 Prose Idylls.
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1874 Health and Education.
1874 Westminster Sermons.
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